Dec. 5, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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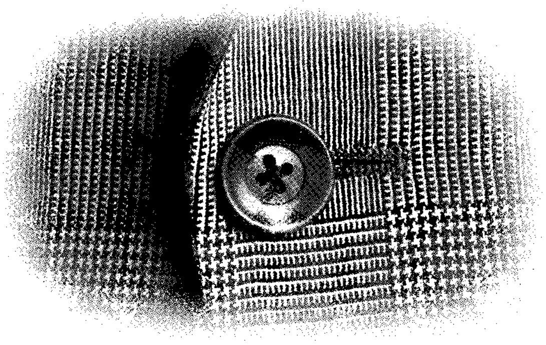

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

DECEMBER 5, 1988

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 35

"NEW CABINET POSTS FOR THE NINETIES" . . . . *Dean Vietor* 40

"ARE YOU MY FRIEND?" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 41

"ON EARTH" . . . . *John Holman* 42

"EVERY BLESSED DAY" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 44

"THE YELLOW PLATE" (POEM) . . . . *Ruth Fainlight* 48

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 50

PERSONAL HISTORY (LEAVING POLAND) . . . . *Eva Hoffman* 98

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 135

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN) 138
(AND FOR CHILDREN) 153

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 157

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25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 42, December 5, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

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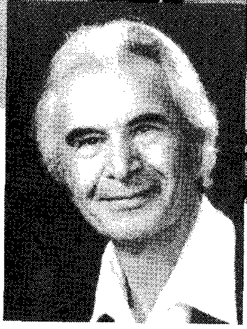
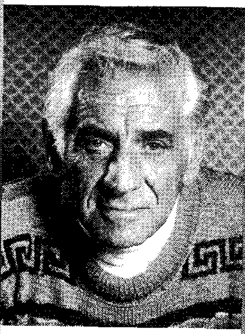
Liza Minnelli

Glenn Close



Dave Brubeck



Leonard Bernstein

Yo-Yo Ma

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CHRYSLER FUND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Cafe Crown—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this agreeable production. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. (11/14/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

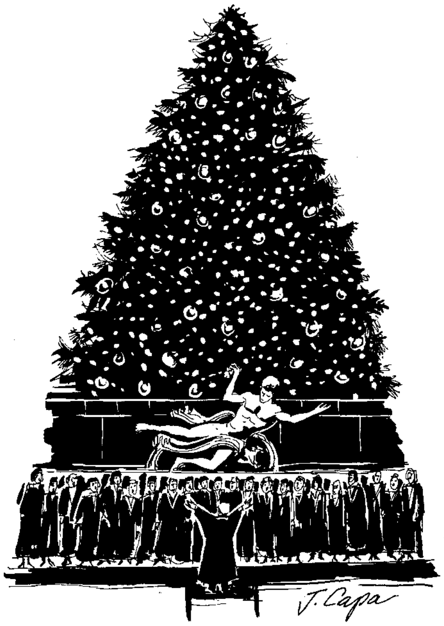
Coriolanus—The sixth entry in the Public's Shakespeare Marathon, with Christopher Walken in the title role. Directed by Steven Berkoff. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Devil's Disciple—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (11/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2. After Sunday, Dec. 4, no performances until Monday, Dec. 19, when the show will reopen on Broadway, at the Golden.)

Emerald City—A comedy by the Australian writer David Williamson. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 29, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **peg o' my heart**, the 1912 comedy by J. Hartley Manners, will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 1, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. (103rd Street and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)



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Forbidden Broadway 1988—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Hired Man—A musical import from London that is based on Melvyn Bragg's novel of the same name. The score and lyrics are by Howard Goodall and the book is by Mr. Bragg. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Italian American Reconciliation—The latest offbeat comedy about love and loneliness in Little Italy from John Patrick Shanley, the author of "Moonstruck." The play, which marks Shanley's directorial début, is not as wise or as psychologically complex as some of his earlier plays have been—or as charmingly ingenious as its set, designed by Santo Loquasto—but it is full of eloquent laughs and provides the occasion for a masterly performance by John Turturro as the girl-shy young man who tries to do good by seducing his best friend's fierce ex-wife. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

The Lady in Question—A "wartime tale of romance and courage," written by and starring Charles Busch. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Fridays and Sundays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The fifth annual presentation of **the gifts of the magi**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Majestic Kid—A new play by Mark Medoff. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 1, at 7. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 307-7171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Middle of Nowhere—A musical revue of Randy Newman songs, conceived and directed by Tracy Friedman. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Our Town—Spalding Gray, Penelope Ann Miller, and Eric Stoltz star in the Thornton Wilder play. Gregory Mosher is the director. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 4, at 6:30. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

The Promise—A play by José Rivera. Previews through Thursday, Dec. 1. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 2, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

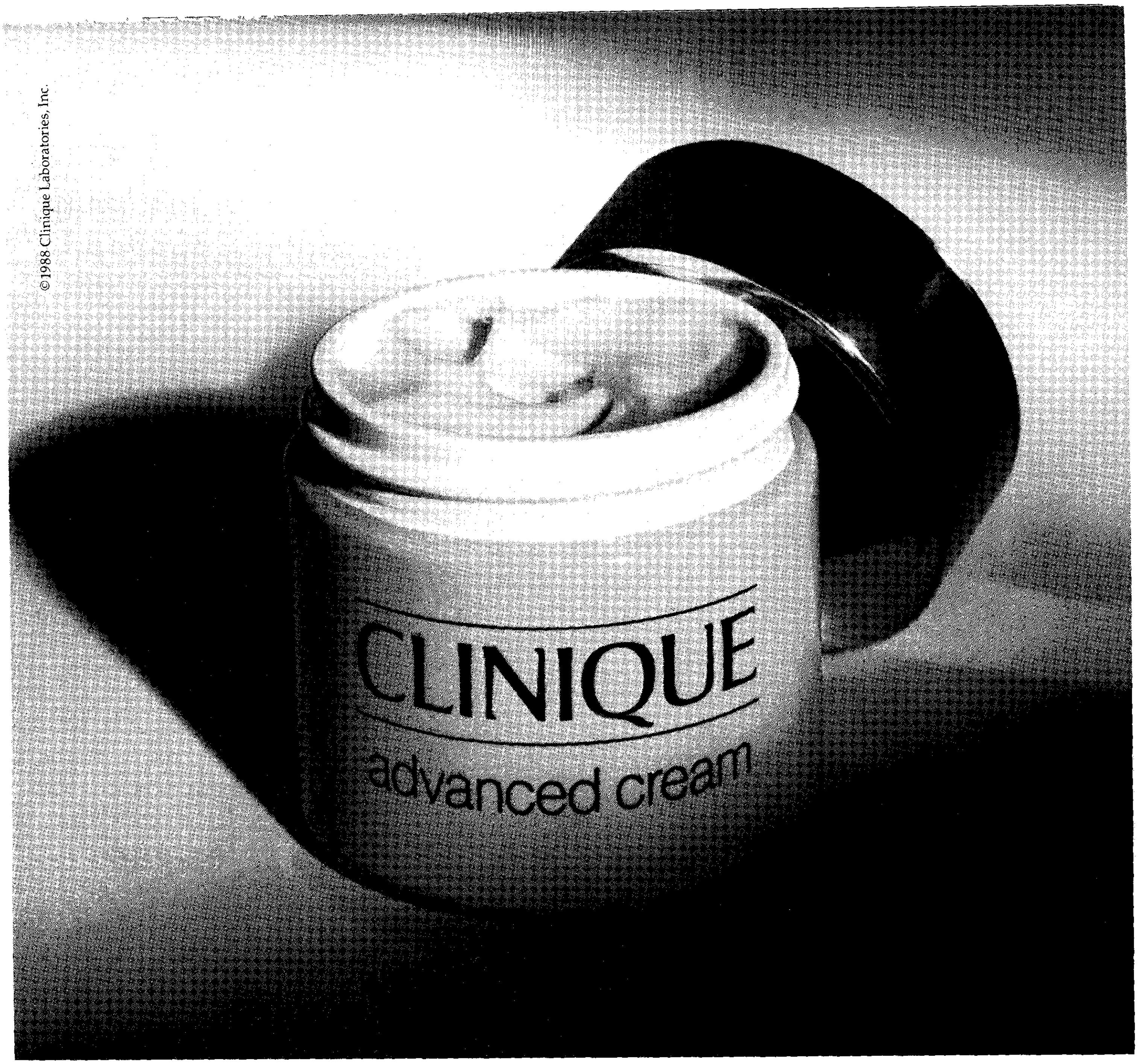
Reckless—This new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rimers of Eldritch—A revival of Lanford Wilson's 1967 play. Preview Tuesday, Nov. 29. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Alison Fraser and Barry Williams in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Ken Howard, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if



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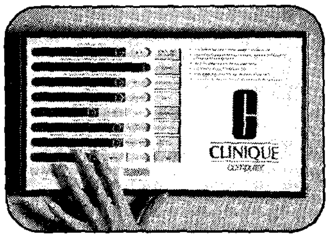

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's play about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents has been much revised since last season, but it is still scattered and boring. Kate Nelligan and Jeffrey De Munn, two strong actors, appear in the leading roles. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Three Sisters—The Chekhov play, in a translation by Randall Jarrell. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)

What Did He See?—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman. With Will Patton, Rocco Sisto, and Lili Taylor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesday through Thursday and Sunday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Long Runs—**ANYTHING GOES:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Anthony Heald, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Dec. 6, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs had its twenty-eighth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with David Dukes and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—**EIKO & KOMA** in "Thirst" and "Tree." Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3. . . . ¶ A new music-theatre piece by Robert Wilson and David Byrne, **"THE FOREST."** Friday, Dec. 2, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3; Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7; and Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . **SUSAN MARSHALL & COMPANY** in "Interior with Seven Figures," a new full-length work. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7, and Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 11. (Miss Marshall and her troupe will present excerpts from this work at the Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St., on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 8. For information, call 360-3503.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Sunday, Dec. 18.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 874-6770.)

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular," with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Saturday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 4, at 1 and 5; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7, at 6. The season continues through Sunday, Feb. 26.)

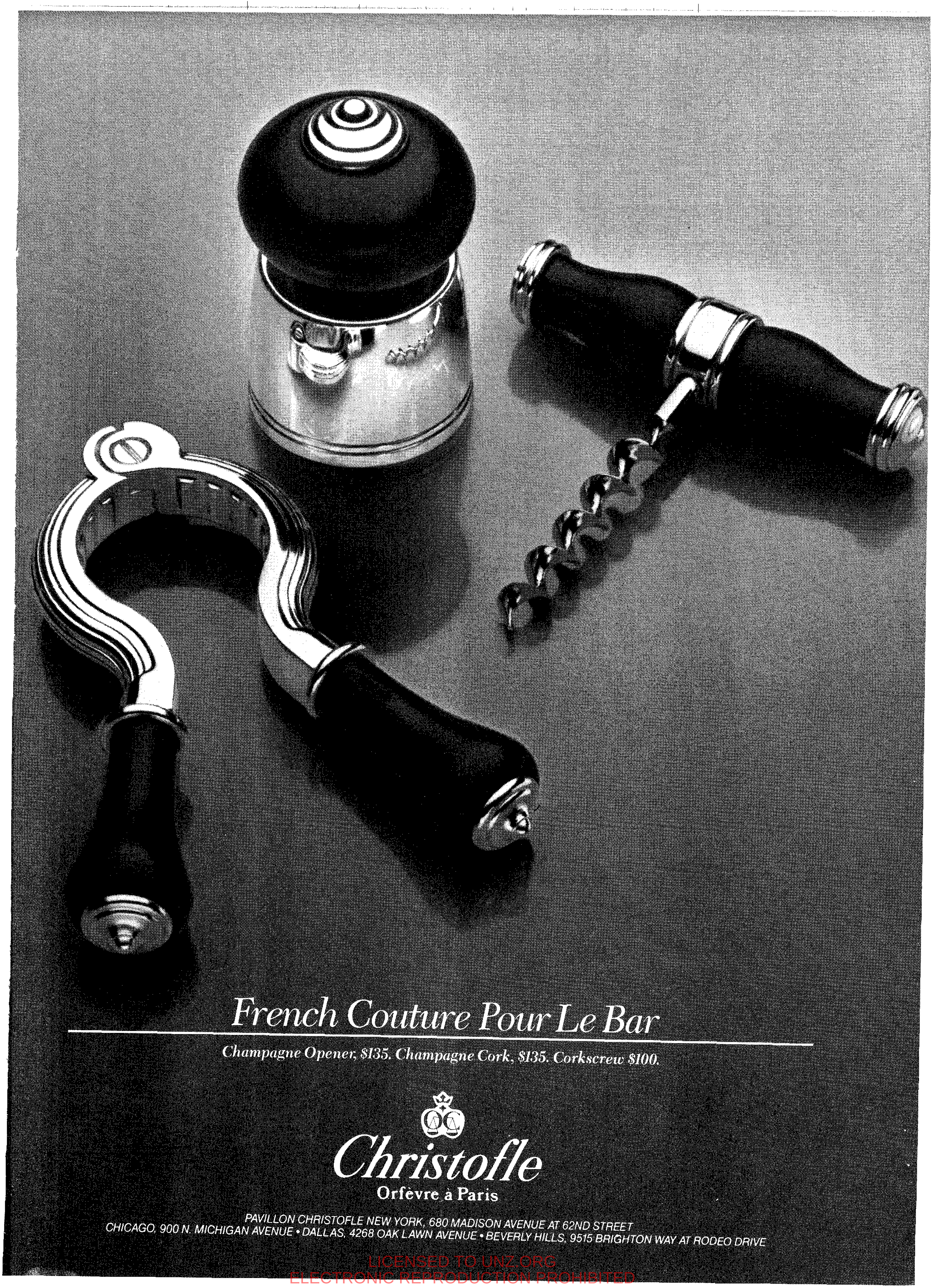
Joffrey Ballet—The engagement concludes with performances of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7; Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 1 and 7; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

Kuniko Kisanuki—A dancer from Japan, presenting "Tefu Tefu 9." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—



French Couture Pour Le Bar

Champagne Opener, $135. Champagne Cork, $135. Corkscrew $100.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

PAVILLON CHRISTOFLE NEW YORK, 680 MADISON AVENUE AT 62ND STREET
CHICAGO, 900 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE • DALLAS, 4268 OAK LAWN AVENUE • BEVERLY HILLS, 9515 BRIGHTON WAY AT RODEO DRIVE

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH, a sleek harmony group (one man, two women) from Texas, sing and patter in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BARBARA COOK** brings her starry soprano to bear on an assortment of material, including (get out your handkerchiefs) songs from Walt Disney movies. (She recorded a whole album of Disney tunes this year—1988, in case you haven't been paying attention, is the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Creation of Mickey Mouse—and she sings them all sweetly and earnestly.) Her shows are at nine Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, and at nine and eleven Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** the owner of a wee, feathery voice, sings from her collection of Frishberg and Wallowitch and Dearie at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, some trees, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. The schedule: Monday, Nov. 28, percussionist **EDISON MACHADO'S** quartet; Tuesday, Nov. 29, pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS,** bassist **MARK HELIAS,** and drummer **GERRY HEMINGWAY;** Wednesday, Nov. 30, flutist **LLOYD MC NEIL'S** quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA'S** sextet. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 4, it's tropical-flute week. **DAVE VALENTIN** and **HERBIE MANN** are the flutists; the former has a quintet and the latter a band trickily called Jasil Brazz. Two quintets—one run by vibist **GARY BURTON** and the other by alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS,** a true-blue Charlie Parker disciple—will be around for a week starting Tuesday, Dec. 6. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. **TAJ MAHAL,** a New York-born mountain man who long ago made it his mission to bring backwoods blues to urban folk, performs Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 28-29. Mike's Talent Show, a mod variety show that is m.c.'d by a performance artist named Michael Smith pretending to be a dim, out-of-it talent-show m.c. named Mike (his eyebrows rival Dukakis's) and that stars ventriloquists, writers, drag artists, comedians, and assorted others, will be here on Thursday, Dec. 1. Wizard country guitarist **DOC WATSON** performs Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features horn players, Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to collect an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 3; on Sunday, Dec. 4, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD** works with pianist **MICHAEL WEISS** and bassist **PETER WASHINGTON.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

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Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **DOROTHY DONEGAN,** who mixes bravura, crazy-legs piano with japery and clowning around, doesn't rate an entry in most jazz reference books; she's a hot dog and an entertainer, and entertainers go unnoticed in certain circles. She's here with her trio Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 4. Ace trumpeter **JON FADDIS** brings in a quartet on Tuesday, Dec. 6. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT,** fave rave of the haut monde, Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these Sunday-night meetings; on Dec. 4, it brings in a fourteen-piece band called Swing Fever. Music from eight to midnight.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has bluegrass (both pure and diluted) on Fridays and traditional Irish music on Saturdays. The Dirdy Birdies Jug Band visits on Friday, Dec. 2, and Eileen Ivers (fiddle), John Whelen (button accordion), and Mark Simos (guitar) play on Saturday, Dec. 3. Music from nine.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled lair that will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people (who may want to remove their homburgs before entering). Pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and her big band, a bop-oriented orchestra that features **LEW TABACKIN** on reeds, squeeze in on Tuesday, Nov. 29, and play through Sunday, Dec. 4. Tenor saxophonist **BENNY GOLSON,** the composer of "Whisper Not" and other hard-bop standards, arrives with a quartet on Tuesday, Dec. 6. Music from eight. Dining.

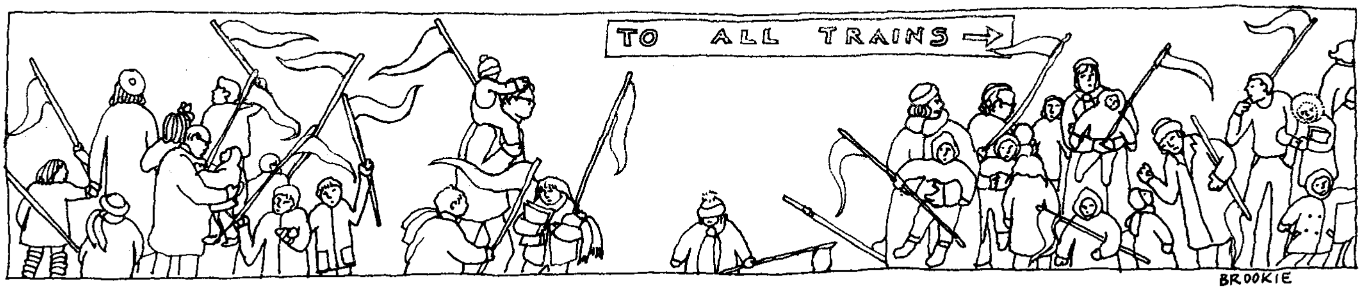
Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some prime New York airspace. **ART HODES,** a stellar blues pianist who learned his trade on the South Side of Chicago, performs Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2; **DAVE MC KENNA,** a hard-swinging "barroom pianist" (his term) from (originally) Woonsocket, R.I., holds forth Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4; **DICK HYMAN,** the discreetest of virtuoso pianists, makes a one-night stand on Monday, Dec. 5; and **BARRY HARRIS,** a Detroit-born bop pianist, begins a week-long run on Tuesday, Dec. 6. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Fridays, from eight on Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

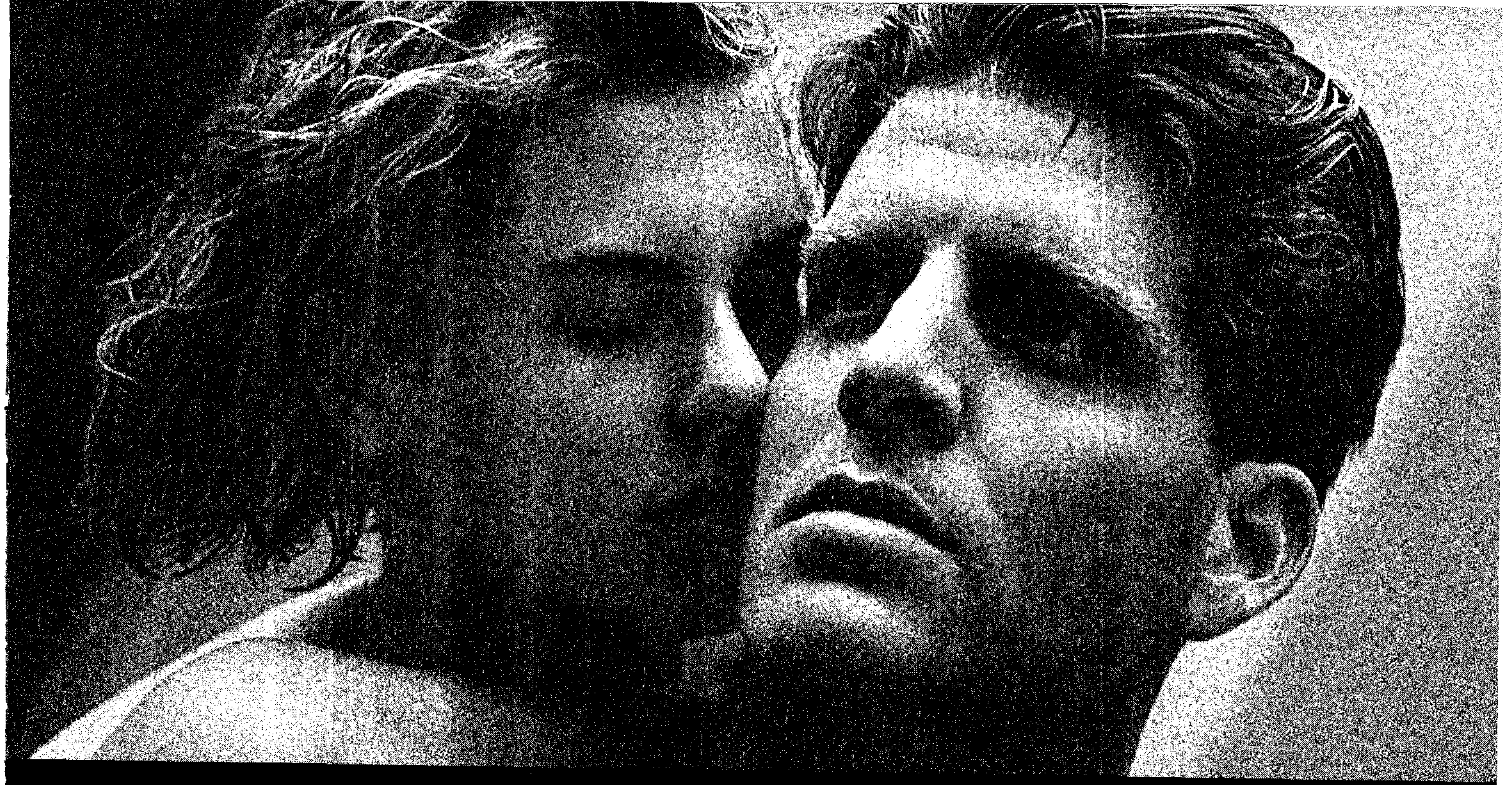
J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side music room, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox lights up. The lineup: Monday, Nov. 28, **DICK HYMAN;** Tuesdays, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Wednesday, Nov. 30, pianist **CAROL BRITTO'S** trio; Thursday, Dec. 1, guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; and Saturday, Dec. 3, **TOM PIERSON'S** big band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans-born pianist and singer who likes to wear smart, bop-era suits and wide, splashy ties and to refashion old songs in the style of Monk, performs Sundays and Mondays. **ROY MERIWETHER** will be at the piano and Barry Campbell on bass Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 3. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. **EUGENE CHADBOURNE,** a locally trained combination of protest singer, C. & W. nut, and avant-garde guitarist-noisemaker, has the floor on Saturday, Dec. 3. Chadbourne's style is a mixture of homemade and antic; in addition to guitar and banjo, he plays a Duchampian found instrument called a lap steel rake and has in his wardrobe a coat with mousetrap epaulets (to catch the gag mice running all over it). Just about everything he touches—from "Purple Haze" to "Oh Yoko" to "Ramblin' Man"—he eventually deflates. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 30, wind players **ROBERT DICK** and **J. D. PARRAN;** Thursday, Dec. 1, cellist **HANK ROBERTS'** group; Friday, Dec. 2, vocalist Alva Rogers; and Sunday, Dec. 4, **STEVE TURRE'S** conch-shell band. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A cramped Yankee version of a Texas bar. It's hung with flags and banners, and plastered with signs and stickers ("Don't Mess with Texas," "Western Swing Ain't Dead, It's Asleep at the Wheel," "Waitress Station Only: Do Not Stand Here," "Visit the Lone Star Store"), and its denizens include guys who like to wave their long-neck beers around and say things like "Woo-wee" and "I





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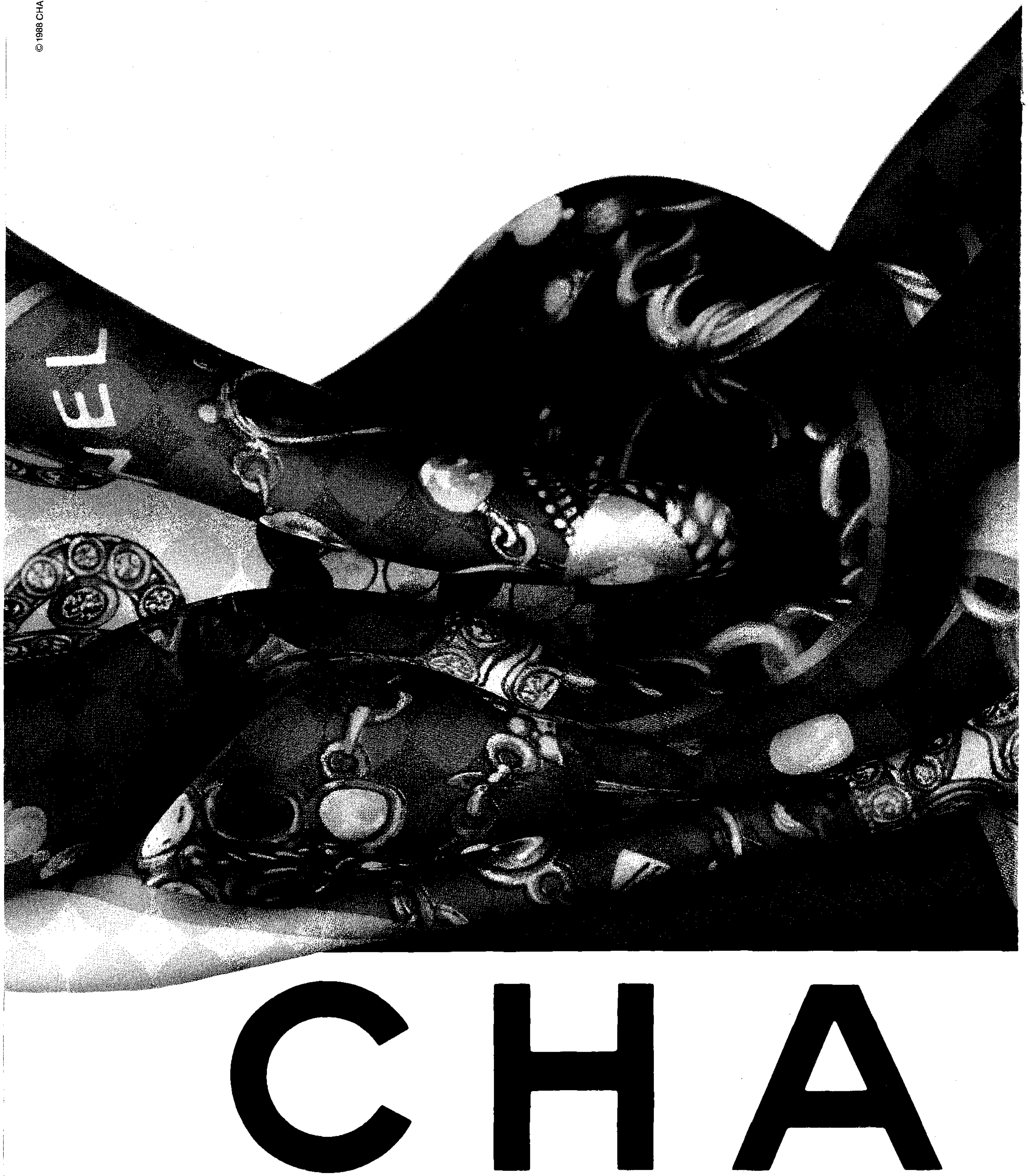

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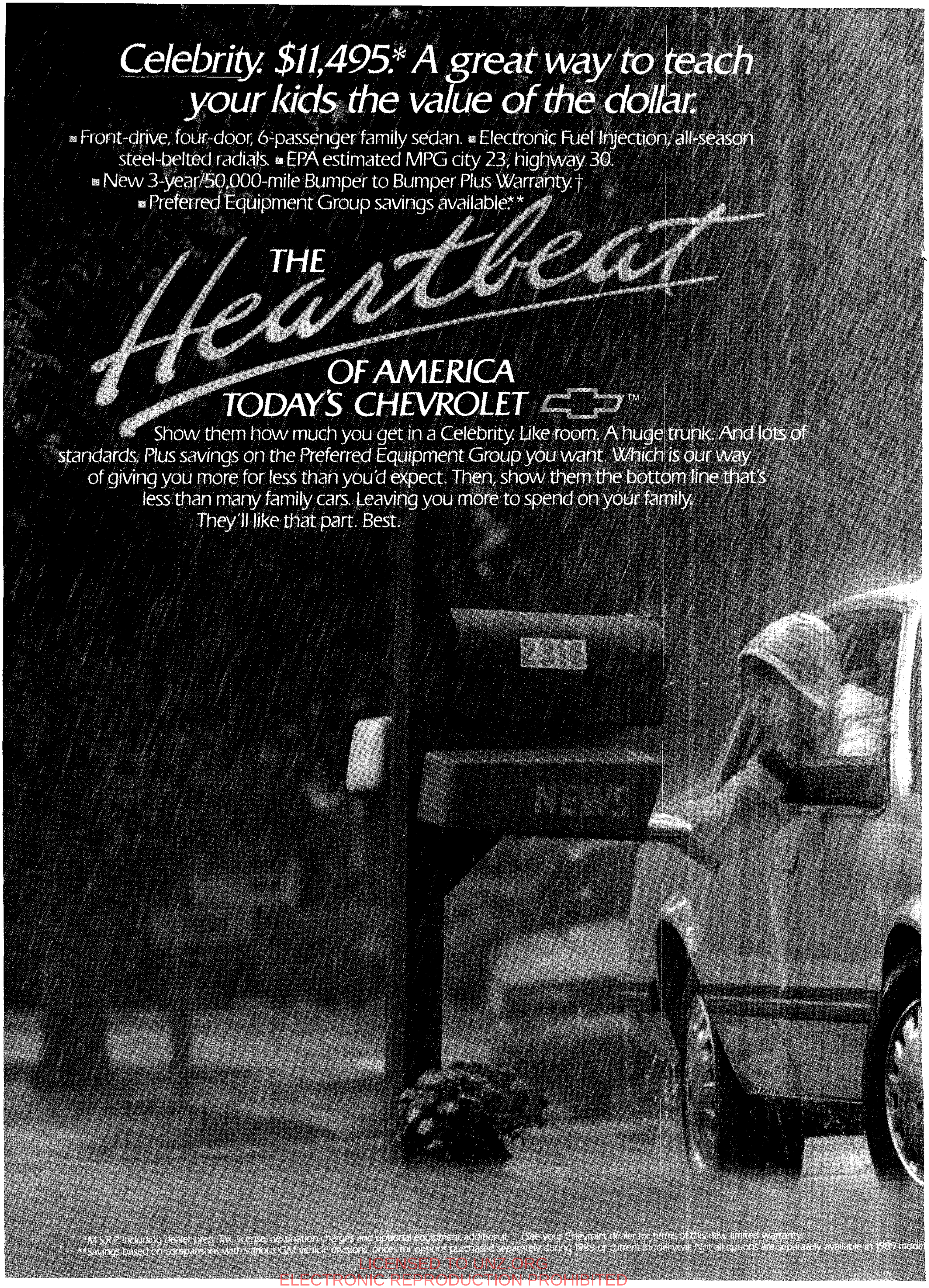
DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, SAN FRANCISCO



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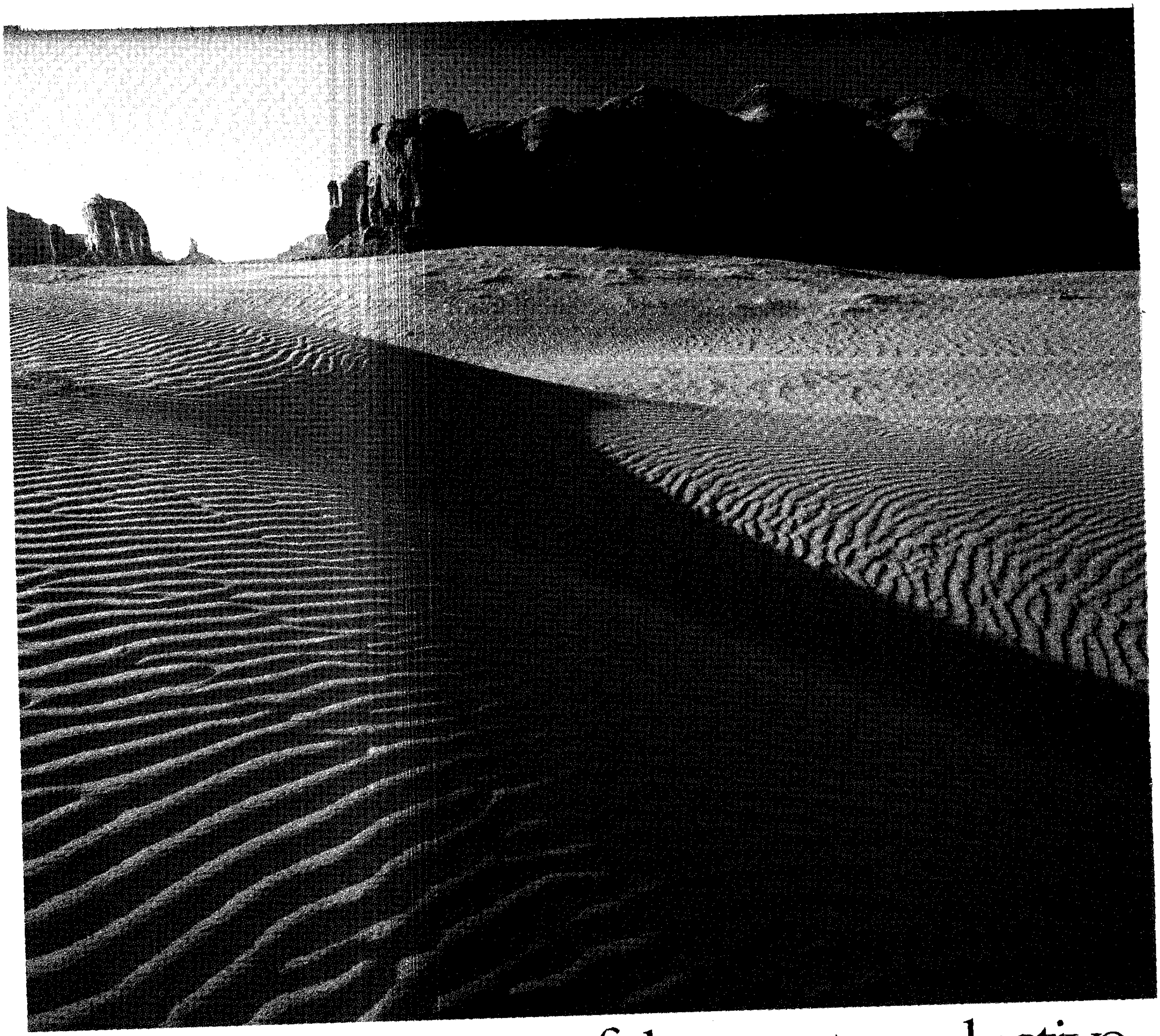

This is some of the most productive land in the country.

It is *Dinetah,* The Land of The People, the Navajo People. It is wild and beautiful. And harsh.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

need an I.V. to rock and roll right now." **DEFUNKT**, a funk band led by trombonist **JOE BOWIE**, sounds off on Monday, Nov. 28. **MOSES RASCOE**, a country-blues picker and singer, holds forth on Friday, Dec. 2, along with the soul team of Bobby King & Terry Evans. Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **KATE & ANNA MC GARRIGLE**, the Montreal folksisters, will be here Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you pay close attention you should be able to hear **MARIA MULDAUR'S** little, slinky voice asserting itself now and again. Muldaur, who started out singing in jug bands in New York and Boston in the sixties and then bumped into pop fame and glory in 1973 with an LP that included "Midnight at the Oasis" and Dolly Parton's "My Tennessee Mountain Home," will be here Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 3. She's assisted by a trio led by New Orleans piano thumper **DR. JOHN.** Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 6, **WALT LEVINSKY**, a clarinettist who had to settle for the alto-sax chair when he was working with Benny Goodman, takes a small band through some Goodman material. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. There's seating for the contemplative. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, reggae singer **SUGAR MINOTT**; Thursday, Dec. 1, steel drummer Andy Narrell; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, the **MIGHTY SPARROW**, a pop-calypso singer; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, Pancho Sanchez's salsa band. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. Dave Sear, who hosts a Saturday-afternoon folk-music show on WFDU in Teaneck, sings and picks his banjo here on Saturday evening, Dec. 3; Bill Staines also performs. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 4, spinning out sparkling bebop lines on the piano; bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON** assist him. Expatriate South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** comes in with his septet on Tuesday, Dec. 6. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The last salsa concert of the season takes place in the basement on Monday, Nov. 28, at nine-thirty; **RUBÉN BLADES, MONGO SANTAMARIA**, and **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** are the principals. There's gospel music, with Edwin Hawkins and Twinkie Clark, on Sunday, Dec. 4, from four until eight. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** are on duty Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 4; cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** and a pianist go to work on Tuesday, Dec. 6. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **SUN RA**, the septuagenarian pianist and bandleader who travels the world decked out in a shaman's flowing robes and kooky hats, will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 4, with his faithful **ARKESTRA.** In Sun Ra's case, what you see is only sometimes what you get: his shows contain at least as much old-fashioned swing-band material (played, to be sure, in a loose and blowzy manner) as far-out music-for-heads stuff. (A fairly good recent example of Ra's work is his not nutty but not bland version of "Pink Elephants on Parade," on a new A&M recording of Disney movie tunes called "Stay Awake.") Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** will be on duty through Saturday, Dec. 3. Sundays are in the graceful hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight weeknights and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

KEITH RICHARDS—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.

PATTI AUSTIN AND DAVID BENOIT—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.

AIN GORDON—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3; and Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 11.

KAREN FINLEY—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, at 8:30.

GEORG OSTERMAN—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 1-4, at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 18.

DAVE MCKENNA—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert. . . . ¶ Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.

THE O'JAYS—With Jeane Carne. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 749-5838. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 8 and midnight.)

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI & HIS EGYPT 80 ORCHESTRA AND DANCERS—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 9. For information about tickets, call 757-3100.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.

YVES MUSARD—Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Saturday through Monday, Dec. 3-5, at 9. For information about tickets, call 260-2135.

JAZZ CONCERT—With Lee Ritenour, Tom Scott, Omar Hakim, Dave Grusin, Diane Schuur, Marcus Miller, and Special EFX. (Beacon Theatre. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7, at 8.)

P. S. 122—Monday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 9:30: Eiko & Koma, Bebe Miller and Company, Ohad Naharin, the Urban Bush Women, and others, in a benefit program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30: Don Byron, Mark Helias, Gerry Hemingway, and Brandon Ross. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8:30: Eugene Chadbourne. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

BENEFIT PERFORMANCES—Bill Cosby. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 9.) . . . ¶ The Gyu-tö Monks Tibetan Tantric Choir, with Miles Davis, Philip Glass, and Mickey Hart. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Sinéad O'Connor, D.O.A., Soul Asylum, and others. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Sunday, Dec. 4, from 3 P.M. until the wee hours. For tickets, call 947-5850.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER AGOSTINI—Unpainted plaster sculptures by an artist who casts from bottles, balloons, and other found objects. Through Dec. 17. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

EDDIE ARNING—Oil-pastel and wax-crayon drawings by this naïf. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JOSEPH BEUYS (1921-86)—Objects, drawings, and multiples—more than seventy works in all. Through Dec. 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS (1883-1970)—Circus figures, rural folk, and narrow streets by a French primitive. Through Dec. 24. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Eggbeaters and all, in more than fifty paintings that span the artist's career. Through Dec. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHAN LAURENTZ JENSEN (1800-56)—Paintings of lilacs, lilies, chickweed, and double hollyhocks

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

by a Danish artist who held the title Royal Flower Painter. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large paintings on enamelled aluminum. Through Dec. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Paintings on shaped canvases which incorporate branches, mirrors, and rocks. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leonard Stokes—Collages. Through Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 21. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Jamie Wyeth—Paintings from the past three years. Through Dec. 22. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Delacroix, Ernst, Seurat, de Kooning, and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **cds gallery**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Latin-American artists, among them Frida Kahlo, Matta, Luis Benedit, and Jacobo Borges. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **colnaghi**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Gothic to Renaissance," a show of European paintings, including a small panel from Sassetta's Borgo San Sepolcro altarpiece of 1444. Other artists include Altdorfer, Bellini, Vanni, and Wertinger. Through Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings from 1908 to the present by Hockney, Miró, Nevelson, Modigliani, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **lafayette parke**, 58 E. 79th St.: Works by early-twentieth-century German artists, including Nolde, Jawlensky, and Beckmann. Through Dec. 17. . . . **mathes**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works in various mediums by Susan Rothenberg, Neil Jenney, Cy Twombly, and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 1.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Lothar Baumgarten—An installation. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alberto Burri—Sixteen primarily black paintings by a seventy-three-year-old member of the Italian avant-garde. Through Jan. 7. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Vija Celmins—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Enzo Cucchi—Two- and three-dimensional works. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Laddie John Dill—Monoprints. Through Dec. 10. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov (1905-87)—A retrospective of miniatures. Through Dec. 13. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Menashe Kadishman—Two monumental sculptures and five paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

William King—Two shows. Figurative wood and ceramic sculptures from the past three decades or so. Through Dec. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New figures in sand-and-plaster, along with bronzes from various periods. Through Dec. 8. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 23. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—Miniature houses made with such materials as beeswax and marble. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Minimalist paintings from the seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings dating from 1960 to 1982. Through Dec. 10. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Pfaff—New wall sculptures and collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78)—Etchings from "Le Vedute di Roma." Through Dec. 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Works in a variety of mediums spanning the years from 1913 to 1921, and tracing the artist's modernist roots. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Milton Resnick / Robert Mapplethorpe—Recent paintings. / New photographs. Through Dec. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Medardo Rosso (1858-1928)—Sculptures in wax, terra-cotta, and bronze. Through Dec. 14. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saari—Trompe-l'oeil wall constructions in which the artist uses plaster and paint to re-create ancient Roman wall decorations, with felicitous cracks and faded colors. Through Dec. 21. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Abby Shahn—Abstractions in various mediums, including egg tempera and gouache. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Torlen—The Maine coastline depicted in paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Christopher Wool—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—"The Presence of Ingres" as seen in seventy-five paintings and drawings by Balthus, Matisse, Degas, Picasso, and Chassériau, not to mention Ingres himself. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ahearn—Figure sculptures by an artist who casts directly from his South Bronx neighbors. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Mel Bochner—Recent works by an artist whose "drawings" consist of irregularly arranged sheets of colored paper. Through Dec. 10. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Paintings of contemporary Nicaragua by an artist who did a mural there. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (101 Wooster Street Gallery. Open daily; opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

Peter Brown—Recent painted-wood wall sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Wendell Castle—A ten-year retrospective of his furniture. Through Dec. 23. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Cora Cohen—Nonobjective paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Jane Dickson—Drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Connie Fox—Swirling abstract paintings. One, in which five candles and a few dark figures can be made out, is titled "Proust's Birthday." Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Phyllis Gaughran—Painted natsume-paper collages. Through Dec. 18. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Paul Georges—New paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Leon Golub—Four new ten-by-twelve-foot paintings, three of which portray sphinxes. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Claudia Hart—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs in the artist's first solo exhibition. Through Dec. 31. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Raoul Hague—New sculptures that began as tree trunks. Through Jan. 7. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Ronald Jones—An installation based on a 1933 floor plan by the architect Erich Mendelsohn. Through Dec. 10. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Per Kirkeby—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jeff Koons—Porcelain, polychromed wood, and mirrors are used in these new works. Through Dec. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Penny Kronengold—Semi-abstract paintings

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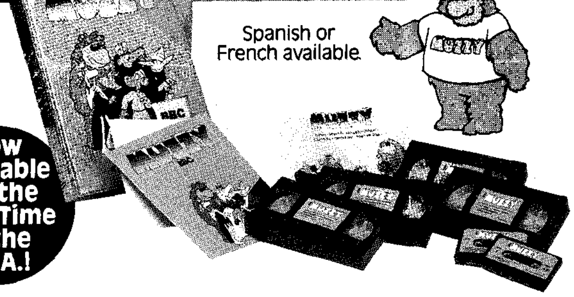

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ART—Cont'd

and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway.)

Michael Malpass / Lowell Tolstedt—Recent sculptures by an artist who welds bolts, screws, and machine parts into perfect spheres. / Still-life drawings on paper, one of which includes pebbles, gum wrappers, loose change, and a light bulb. Through Dec. 17. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Three works on paper and seven bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, now located at 382 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Claire Moore (1917-88)—Paintings from her last years. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Odd Nerdrum—Recent allegorical paintings by this Norwegian artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Frank Owen—New abstract paintings, including a fifty-canvas installation. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joseph Piccillo / Barton Lidicé Beneš—New paintings in mixed mediums with the artist's familiar combination of portraiture and figures in action. / Found objects and other works embellished with shredded cash. Through Dec. 10. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Christopher Pratt / Medrie MacPhee—Super-realist paintings of Newfoundland coastal architecture. / Landscapes and interiors adorned with industrial hardware are the subjects of these quirky paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Faith Ringgold—Painted quilts with texts written on them. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Joyce Robins—Bright-colored freestanding ceramic sculptures. Through Dec. 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jonathan Scoville—Realist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Robert Therrien—Wall reliefs, sculptures, and paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Lee Tribe—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Dec. 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Tuttle—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Alan Uglow—Geometric abstractions. Through Dec. 22. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

William T. Wiley—Random thoughts ("Where does value come from where does it? go?") have been added to canvases of exploding color. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Martin Wong—Two shows of new paintings. At Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through Dec. 23), and at Bernarducci, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 10).

Group Material—Presenting the third installation in a series of four, this one posing the question "Are we a multicultural society or just a diverse set of demographic market statistics?" The works are by Vikky Alexander, Don Celender, Barbara Kruger, Haim Steinbach, and others. Through Dec. 10. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 70 Greene St.: Small-scale sculptures by William Anastassi, Eva Hesse, Win Knowlton, and Carol Hepper, among others. Through Dec. 31. . . . **penson**, 149 Wooster St.: The photographer Gianfranco Gorgoni printed portraits of thirteen artists (Chia, Christo, Rauschenberg, and Lichtenstein among them) on canvases, and gave the canvases to the artists to alter as they saw fit. The results are on view. Through Dec. 10.

OTHER GALLERIES

Chris Britz—Paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Neo Persona, 51 Hudson St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Beauford Delaney (1901-79)—Paintings done in New York, Paris, and Knoxville. Through Dec. 22. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts. Open Sundays.)

John Franklin—Assemblages described, tongue in cheek, by the artist as in the "conceptual-folk-art tradition." Through Dec. 22. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

James Nares—Abstract wall constructions. Through Dec. 22. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—Photographs from her recently published book, "Private View: Inside Baryshnikov's American Ballet Theatre." Through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Eileen Cowin—Cibachromes. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Baum, 588 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Marina Faust—Photographs, many of them triptychs, by an artist who disorients the viewer with oddly angled closeups of arms pulling on T-shirts or pulling up skirts. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-six North American landscape photographs. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Herb Ritts—Photographs: Madonna throwing her bleached head back, Richard Gere fixing his car, Brigitte Nielsen rolling around in a net. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Way back in the fifties, photography, believe it or not, was snubbed by art galleries. This exhibit of more than two hundred prints comes from a series of shows that furthered the advancement of photography. The work is by Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others. Through Jan. 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut.* Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ More than a hundred works of art by Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Collages and other works by Anne Ryan. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: *Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and* Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. A complementary show of new monotypes by Diebenkorn is at the Pamela Auchincloss Gallery, 558 Broadway. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A selection of works from the permanent collection is the only reason for a visit just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

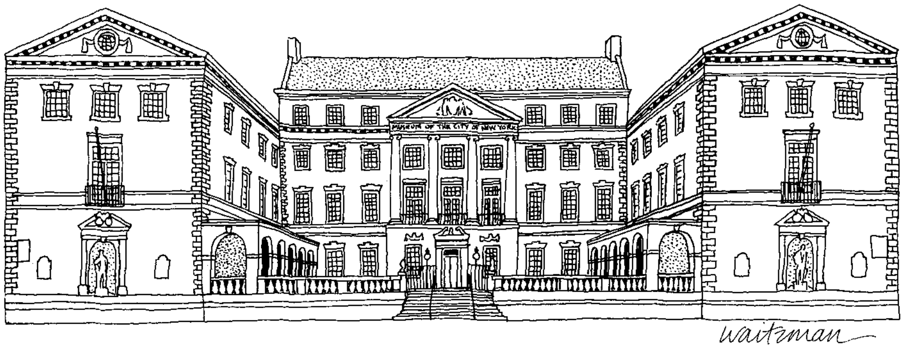
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-six artists are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and prints in the fortieth annual purchase-fund exhibit (about a third of the works will be bought by the fund and given to museums). Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, including a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features antique and contemporary tools of the trade. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: *Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge* after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, including those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France, François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at the Louvre and Versailles, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It includes sixty watercolors, among them a version of "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres por-


MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
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trait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese textiles which is all about ordinary things (firemen's coats, banners, bedcovers) and the extraordinary pains their creators took to insure their distinction. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish journalism in the United States is the topic of an exhibition of newspapers, comic strips and other drawings, and photographs from the past hundred and fifty years. The newspapers are in English, German, Ladino, Hebrew, and Yiddish. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscape, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts; Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor*, and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday evening, Nov. 28: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, William Matteuzzi, and Enzo Dara; conducted by Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 29: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Justino Díaz; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Leo Nucci; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Lucine Amara, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 3: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, William Matteuzzi, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Ilona Tokody, Veriano Luchetti, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 6: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Ilona Tokody, Veriano Lu-

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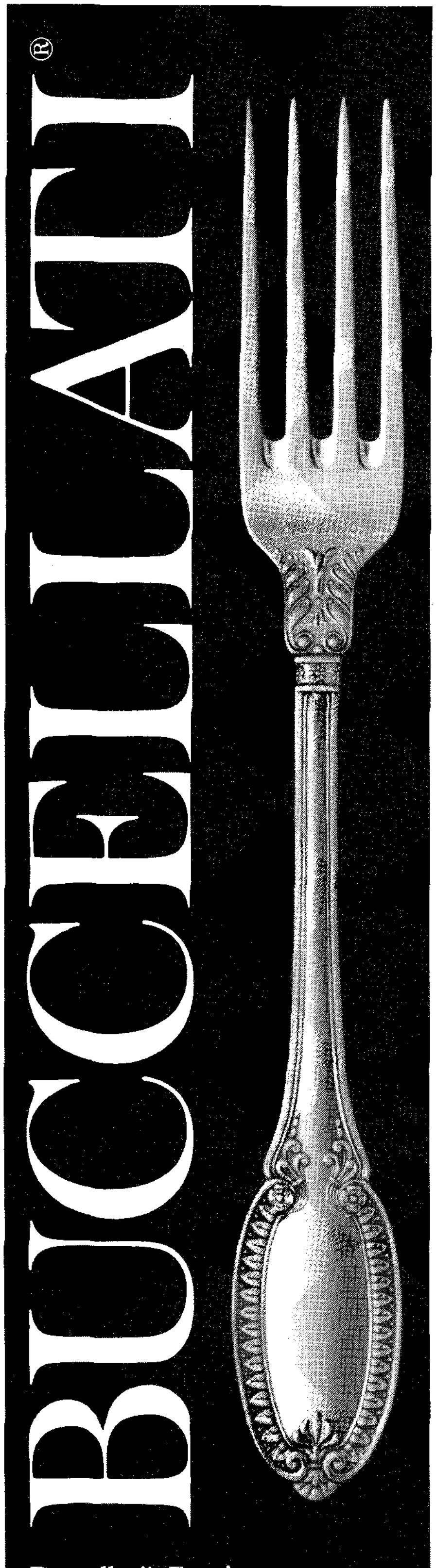

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC–Cont'd

chetti, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Brian Schexnayder; Myung-Whun Chung. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 1:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 8.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Presenting Robert Ward's adaptation of "The Crucible," conducted by John DeMain. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515. Through Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting fully staged performances of "Amahl and the Night Visitors." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 1 and 6, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 6 and 8.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Presenting the first of three performances of Busoni's "Arlecchino" and Stravinsky's "Nightingale." David Gilbert conducting; both works are in English. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Gidon Kremer, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3, and Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, Witold Lutoslawski, and Felix Mendelssohn. With Krystian Zimerman, piano. . . . **note:** On Monday, Dec. 5, at 8, Zubin Mehta will conduct a benefit concert at the Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. The soloists will be Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and Anthony Elliott, cello.

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert Blomstedt conducting. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: Music by Ingvar Lidholm, Prokofiev, and Sibelius, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8: The New York première of Elliott Carter's Oboe Concerto, with Heinz Holliger as soloist, and music by Handel and Brahms.

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting a program of contemporary music, with Ursula Oppens, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting the complete "Brandenburg" Concertos. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Yosif Feigelson, cello, and three vocal soloists. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting Vivaldi concertos. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

RECITALS

Byron Janis—Piano, in an all-Chopin concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia conducting this concert, which was postponed from Nov. 9. The program includes two works by Elliott Carter, in honor of his eightieth birthday. With Jane Manning, soprano. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

VineyardMusicke—A soprano and a small chamber ensemble performing Italian music from the eighteenth century. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Heinrich Schiff—Cello, in his recital début here. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Timothy Eddy and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in a program that features the première of a sonata by Sheila Silver. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Aurora—Playing early chamber music. With assisting artists. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Thomas Lorango—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Robert Routch—Horn, with a jazz quartet and other assisting artists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Fine Arts Quartet—In a Wolf-Shostakovich-Beethoven program. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 5:45. For information about tickets, call 288-0700.)

Speculum Musicae—In a program honoring Elliott Carter's eightieth birthday. With Katherine Ciesinksi, mezzo-soprano; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and Christine Schadeberg, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

David Jolley—Horn. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Evelyn Simon—Soprano, with a chamber ensemble. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. 243-6192. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing music by Mozart, Webern, Puccini, Wolf, and Sibelius. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—In a program of Christmas-inspired music of the Middle Ages. (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 1:30 and 3:30. For information about tickets, call 923-3700.)

Alborada Latina—This vocal and instrumental ensemble will play the music of Mexico, Brazil, Cuba, and Venezuela. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

Tatiana Troyanos and James Levine—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with assisting artists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

New York Philomusica—Playing works by Mozart, Ligeti, and Dvořák. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—In the first of its four-concert series of all the Beethoven piano trios. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Alexander String Quartet—In a program that includes the premières of string quartets by William Thomas McKinley and by Ho Joon Park. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a concert of Schubert sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Playing chamber music by Bach and three contemporary composers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-0766.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Ransom Wilson—Flute, with assisting artists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Andrew Rangell—Playing the final concert in a series devoted to Beethoven's piano sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

League-ISCM—Rolf Schulte, violin, and Joyce Lindorff, harpsichord, playing simultaneously with taped electronic music. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Boston Celtics, Tuesday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Friday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Sunday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland Trail Blazers, Tuesday, Dec. 6. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Denver Nuggets, Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30.

Football—Giants vs. Phoenix Cardinals. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 1.)

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 3, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 7:45. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

Tennis—Nabisco Masters: Ivan Lendl, Mats Wilander, Andre Agassi, Boris Becker, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 5, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 12:30; semifinals Sunday, Dec. 4, at 12:30; final Monday, Dec. 5, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Shirley Hazzard and David Malouf reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Lecture—Mario Buatta, the self-styled Prince of Chintz, will discuss his empire. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its multicolored lights and ready to be lighted at 5:30 on Monday, Dec. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through May 6. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich and Dmitry Sitkovetsky, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ "Messiah," Dec. 12, 16-17, and 21. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, Jan. 9. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Chung Trio, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "Messiah," Dec. 10, 18, and 23. . . . ¶ Anne-Sophie Mutter, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, Dec. 15 and Jan. 12. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ Joseph Kalichstein, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Ivo Pogorelich, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 15. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 9-11, 18, and 20, and Jan. 6-8. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Söderström and James Levine, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Håkan Hagegård, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, Jan. 15. . . . **metropolitan museum** (570-3949): The Cleveland String Quartet and André-Michel Schub, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Billy Taylor trio, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Ruth Laredo, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Joseph Swensen and Jeffrey Kahane, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, Dec. 16-17. . . . ¶ Jan DeGaetani and the Aulos Ensemble, Dec. 18 and 22. . . . ¶ Pomerium Musices and Calliope, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Mitsuko Uchida, Jan. 14. . . . **92nd street y** (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 13-14. . . . ¶ Håkan Hagegård, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Symphony, Dec. 26-27, 29, and 31, and Jan. 14-15.

Other Dates—"1000 Airplanes on the Roof," a music-theatre piece by Philip Glass, David Henry Hwang, and Jerome Sirlin, at the Beacon Theatre, Dec. 14-20. . . . ¶ Winter arrives on Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Sundays; Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2, will be holidays. . . . ¶ The National Boat Show, at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Jan. 14-22. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 16.

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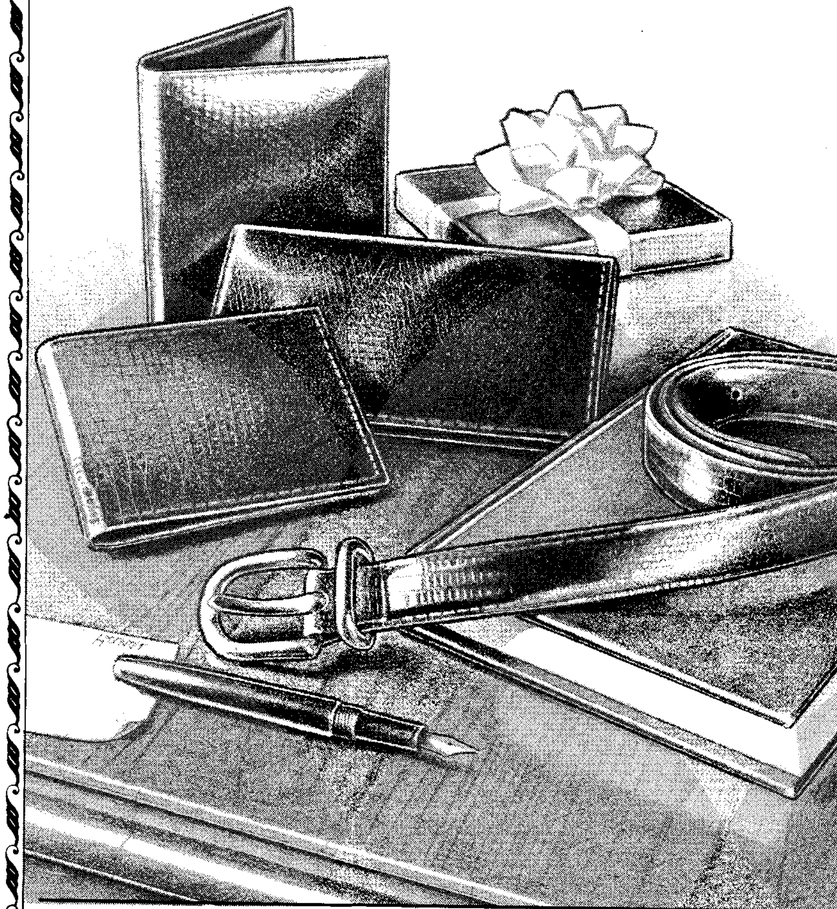

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The First Annual Human Rights Watch Film Festival," a two-week series of films concerned with worldwide human-rights abuse.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "Everybody's All-American" (directed by Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton. From Dec. 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg. From Dec. 2: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 1: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine. From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 3: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 1: "Bird" (†).
From Dec. 2: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 1: "Things Change" (†).
From Dec. 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh, with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

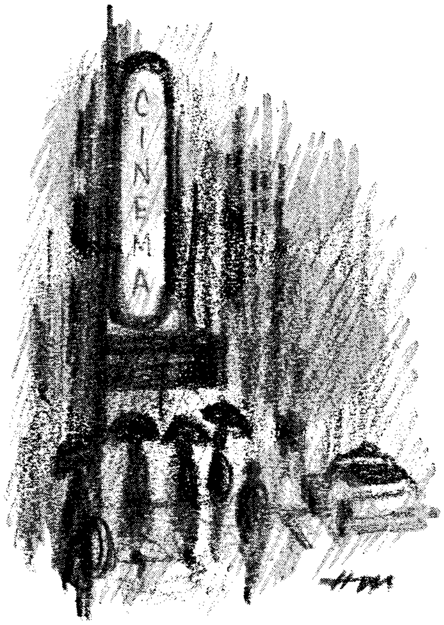
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Buster" (David Green), with Phil Collins and Julie Walters.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film. From Dec. 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg. From Dec. 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Big Girl" (1987; directed by Nirit Yaron-Gronich; in Hebrew); and "Crows" (1987; Ayelet Menahemi; in Hebrew). From Dec. 7: "Retracing Steps: American Dance Since Postmodernism" (Michael Blackwood), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: "We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: "Things Change" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney; and (evenings only) "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Full Moon in Blue Water" (Peter Masterson), with Gene Hackman, Teri Garr, Burgess Meredith, and Elias Koteas.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Hanna's War" (Menahem Golan), with Maruschka Detmers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

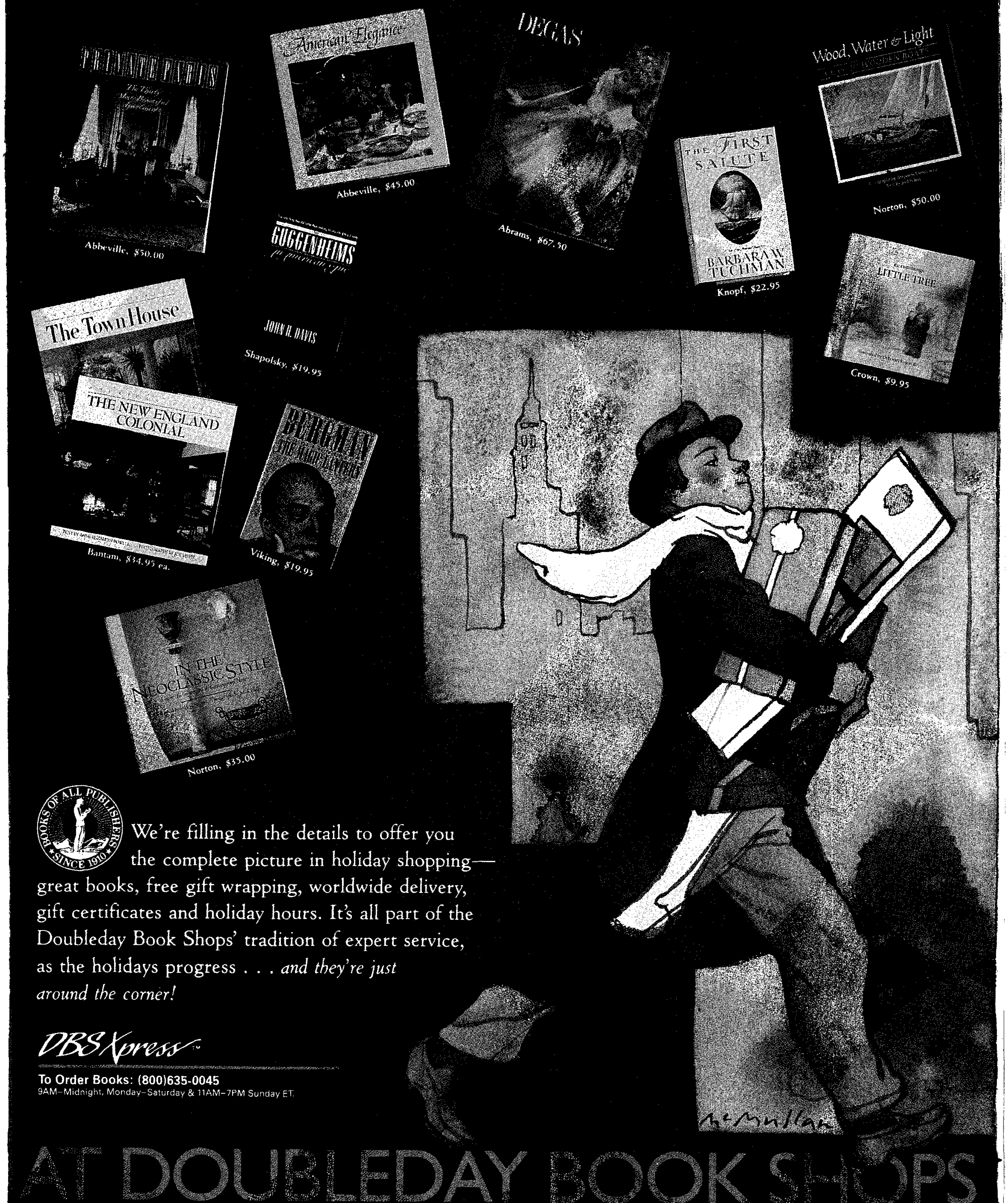
Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†). From Dec. 2: "Nobody Listened" (Nestor Almendros and Jorge Ulla), a documentary.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 3: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 1: "1969" (Ernest

HOLIDAYS IN PROGRESS



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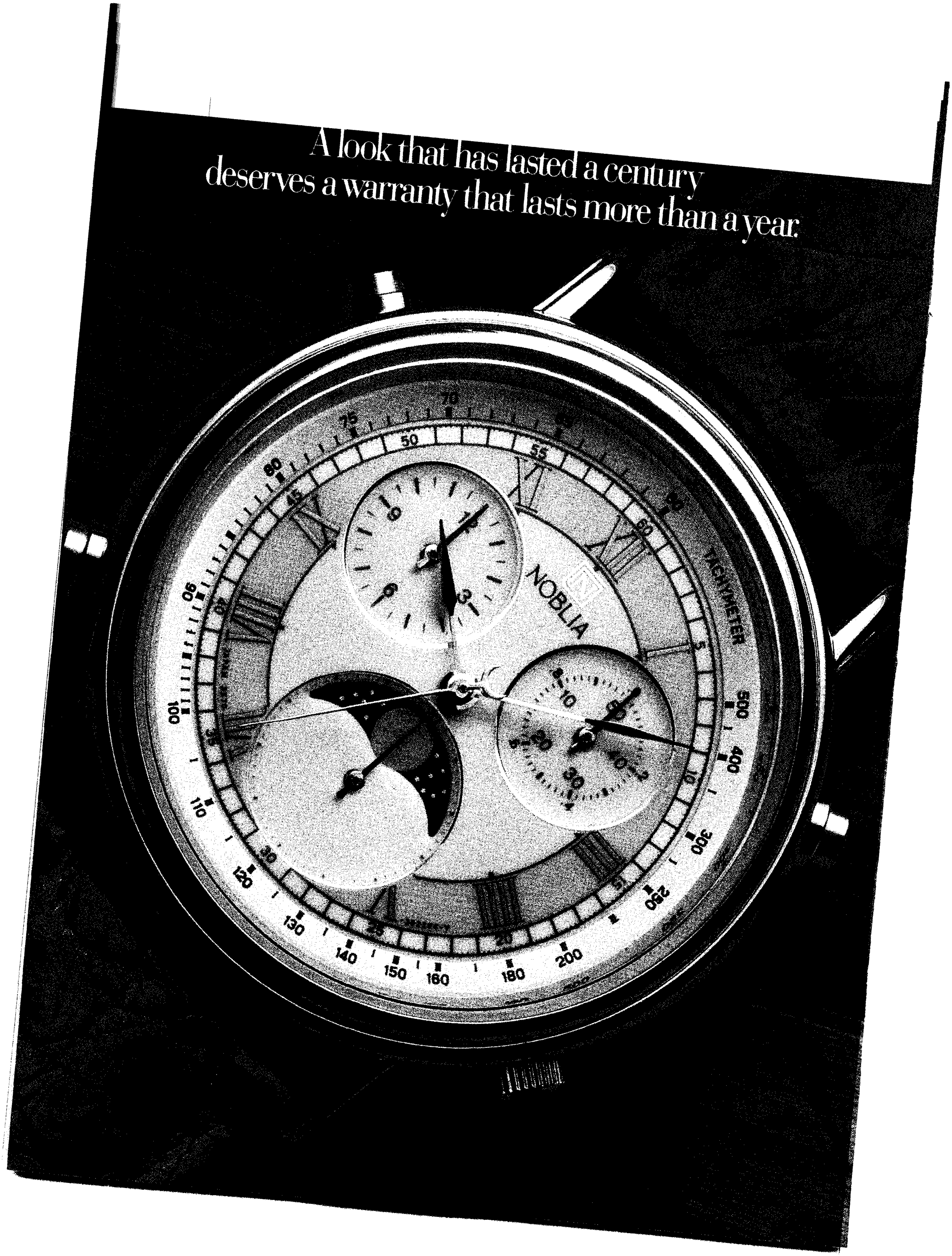
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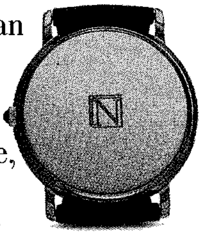

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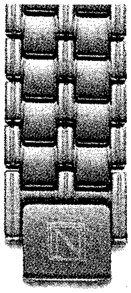
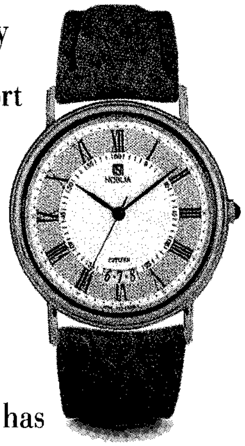
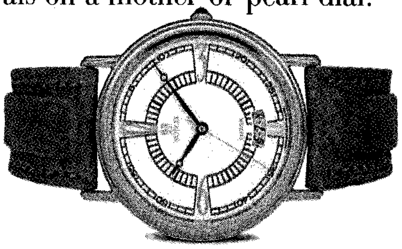


Detailing on a Noblia® watch is not confined to the dial. Something as insignificant to other watchmakers as a winding stem is to us a full, coin-edged cabochon crown, set with onyx.

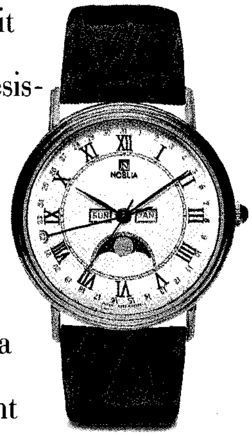
Nor have we neglected the parts of the timepiece that don't keep time. Our bands are fashioned only from genuine lizard or crocodile or peccary (the finest glove-grade pigskin), and even the narrowest straps are padded and finely stitched for comfort and good looks. (Bracelet versions of Spirit watches are joined with a jewelry clasp that has been engraved with the maker's mark, a sign of nothing but pride.)



This painstaking approach to watchmaking reflects an era when craftsmanship was a given; when the moon wasn't a destination; and when time was measured by the slow sweep of a second hand over Roman numerals on a mother-of-pearl dial.



But unlike its mechanical forebears, a Spirit watch is water resistant to three atmospheres (99 feet). And it is equipped with a quartz movement so accurate it may take years before the loss of even a few seconds can be detected.



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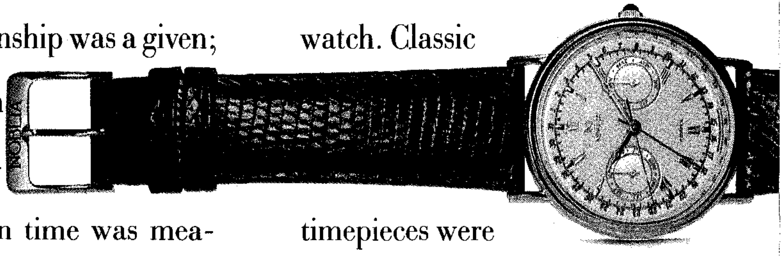

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland. From Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 5: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 6: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney; and (evenings only) "Things Change" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 2: "Cocoon: The Return."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Buster" (directed by David Green), with Phil Collins and Julie Walters.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "A Cry in the Dark" (†). From Dec. 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 3: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: "Night of the Demons" (Kevin S. Teeney).
Theatre 5: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.
Theatre 6: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 1: "*Oliver & Company*" (George Scribner), an animated film.
From Dec. 2: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Dec. 2: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 3: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 4: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"They Live" (John Carpenter).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

REVIVAL HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	28	29	30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 28: "Inherit the Wind" (1960; directed by Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly; and "The Sea of Grass" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Walker.
Nov. 29: "On Golden Pond" (1981; Mark Rydell), with Katharine Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Jane Fonda; and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and Katharine Hepburn.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1941; Victor Fleming), with Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, and Lana Turner; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.
Dec. 2-3: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (†) and "The African Queen" (†).
Dec. 4-5: "Keeper of the Flame" (†) and "State of the Union" (†).
Dec. 6-7: "Boys Town" (1938; Norman Taurog), with Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy; and "Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 29: "Bellman and True" (1988; Richard Loncraine), with Bernard Hill; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: A program of Three Stooges *films.*
Dec. 2-3: "The Last Woman" (1976; Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 28: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady; and "Lola" (1962; Jacques Demy; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "The Mirror" (1974; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Ivan's Childhood" (1962; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Dec. 2-3: "Frida" (1984; Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Dec. 4-5: "Sartre par Lui-même" (1976; Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; in French), a 1972 interview with Jean-Paul Sartre.
Dec. 6: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.
From Dec. 7: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 28: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Girl Hunters" (1963; Roy Rowland), with Mickey Spillane, Shirley Eaton, and Lloyd Nolan.
Nov. 29: "The Glass Menagerie" (1987; Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich; and "The Night Is My Kingdom" (1951; Georges Lacombe, in French), with Jean Gabin.
Nov. 30: "Intruder in the Dust" (1949; Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández; and "Inherit the Wind" (1960; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
Dec. 1: "The Grapes of Wrath" (†); and "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott.
Dec. 2-3: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988; Philip Kaufman), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche.
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 28: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Nov. 29: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn.
Nov. 30: "Conquest" (1937; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Alan Hale.
Dec. 1: "Persona" (†) and "The Seventh Seal" (†).
Dec. 2-3: "The Long, Hot Summer" (†); and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.
Dec. 4: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Dodsworth" (†).
Dec. 5: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Dec. 6: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker.
Dec. 7: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE 1: Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Summer" (1987; directed by Philip Gröning; in German, with English subtitles), with Michael Schech. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Accomplices" (1987; Margit Czenki; in German, with English subtitles), with Pola Kinski. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Yasemin" (1987; Hark Bohm; in German, with English subtitles),

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

with Ayse Romey. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "The Little Attorney" (1986; Hark Bohm; in German, with English subtitles), with Bohm. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2: "Accomplices." . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "Summer." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2: "The Little Attorney." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5: "Yasemin." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "The Glass Sky" (1987; Nina Grosse; in German, with English subtitles), with Heli Berger. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6 and Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Night of the Marten" (1987; Maria Theresia Wagner; in German, with English subtitles), with Annamirl Bierbichler. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "The Glass Sky."

THEATRE 2: Nov. 29 at 3: "The Wasp's Nest" (1987; Horea Popescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Tamara Buciuceanu, Coca Andronescu, and Raluca Zamfirescu. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 3: ". . . à Valparaiso" (1962) and "The Sky and the Earth" (1965), both by Joris Ivens. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Behind the Scenes at the Peking Circus" (1975) and "The Drugstore" (1975), both by Joris Ivens. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 3: "The Return from Hell" (1983; Nicolae Marginescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Constantin Branzea. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "Ciuleandra" (1985; Sergiu Nicolaescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Stefan Iordache. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "The Wasp's Nest." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Ciuleandra." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5: "The Return from Hell." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 3: "The Old Maid" (1986; Serban Marinescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Marga Barbu. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6:30: A program of films by James Broughton, who will be present.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: A retrospective of film and television works by Jerry Lewis. Nov. 30 at 2:30: "The Family Jewels" (1965; Lewis). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "The Bellboy" (1960; Lewis). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 7:30: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin); and "Ben Casey: A Little Fun to Match the Sorrow" (3/8/65; ABC). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "The Patsy" (1964; Lewis); and "The King of Comedy" (1982; Martin Scorsese). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 4: "The Stooge" (1952; Norman Taurog); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (5/20/51; NBC). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 7:30: "Cinderfella" (1960; Frank Tashlin); and "The Jerry Lewis Show" (10/18/58; NBC). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 11:30: "It's Only Money" (1962; Frank Tashlin); and a program of Tashlin cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2: "The Jerry Lewis Show" (12/27/57; NBC); "Colgate Comedy Hour" (5/2/54; NBC); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (6/24/51; NBC). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "The Stooge."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (continuous showings): Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Virtual Play: The Double Direct Monkey Wrench in Black's Machinery" (1984; Steve Fagin). . . . ¶ Dec. 2-4 and Dec. 7: "Henri Rousseau or the Monkeys Shedding the Blood of the Watermelon" (1985; Millie Iatrou and Ron Morgan); "E. J. Bellocq: Processed" (1982; Robert Russett); and "J. S. Bach" (1986; Juan Downey).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Nov. 29 at 6: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "Pickpocket" (1959; Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 9:30: "Au Hazard Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6 and 9: "Rosa Luxemburg" (1985; Margarethe von Trotta; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 7: A program of Gunvor Nelson films. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "The Last of the Mohicans" (1920; Maurice Tourneur; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8: "Take Off" (1972; Gunvor Nelson); and "Five Artists" (1971; Gunvor Nelson and D. Wiley). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 9: "Magellan: At the Gates of Death" (1976; Hollis Frampton). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 7: "The Fiancés" (1963; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 9: "Trollstenen" (1973; Gunvor Nelson). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "Humoresque" (1920; Frank Borzage; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 7:30: "Before Need" (1979; Gunvor Nelson and D. Wiley). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 9: "Time Stood Still" (1959; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 9:30: A program of Gunvor Nelson films. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6: "Way Down East" (1920; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 7: "Frame Line" (1983) and "Red Shift" (1984), both by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 9: "The Sound of Trumpets" (1961; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6 and 8: "Wanda" (1970; Barbara Loden). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6:30: "Light Years" (1987), "Light Years Expanding" (1988), and "Field Study #2" (1988), all directed by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 8:30: A program of Gunvor Nelson films. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 7: "Songs 1-14" (1964-65; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "The Kid" (1921; a silent film) and "The Idle Class" (1921; a silent film), both by Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 10: "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles).

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Nov. 28 at 7: "The Koumiko Mystery" (1965; Chris Marker); and "La Jetée" (1963; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 7: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1947; Hans Richter). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 7: "The Little Valentino" (1979; András Jeles; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 7: "Naked Spaces: Living Is Round" (1986; Trinh T. Minh-Ha). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8: A program of films by Henry Hills, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8: A program of films by Christine Vachon and Jon Moritsugu, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: A program of films by new filmmakers. . . . ¶ Dec. 5-7 at 7: "Coming Attractions: An Informal History of the Motion Picture Trailer" (1988; Gwendolyn Foster-Dixon and Wheeler Dixon); and "Her Sister's Secret" (1946; Edgar G. Ulmer).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1951)—An inspired piece of casting brought Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn together. This is a comedy, a love story, and a tale of adventure, and it is one of the most charming and entertaining movies ever made. The director, John Huston, has written that the comedy was not present either in the novel by C. S. Forester or in the original screenplay by James Agee, John Collier, and himself, but that it grew out of the relationship of Hepburn and Bogart. They played together with an ease and humor that makes their love affair—the mating of a forbidding, ironclad spinster and a tough, gin-soaked riverboat captain—seem not only inevitable but perfect. With Robert Morley as Hepburn's missionary brother, and Peter Bull. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

ANOTHER WOMAN—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

BAGDAD CAFÉ—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

BIRD—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, but mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. Joel Oliansky wrote the script; the cast includes Diane Venora as Chan Parker and Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie. (10/17/88) (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 1.)

A CRY IN THE DARK—The director, Fred Schepisi, attempts an epic dissection of how superstitions can spread, and how false the public perception (based on the media) can be. He uses the case of Lindy Chamberlain (Meryl Streep), the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist minister, who was tried for murder and convicted, to ask why Australians cynically rejected her account of seeing a dingo (the Australian wild dog) slink off from the tent her nine-week-old daughter was in. Perhaps the thing that made her the most hated woman in Australia was that TV had accustomed people to grieving mothers who showed their frailty and their naked pathos, and here was Lindy on TV—stoic, matter-of-fact, and bluntly impatient at the endless dumb questions. Streep has seen that Lindy's hardness saves a part of her from the quizzing and prying of journalists and lawyers—that she needs her impersonal manner to keep herself intact. (From time to time, Streep suggests the strong emotions that Lindy hides in public, and we feel a bond with her—we feel joined to her privacy.) There are wonderful night scenes of the search for the baby in the blackness around Ayers Rock, in the Outback, and the movie is never less than gripping. But Schepisi, who worked on the script with Robert Caswell (it's based on John Bryson's study of the case, "Evil Angels"), put together more elements than he could develop. The film is like an expanded, beautifully made TV Movie of the Week. Remarkable as Streep is (she does some of her finest screen acting), she seems to be playing a person in a documentary. This is also true of the accomplished Sam Neill, though he seems faultlessly right as Lindy's husband, who becomes incoherent during the trial and loses his faith. You come out moved—even shaken—yet not quite certain what you've been watching. (11/28/88) (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Dec. 1.)

DODSWORTH (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman-hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. He also stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks programmed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. Ruth Chatterton plays the wife; Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. With Bryan Brown, Julie Harris, John Omirah Miluwi, and Iain Cuthbertson, who's casual and rather humorous as Dr. Louis Leakey. (10/17/88) (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and come to the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The John Ford film, high on most lists of the great films of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the directing, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people talk. In some externals, the production is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, John Qualen, Eddie Quillan, Dorris Bowdon, Russell Simpson, Jane Darwell, and Zeffie Tilbury. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; cinematography by Gregg Toland. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 1.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—Tracy and Hepburn, but not a comedy, and not good, either. She plays the widow of a "great American;" Tracy is a journalist admirer of the dead man who wants to write the definitive biography. The widow won't coöperate with him and puts obstacles in his path because she's trying to conceal the fact that her husband was the secret head of a traitorous Fascist organization. It's a gothic wet blanket of a movie, directed by George Cukor, with an impressive, wasted cast—Richard Whorf, Frank Craven, Margaret Wycherly, Horace McNally, Donald Meek, Howard Da Silva, Percy Kilbride, and Audrey Christie. Screenplay by Donald Ogden Stewart, based on I.A.R. Wylie's novel. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Cinema 3.)

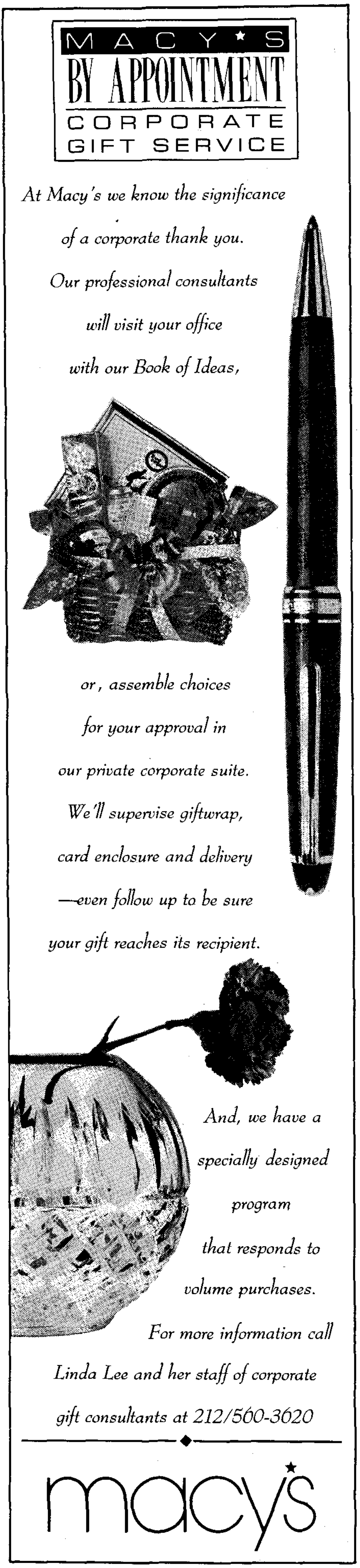
The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4.)

The Long, Hot Summer (1958)—This amalgam of Faulkner's stories "Barn Burning" and "Spotted Horses" turned out to be highly commercial and hugely entertaining. The setting is a Mississippi town run by Will Varner (Orson Welles); Paul Newman plays Ben Quick, the stud drifter who comes into town and makes a deal with Varner to marry his tough-minded, virgin schoolteacher daughter (Joanne Woodward). Ben Quick is one of those arrogant-on-the-outside, vulnerable-on-the-inside roles that Newman could do better than any other movie actor, and he and Woodward have some electric, strong scenes together. Martin Ritt directed from a crackerjack popular screenplay by Irving Ravetch and his wife, Harriet Frank, Jr. With Angela Lansbury, Lee Remick, Anthony Franciosa, and Richard Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2-3.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is—arguably—MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair—she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Baronet, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cabo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Mystic Pizza—The romantic adventures of three young women who work in a pizza parlor in Mystic, Connecticut: Jojo (Lili Taylor) is small and lively; Daisy (Julia Roberts) is tall



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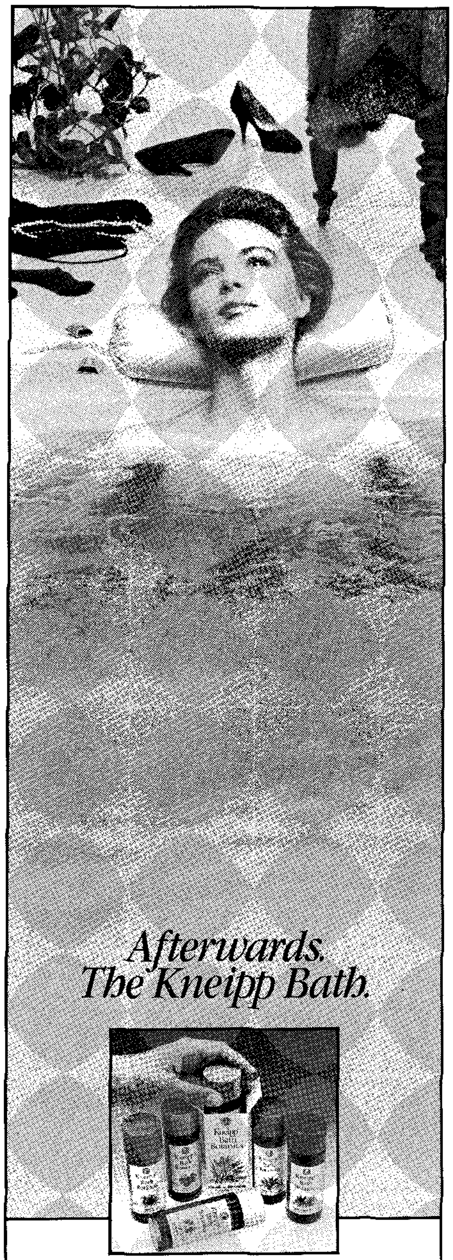

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

and sexy; Kat (Annabeth Gish) is serious-minded, bound for Yale. They laugh; they cry; they bond. The movie, directed by Donald Petrie, has an earnest, self-congratulatory little-movie tone, but it's as predictable as if it had been mass-produced—just another thin, reheated slice of life. Also with Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, William R. Moses, Adam Storke, and Conchata Ferrell.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. There is one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. The images and the omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases, as in the burning of a child-witch, excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. With Nils Poppe and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and Hepburn is his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearances' sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Things Change—A modernist version of a sentimental fable: David Mamet, who directed and was the co-writer (with Shel Silverstein), gives you the blueprint but not the feeling. The story is essentially a heart-warmer: Sicilian-born Gino (Don Ameche), a dignified old Chicago shoeshine man who gets mixed up with mobsters and is mistaken for a Mafia don, emerges unscathed because of his simple goodness—his humanity. The one most affected by it is the blundering mafioso Jerry (Joe Mantegna); there's nothing to look at except Gino and Jerry's mummified skits, which are directed at a deliberate and unvarying pace. The result is like a Frank Capra–Damon Runyon comic fairy tale of the thirties in slow motion. With Robert Prosky and W. H. Macy. (11/14/88) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Dec. 1.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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RUM? YUM.

To ensure your holiday season is as delicious as possible, just follow these recipes and make sure to use one of the rums of Puerto Rico, the rums that are aged by law for one year.

RUM CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE CREAM CHEESE ICING

1 pkg yellow cake mix
1/3 cup white or light rum
ICING
2 pkgs (8-oz each) cream cheese, softened
3/4 lb white chocolate, melted and cooled
2 sticks butter
1 tablespoon white or light rum

Prepare cake mix as package label directs, substituting 1/3 cup rum for 1/3 cup of the water. Divide batter equally among 3 greased and floured 9-inch round cake pans. Bake about 23 minutes at 350°F. Cool layers 30 minutes on racks; drizzle layers lightly with additional rum. Beat cream cheese until fluffy; gradually beat in chocolate and butter, until consistency of whipped cream. Fill and frost cake, using 1 cup icing between each layer. Garnish cake with chocolate leaves (spread back of 12 rose leaves with melted tinted white chocolate; chill; peel off and discard rose leaves) and raspberries or strawberries.

HOT BUTTERED RUM

Combine 1 tsp sugar, 1/2 tsp butter, 1 jigger light or dark rum, 4 cloves in glass or mug. Fill with boiling water. Stir. Add cinnamon stick.

SINGLE EGGNOG

Put an egg, tsp sugar, ice, jigger of dark or light rum and glass of milk in a shaker. Shake vigorously and strain into glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Now you can eat, drink and be merry with just the right holiday spirit.

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE late John Mitchell, Richard Nixon's Attorney General during Watergate, provided American schoolchildren with the one indispensable rule for understanding American politics: "Watch what we do, not what we say." The staying power of this axiom has been demonstrated by President-elect George Bush. Asked how he could negotiate with Congress on the deficit when he had promised not to raise taxes, he replied, "Just watch what we do." A series of controversial policies announced by the present Administration since the election, however, suggests that Mitchell's rule is too simple, and must be modified to "Watch not what we say but what we do and when we do it."

The day after the election, President Reagan vetoed a bill that would have established a program of grants to monitor the nutritional quality of the food Americans eat. "The Administration strongly supports the principal goals of this legislation," he said, but added that "the bill would create a substantial amount of unnecessary and complex federal bureaucracy" and would "impose a substantial new burden on the American taxpayer in future years."

On Thursday, the second day after the election, the Administration published in the *Federal Register* new regulations that will end a rule almost half a century old which has prohibited workers from making jewelry and certain articles of clothing in their own homes. Fearing the erosion of minimum-wage or child-labor laws, unions at once began preparing to challenge the regulations in court.

On Friday, the Administration announced that it would begin to notify more than eighty thousand farmers whose loans were delinquent that they might be subject to foreclosure. The timing of these notices "didn't have a thing to do with the election," Vance L. Clark, the administrator of the Farmers Home Administration, told the *Times*. "We just couldn't get all the things done that we had to do before this."

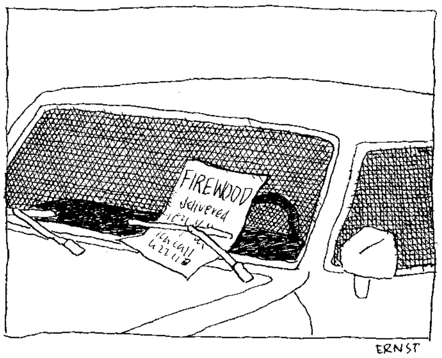
On Saturday, reporters learned that two days earlier—which is to say, two days after the election—the new director of the Office of Management and Budget, Joseph Wright, Jr., had presented to Reagan and Bush figures that increased the expected budget deficit for the fiscal year 1990 from a hundred and eleven billion dollars to a hundred and thirty-two billion An item in the *Wall Street Journal* on November 4th, however, showed that the Administration had known about the new estimate before the election.

The following Monday, Day Six after the election, the Department of Transportation announced that the federal government will randomly test four million workers in private industry for drug abuse. The largest group of these workers will be three million interstate bus and truck drivers, not a few of whom belong to the Teamsters Union, which has endorsed Republican Presidential candidates in recent years. The million other Americans affected work on airlines, railroads, subways, city buses, ships, and pipelines. Hal Paris, a spokesman for the Department, denied that politics had anything to do with the timing of the announcement, and was quoted as explaining, "An enormous amount of work went into this, and it couldn't be completed until today."

On Tuesday, Day Seven, the Office of Hearings and Appeals of the Social Security Administration proposed to tighten procedural rules so as to make it harder for elderly and disabled people to successfully appeal government decisions that deny them Social Security, Medicare, and welfare benefits. The Secretary of Health and Human Services, Dr. Otis R. Bowen, was said not to have seen the proposed new rules, and the voters didn't even know they were in the works.

Exactly a week after the election, the Washington *Post* quoted "a senior administration official" on the existence of "a plan to raise $20 billion to $30 billion a year in cash for three years" to be used to pay for shutting the doors of hundreds of insolvent savings-and-loan institutions. The bankruptcy of these businesses, which used to concentrate on financing home ownership, is perhaps the most important single legacy of the governmental deregulation of the private sector, over which President-elect Bush presided during the Reagan years. The Administration official, who did not want to be identified, thought that the cash for the plan might be raised by the sale of bonds, with the interest on them paid, of course, by the taxpayers.

During the campaign, President Reagan did not say whether he would pardon Oliver L. North and his co-defendants in the event that they were convicted of the charges they still face in connection with the Iran-Contra scandal. On the Friday before Thanksgiving, however, ten days after the



election, the Justice Department filed a brief challenging an important argument of the independent prosecutor, Lawrence E. Walsh. What Walsh had told the court was that even if the defendants had not violated the law that specifically prohibited direct military aid to the Nicaraguan Contras they had defrauded the United States by concealing their unauthorized covert operation from Congress and by lying to Congress about it. The Justice Department told the federal judge in the case that Walsh's contention "potentially criminalizes any political dispute between Executive officials and Congress over foreign policy." Had the Department's position been made public before the election, the voters could well have construed it as an intervention by the Reagan Administration on North's side.

That evening, with no briefing of reporters, President Reagan's office released an executive order that contradicted one of the foremost precepts of conservative political theory in the United States—local self-government and states' rights. Two days earlier, the New York State Public Service Commission had given its final approval to Governor Mario Cuomo's agreement to abandon the Shoreham nuclear power installation because state and local officials, having concluded that the area around the plant is too densely populated, have refused to approve emergency evacuation plans for it. President Reagan decreed that the Federal Emergency Management Agency can itself promulgate emergency evacuation plans for local areas around nuclear power plants if state and local authorities refuse to do so. In other words, the President was shoving aside state and local governments on this issue. A White House spokeswoman said that the President's Domestic Policy Council had approved the idea several months earlier, and the *Times* quoted another official, "who spoke on condition of anonymity," as saying that the President's final approval of the executive order "could have been slowed down because of the election."

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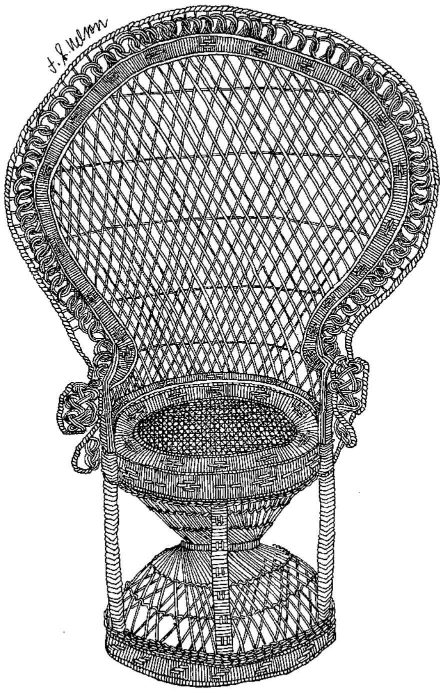
Angels

ONE sunny Monday not long ago, we drove out to White Plains to visit the headquarters of the Corporate Angel Network and talk to Priscilla Blum and Jay Weinberg, the Network's president and vice-president, who saw a problem and devised a solution. We found them in an office they share inside a one-story yellow brick building at the Westchester County Airport. Their desks, equipped with computers and telephones and piled with papers, face each other in a small clearing amid filing cabinets. Other offices are down a brown-carpeted hall. President Blum, called Pat (CAN is a first-name organization), is a slight, pepper-and-salt-haired woman with warm dark eyes. She was wearing a beige sweater and skirt and had a gold medallion on a chain around her neck, a copy of a medal that President Reagan awarded CAN. Jay, blue-eyed and burly, wore a bright-yellow sweater. Taking turns, they explained what CAN does and how it began doing it.

Each of the major cancer-treatment centers in the United States has expertise in treating specific cancers, Pat told us, and they rarely duplicate each other's specialties. Therefore, Jay went on, cancer patients must often travel long distances to get exactly the treatment they need. .

Pat: "We were aware of this because Jay and I are both recovered cancer patients. We were working as volunteers—Jay at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York, and I for the American Cancer Society in Greenwich—and people would call us up and ask, 'How do I travel to Houston for treatment?' "



Jay: "Pat's a recreational pilot, and she'd noticed, out at the airport, that corporate planes sometimes took off and landed with an empty seat or two. And one day in the fall of 1981 the light bulb went on."

Pat: "I said to myself, 'If the planes are going in the right direction anyhow, why can't we fill those empty seats with patients flying for treatment?' I talked to a friend of mine and Jay's, Leonard Greene, who owns the Safe Flight Instrument Corporation and also flies the company's planes. He said that it could be done. Then I went to Jay, the only person I could think of who could help me put this thing together."

Jay: "I said, 'It's a great idea. We need a plane and a patient.' Our first flight was December 22, 1981. The patient was a boy I knew at Memorial who wanted to go home to Detroit for Christmas and had to come back to Memorial for further treatment. Safe Flight took him. In our first year, we were able to coördinate twenty-four flights, and we signed up about fifty companies. Now we do between fifty and sixty flights a month, and we've got about four hundred companies. Pat and I had been lucky ourselves—we were able to get the best possible treatment in New York City, near our homes—and our goal was to help as many people as we could get the best possible treatment in New York, Seattle, Houston, or wherever."

All the time Pat and Jay were talking, we heard a low accompaniment of mechanical sounds from other rooms: computers beeped, printers rattled, telephones hooted, and a fax machine went *ping! ping! ping!* Pat explained that companies fax in their flight schedules, and CAN tries to match patients and flights, with the aid of three computer programs devised by Jay's wife, Marian. The human machinery at CAN is a full-time paid staff of two and thirty-five volunteers, each of whom gives one day a week. As for the roster of CAN corporations, it includes most of the aristocracy of American business, and there's a labor union on the list, too.

We wandered down the hall and met Judy Haims, a young woman with an unflappable manner, who is CAN's professional administrator. She told us that she had been working for CAN since she graduated from the business course at Katharine Gibbs, five and a half years ago. "We didn't have all this sophisticated equipment when I first came, but still we once got a patient on a flight in an hour and a half," she said. "A social worker called up from a hospital in San Angelo, Texas, and said, 'I have a mother and baby who need to go to Fort Worth.' There was a flight leaving San Angelo that afternoon. 'Don't worry,' the social worker said. 'I'll drive them to the airport myself.' We don't usually deal in last-minute cases, though. We don't ask about people's means—everybody knows that medical insurance doesn't cover travel expenses—but we do have to make sure that the patient is able to walk onto the plane, and we like to talk to the referring doctor." Judy paused a moment, and then said, "This place is unique. Our volunteers are unique. They do all their own detail work and follow it through. They're the best volunteers in the world."

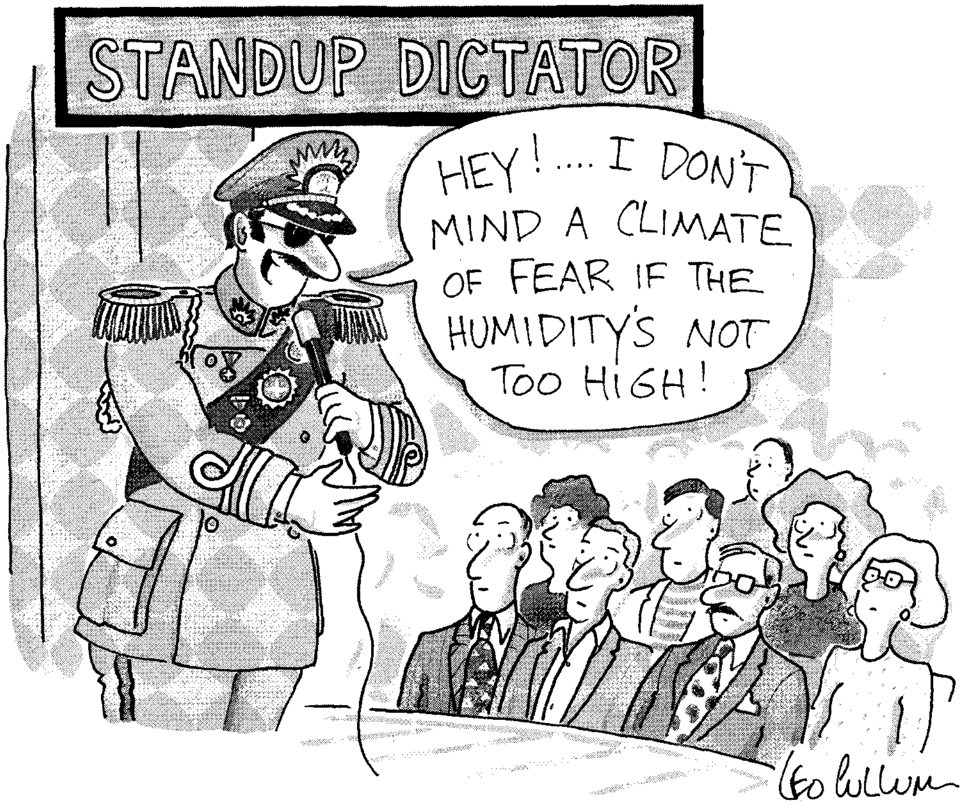
At the far end of the room, a dark-haired volunteer looked up from her computer, and said, "Especially the Monday volunteers."

Pat got up to see us out. She had two letters in her hand. One, from the wife of a patient in remission, said, "Russell would not have been able to get his necessary treatment in Indianapolis, which truly did save his life." The other came from a woman suggesting the names of new corporations to approach. "Very useful," Pat said.

We said we were surprised that the Network needed to recruit.

"Companies rarely drop out," Pat said. "CAN means a lot to them, the way it does to us. Their executives fly with patients, and they see what a boost it is. Sometimes they become friends with patients, and keep in touch. But it's all these mergers and buyouts. Some of our best companies just disappear, so we have to keep looking for new ones to take their places."

Pat walked with us to our car. We watched a plane that had taken off rise and turn. "I know that plane," Pat said. "It's a Falcon Jet. One of ours."


STANDUP DICTATOR
HEY! .... I DON'T MIND A CLIMATE OF FEAR IF THE HUMIDITY'S NOT TOO HIGH!
Leo Cullum

Cinderella

LIFE so rarely comes close to perfection that when we heard about Barbara Ware's feet we ran to look. We found them bopping up Fifth Avenue in three-inch blue heels. "These feet are a perfect 6B," said Ms. Ware, a slender brunette who was wearing a black pinafore, a white petticoat, and a black headband. "Manufacturers have millions of dollars riding on my feet." As we struggled to keep up with her, she told us how her feet were discovered. "I was waitressing and acting, right out of college, and I answered an ad to model at one of the New York shoe shows," she said. "The Italian designers there said, 'She has a good foot. Let's measure it.' One guy measured between my toes and another measured my foot on that flat metal plate shoe salesmen used when I was a kid, and suddenly they were calling people over and everybody was screaming, 'Oh, my God! *Bella! Bella!* Can you believe this? A perfect 6B!' I discovered later that 6B is the size that shoe prototypes are always made in."

We interrupted. Gershwin wore gloves when he wasn't working, we pointed out, and Horowitz insures his hands. Should Barbara be walking around on such valuable appendages?

She assured us that it was O.K. "I don't do sports that pound the foot, and I get pedicures," she said, and went on, "Anyway, I became the model for Andrew Geller, Liz Claiborne, J. C. Penney, and Macy's. I travelled over to Italy and Spain, to their factories. American companies like to make shoes abroad, but they can't use European lasts—Italians have pudgier feet. So they built their lines around me. Designers sketch new styles each season, and I became the one who tried on the samples. God forbid I should say one pinched! It pinched, it was redone. Sometimes I tried five or six redesigns before one was an exact fit. Once they had a perfect size-6 last, they graded the rest of the sizes from that.

"All day long I tried on shoes. Just imagine trying on two hundred shoes a day—all too narrow or too short. I was known for being professional, but also for being very difficult. I wouldn't approve any shoe that didn't fit. The store would be hollering for its resort line, and fifty manufacturers in the showroom would be screaming and yelling and telling me that I was lying, that something must be wrong with my foot, and I'd just stand there and say 'It hurts.' I *know* my foot. They'd try to wear me down, make me try on several versions of the same shoe. They'd take me to lunch and try to get me drunk, so I wouldn't feel anything. They'd give me shoes that were damp from being stretched on the last, so that they'd fit me easier. They decided I must be a very unhappy person, who hated everything. In Spain, they arranged a little trick. They set up a row of shoes. The first was a 5½, marked 6. 'This is too tight,' I said. 'It feels like a 5½.' The next was a 6A. 'This is narrow,' I said. The third was their best-seller. I approved it. The fourth was a boot with a broken heel. 'This is going to break my neck,' I said."

Eventually, Ms. Ware told us, her foot was accepted. Designers pursued her to approve their creations. Some waited for her outside hotels and restaurants with cases of samples. Occassionally, shoes that she approved were improperly made, and Ms. Ware was sent back to Europe. She travelled from factory to factory, trying on all their shoes, a Cinderella looking for the wrong slipper. When she found it, she yanked it from production. "My European clients begged me not to leave," said Ms. Ware. "They said I had their future in my foot."

Outside the offices of Prevata, at 12 West Fifty-seventh Street, Ms. Ware excused herself and said she had to go to work. Irving Silbergeld, the owner, greeted her in his office with three pairs of flats he was getting ready to produce.

Ms. Ware twitched her petticoat and quickly stepped into and out of the flats. "The first, Irv, is gaping off my heel," she said. "The second's too big, and this other one is tight in the toe box."

Mr. Silbergeld got down on all fours on the carpet. He stared at the third flat—a beautiful black high-vamped shoe—on Ms. Ware's feet. "Toe spring!" he moaned.

"The toes curl up," Ms. Ware said. "Sign of poor manufacture."

"Three out of three, valid complaints," Mr. Silbergeld said. "This won't do. Maybe it's one guy on the line."

Back on the street, Ms. Ware pondered the thousands of shoes that have crossed her feet, and recalled the worst—an evening pump made of industrial-aluminum mesh. "Torture trap!" she said. "It looked great, but it felt like wearing a screen door."

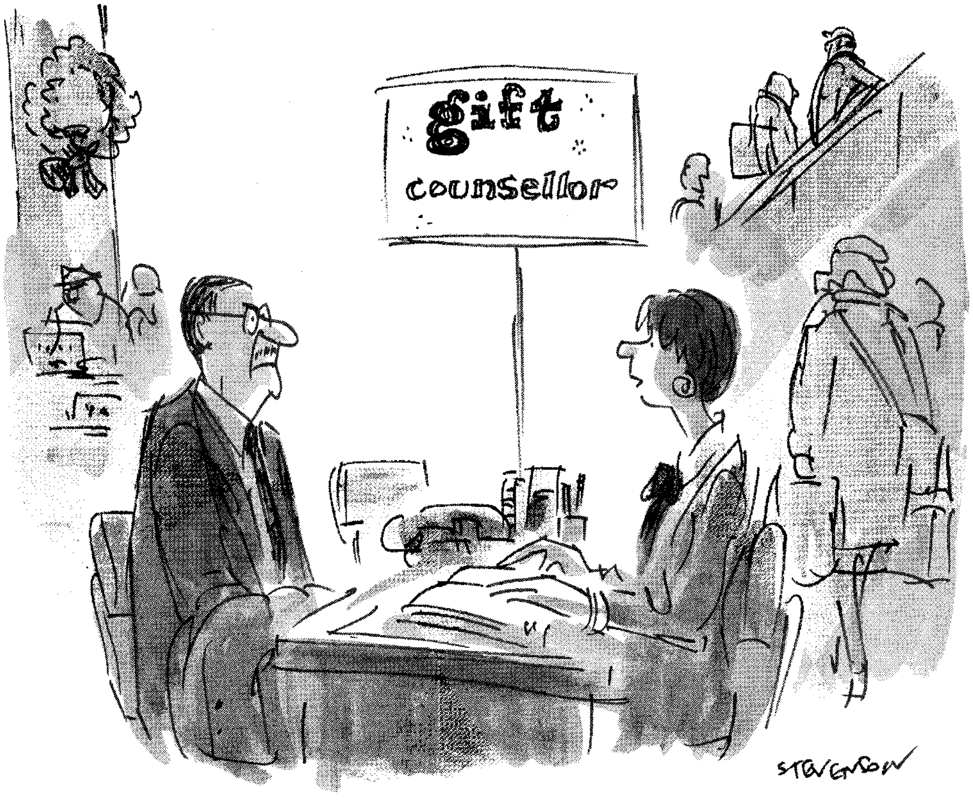
"Did you O.K. it?" we asked.

A yellow cab pulled up, and Ms. Ware stepped in, like Cinderella boarding her pumpkin. "What do you think?" she said, and drove off.

Outdoor

ONLY Angelo J. Schifano could take a ride along the Bruckner Expressway last week and see a billboard, a fourteen-by-forty-eight-footer, atop a building at the corner of 149th and Bruckner Boulevard, that personally wished *him—Angie Schifano*—a happy sixtieth birthday. Thomas Moscatiello, the vice-president for outdoor sales of AMNI America, Inc., a company that is to billboards more or less what Avis is to rental cars, had the job of making sure that Angie Schifano, AMNI America's executive vice-president for operations, had a momentous first sighting of the birthday billboard, and Tom Moscatiello almost blew it. Heading northwest on the expressway, Tom and Angie were on their way to an appointment with a landlord when Tom, who was driving, handed Angie a camera with a long lens and said, "I want to get a photograph of the copy on that sign up ahead. Here—take a picture." If Tom had remembered to remove the lens cap, Angie might have been able to see the sign, but with the lens cap left on he couldn't see a damn thing, so finally, at the last moment, Tom had to say, "Put the camera down, already. There it is!"

"There's *what*?" Angie said, looking up in time to catch just a glimpse of the billboard. This meant that Tom had to get off at the next exit and double back for Angie to take in the whole thing: the balloons, the party hat, the cake, the "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANGIE SCHIFANO" inscription in three-foot-high block letters. After that, they went to the meeting with the landlord and then to lunch. Because Angie had already celebrated his birthday the previous weekend, with his wife, Mary, his mother, Josephine, and his six children, he was not at all prepared for what came next.



"I can't quite picture who would enjoy a gift in that price range."

What came next was that the following Saturday night, just as heavy rain began to attack the big billboard in the Bronx, Angie Schifano walked into the East Ballroom at the Loews Glenpointe Hotel, out near the Meadowlands, in Teaneck—just stopping by with some friends for a drink, he thought, on the way to Manhattan to see a musical—and was greeted by two hundred and forty family members and friends who were all holding tiny billboards (Angie Schifano caricatures, actually) in front of their faces. In theory, the surprise billboard and the surprise party, which were the inspiration of Craig P. Heard, the president of AMNI America, were supposed to commemorate not only Angie Schifano's sixty years of progress as a human being but also his forty years of progress in the outdoor-advertising business, and Angie Schifano was

UH-HUH... UH-HUH... UH-HUH... YES, I'M WRITING IT DOWN!
THE BLACK HOLE OF MESSAGES

too overwhelmed to point out that—if you don't count three years in the Navy —he had really been in billboards more like forty-five years. This record explains how Tom Moscatiello, when he is asked for a cold-eyed, professional appraisal of Angie's accomplishments, can say, without fear of overstatement, "His knowledge not only of outdoor advertising per se but of transit advertising and all out-of-home media forms, which is so varied I don't know if I need to go through each one but I will if you want me to—what we call Commuterland: inside train stations, inside trains; plus inside buses, outside buses, bus shelters, taxi tops, dioramas; not to mention point-of-purchase advertising in five thousand supermarkets around the country—is so vast that you would have to say Angie Schifano is the *consummate expert* on all these media forms."

The crowd in the East Ballroom included people who knew Angie Schifano way back in his early days as a journeyman sign painter; friendly critics, like Mio Bombardiere, a regional director for the Sheet Metal Workers' International Association, who said, "Lemme say this. If it wasn't for the unions, Angie would never have been a success;" and respectful colleagues from AMNI America, who more than a few times have heard Angie say, "I have work boots older than most people in this industry," and who have admired at first hand such pioneering Angie Schifano high concepts as the trompe-l'oeil British Airways ad (a billboard painted on a building wall) at the Manhattan end of the Midtown Tunnel. The Grand Ballroom, across the corridor from the East Ballroom, was arranged for a sit-down dinner, and a five-piece combo was on hand to provide dance music. Attached to the wall behind the bandstand was a twelve-by-fifteen-foot enlargement of a photograph of Angie Schifano—a casual shot of a smiling man with even teeth, less hair than he once had, a neat mustache, and aviator glasses. This was the handiwork of Chris Schifano, Angie's second-oldest son, who works for Computer Image Systems, a company that produces photo-realistic paintings for billboards. Angie's three other sons—George, Gerard, and Robert—all work for AMNI America. (Gerard, who is in operations, personally painted the Bruckner Expressway billboard.)

The business end of the evening included a five-course meal, more than a dozen testimonial speeches (featuring two kinds of male bonding: heartfelt stuff and light roasting), gift presentations (six-foot-long paintbrush, toy crane, four-foot-high scale-model billboard, planetary clock for Angie's boat, white satin AMNI America warm-up jackets for him and Mary), and particularly funny bits from Mike Leible (who told about what cheap cabana outfits Angie wears when he goes to vacation resorts), from Tom Moscatiello (who did what was evidently a perfect impersonation of Angie in a lather, because it cracked people up), and from Tom Schifano (a nephew, who sells life insurance and gives motivational talks). George Schifano said, "I've been wanting to roast Angie for a long time. For a period of about eight years, when I was in high school and college, he pretty much roasted me every day." Then George presented his father with a pair of old boots that looked as if Jackson Pollock had worked on them. Harry O'Mealia III, a grandson of one of Angie's first employers, presented him with an old work shirt that looked the same way, and said, "Angie knows outdoor better than anyone in the world. Angie, you ate, you slept, you breathed outdoor." Occasionally, a speaker said something so flattering that the other guests had to look at Angie's table to remind themselves that he was still alive.

Angie Schifano made two brief speeches. He said he would remember this forever. And he said he felt lucky to have been able to go to work every day at a job he enjoyed.

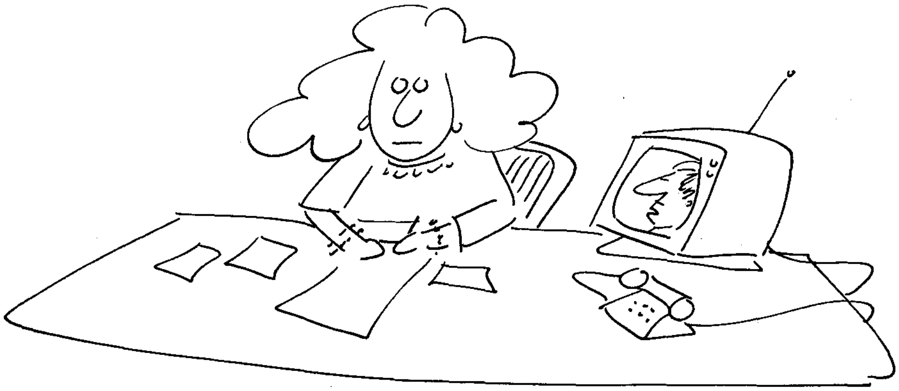
At one point, three of the Schifano boys—Chris, Gerard, and Robert—were standing in a corner of the ballroom fiddling with a camera that had run out of film.

"Who is Angie Schifano?" Chris said rhetorically. "He's someone who knows what he wants and usually gets it."

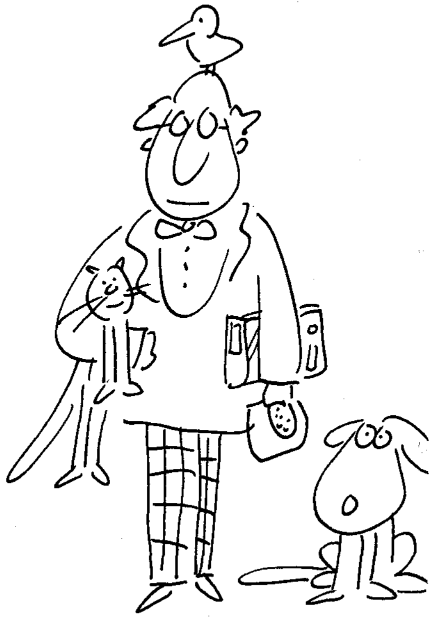
"As a sign painter, it's tough trying to fill his shoes," Gerard said.

"He's a legend in the outdoor industry," Robert said. "It feels good to be the son of a legend."

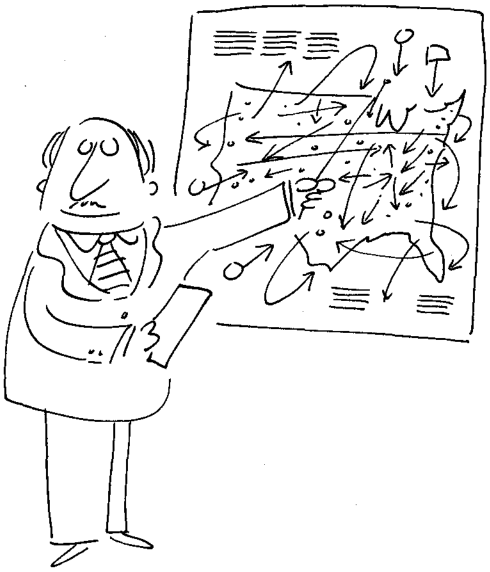
NEW CABINET POSTS FOR THE NINETIES



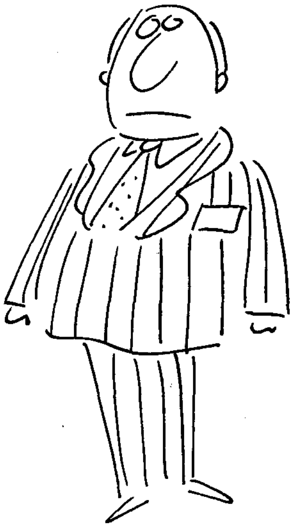
Secretary of Soaps



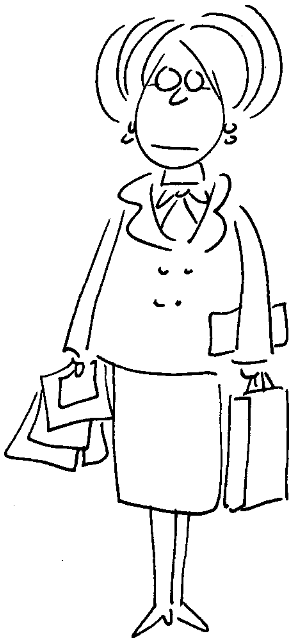
Secretary of Pets



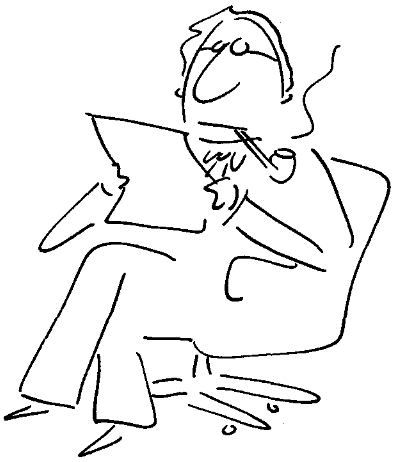
Secretary of Getting There



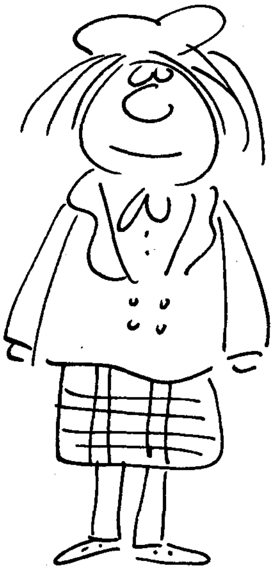
Secretary of Real Estate



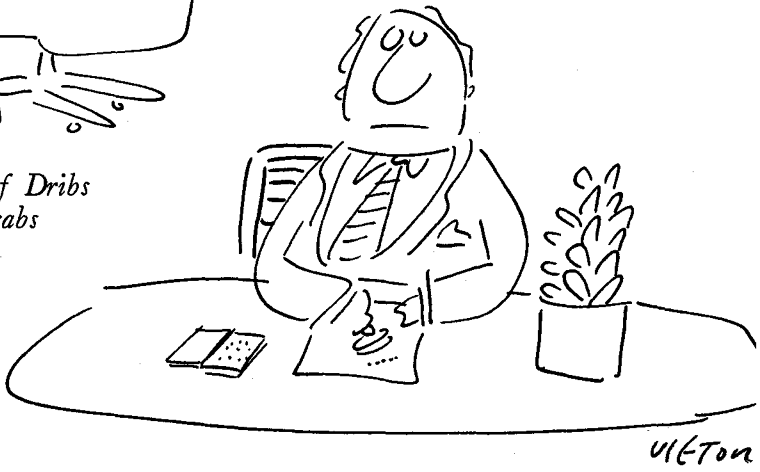
Secretary of Quality Time



Secretary of Dribs and Drabs



Secretary of Spunk



Secretary of Contretemps

ARE YOU MY FRIEND?

ARE you my friend? You know me—I stand with the common man. Nothing is more fun than clowning around with you. On the other hand, there are one or two things . . .

You know me. I'm right there for you, but one thing is, I'd like any friend of mine to have his own boat. You know, I stand with the common man, and if my friend came up with a twenty-footer because that was all he could afford because of tuition bills, and he didn't really have any other way to get those bills paid—like giving them to his wife to pay or getting the children involved in some kind of job that would benefit themselves—O.K. But I would like my friend to keep his end up, which will do *him* a lot of good and help us to be like equals.

So, when you come to my party, will you dress funny? At least wear a big floppy woman's hat, O.K.? If you need a reference, it's page 40, the *Times*, June 26, 1988, old Mrs. Suydam Cutting. Wear that one. You'll look great. Don't forget the boom box.

O.K., I don't know if you can do it in time for the party, but could you gain about twenty pounds? It would add to the effect. I don't know the level of commitment you're comfortable with. *I'd do it for you* if you asked, but you didn't.

Could I put this razor in your pocket? We'll use it later. Do you think they have enough transvestites here? What's your favorite whiskey? *Ancient City*? You've got to be kidding. Ancient City—that's got to be one of those premium whiskeys. You know what I like? I like Pub Town. I drink Pub Town whiskey. Costs a dollar a litre. I'm not kidding. It's practically free. They make it in New Jersey. I stand with the common man. Even though I'm successful, I still need a friend.

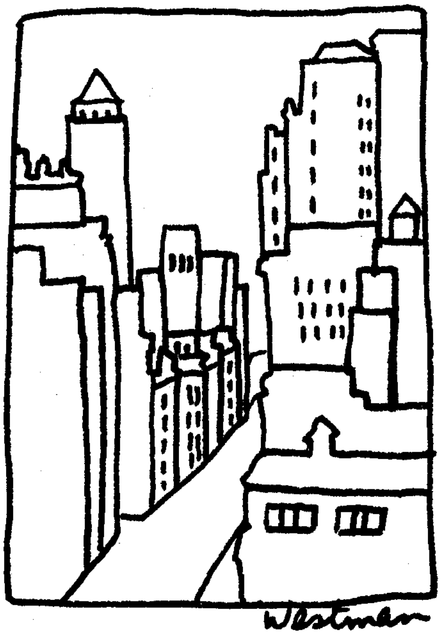
So would you mind taking this simple test? Here, just fill in the blanks:

Americans who have ____________ are more likely to feel at home with a difficult text than with ____________.
A. firm erect nipples . . . . . turgid popular works
B. real social gifts . . . . . their own kids
C. an eighth-grade education . . . . rabies
D. television . . . . . a slow, painful death

Now, this brings us to your drinking problem. You don't *have* a drinking problem? Fine, I don't have a problem with that, believe me, but just let me tell you how things are out here on the Coast. They are all cold sober here. The sober people here aren't like sober people in Pennsylvania. You probably have a mistaken idea about sobriety. Out here anyone who is anyone is sober. The other day I went to a party and everyone was sober. It brought me face to face with who I am—an extremely successful person. I tell you, it's a great change for the country and for the film community.

You know, it seems to me the country has been on a twenty-year binge and now we have to wise up. Just because a person has all the material things doesn't mean another person can't do him a favor. Would you dress a little neater? Could you do that much for me? *I'd do it for you*, except I already dress neat. Would you lower your voice? Everybody is looking. *I'm sorry, Emul, my friend is very emotional, he's in therapy. I don't know which therapy, Emul. We'll calm him right down.*

Well, I'll tell you, I guess I have changed. I'm aiming a little higher. I feel that, my friend—and I'm levelling with you now, because you've got, despite this last shouting match, you've got a good shot to be my friend. O.K.? So I'll tell you, I think my friend should be a filmmaker. I think he should be a novelist and a filmmaker. Also, I'd want my friend to be a feared Wall Street analyst. Just listen. I'm *not* asking for the sun and the moon. I've worked it all out.



SCENE: My place, about 8 A.M. I'm still in bed. You, MY FRIEND, stop by.

"What's up?" I ask.

"Not you, that's for sure," you say in a friendly way. (Secretly you admire my attractive way of projecting a certain laziness.)

"What's up with you?" I ask.

"Working on my column," you say.

Then you give me stock tips.

I THINK you ought to learn the names of my favorite rock groups from the fifties and sixties. Your generation doesn't know these things as well as it should. My favorites are:

Allen and the Harps
Suzette Blue
The Alladins
The Golden Embers
The Toledo Pinks
Margaret Soul

Then we'll head deep into the country—I mean the U.S. of A. I've got the truck. A couple of the towns we'll visit will be Oil City, where they have a good metal bridge going over a river right in the middle of the place, and Parkersburg, West Virginia. People will welcome us. We will look at their houses. "Drop me off at my house. See, this is where I live. Maybe I'll see you again," someone will say. See how much fun it will be? Getting the point? It'll be worth the effort.

If I butt you in the stomach, will you butt me in the stomach? If I give a deposition in your divorce action, will you give me one? Could I put this razor in your pocket? We'll use it later. What is your opinion of the Second World War? I'd really like to know. Sometimes I think it was the crucible in which our manhood was formed; sometimes I feel it was a breather between radio and TV.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Waterville* (*Maine*) *Central Maine Morning Sentinel*]

"You're always disappointed when something like this happens," Pellicani said. "As a coach you can't be a Marie Antoinette-type who is going to save everybody."

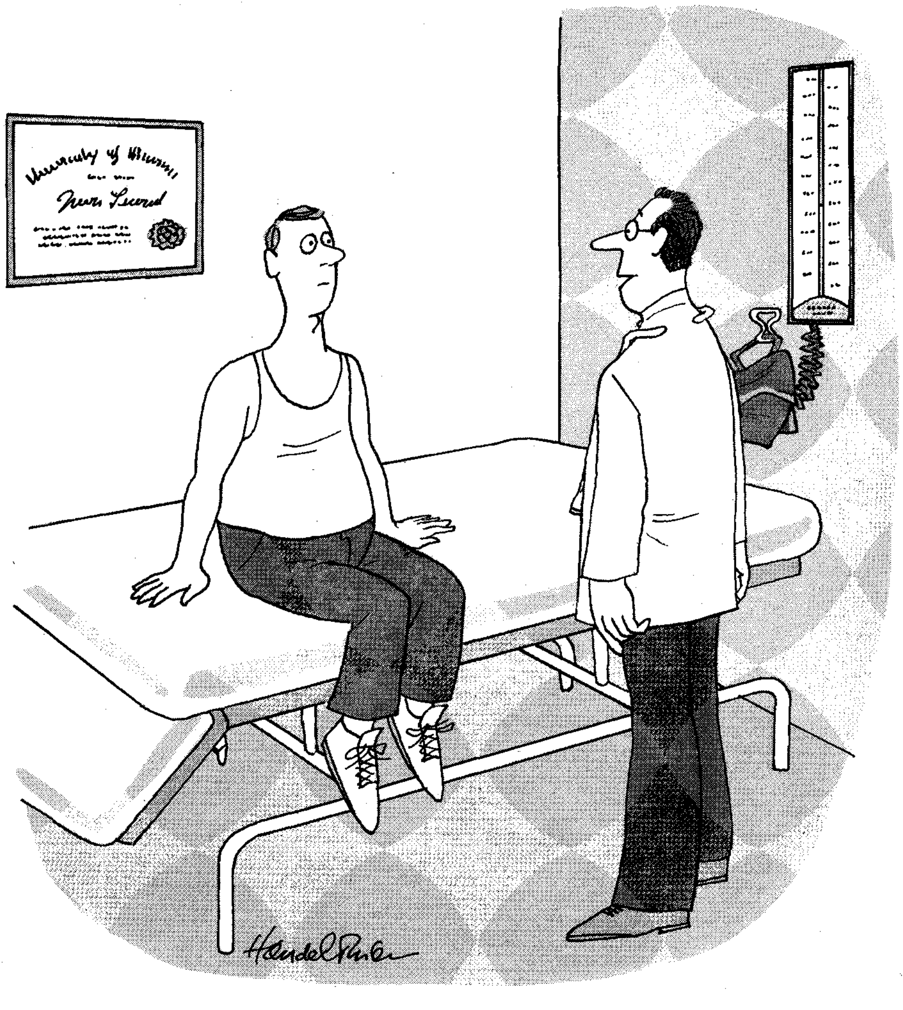
ON EARTH

ONE night in January, when Sam was nineteen, he was awakened from the den sofa by his parents, who were escorting each other to the kitchen for a midnight dose of Maalox. They stood over him in their baggy pajamas, their faces lined and puffy from sleep, his father telling him to get into bed. Without their partial dentures, eyes heavy-lidded, in the monochrome light of the signed-off TV, they were old for the first time. Sam was so startled that he laughed.

By February, he was ninety miles from home, in another town. Then, late that summer, he started night school and his efficiency apartment went condo. Going to night school meant he had to learn to study, if he really wanted a promotion to full machinist, which he did, and the condo conversion meant he had to find a cheaper place to live. The promotion would be his ticket out of the rock quarry. He worked there as a machinist's assistant, which meant that he fetched tools, cleaned up the work area, and got out of the way when giant earthmovers—guided by wild and idiotic drivers needing a blade repaired—rumbled into the shop at daredevil speeds.

The quarry itself was harmful to his sensibility, as he put it—colorless, noisy, and hard. It was the landscape of death, and he linked it with his parents, whose deaths he had left home to escape. But once he was a qualified machinist he could work anywhere, somewhere closer to life.

By contrast, night school was paradise. There was indeed color—orange and blue vinyl furniture, and polished yellow hallways under bright fluorescent lights. And there were friendly young black women, in vivid summer clothes and sandals—women miles away from the wan, lank-haired machinists' wives who sometimes drove to the quarry to drop off lunch and joke with everybody but him. It was a place where he could wear regular sports shirts or, for his machinist's class, orange denim overalls, rather than the gray khaki uniform of the quarry.



"We medical practitioners do our very best, Mr. Nyman. Nothing is more sacred to us than the doctor-plaintiff relationship."

IT was by following a woman that he found his new dwelling. He had taken off from the quarry to register for classes, and had zoned in on a girl in a silver spandex suit. He stood behind her in a course-card line, and acted nonchalant about the smooth, shimmering curves of her hips. He overheard what course she asked for, and when his turn came he asked for the same. While standing in line for his machine-shop course, he kept an eye on her, waiting until she was finished with her enrollment, so that he could follow her out of the gym. She tacked a note to the bulletin board in the hall, and after she left the building he snatched the note down. She had a room to rent.

Half an hour later, he called her number from a pay phone in the canteen. A woman answered, but she sounded old—too weary for a girl. He explained that he was a student, got the address, and walked right over. The house was across the street from the campus.

The woman he had spoken to came to the door. She was broad-shouldered and had waxy light skin. She looked to Sam like a thick cinnamon candle dressed in a rose-print housecoat.

"Something smells good," Sam said on her threshold.

"It doesn't happen all the time," Mrs. Finn said.

"I don't want any. A cake, right? It just sure smells good is all I'm saying."

"It's for my grandson, Hugh. His school's fund-raiser."

"He lives here?"

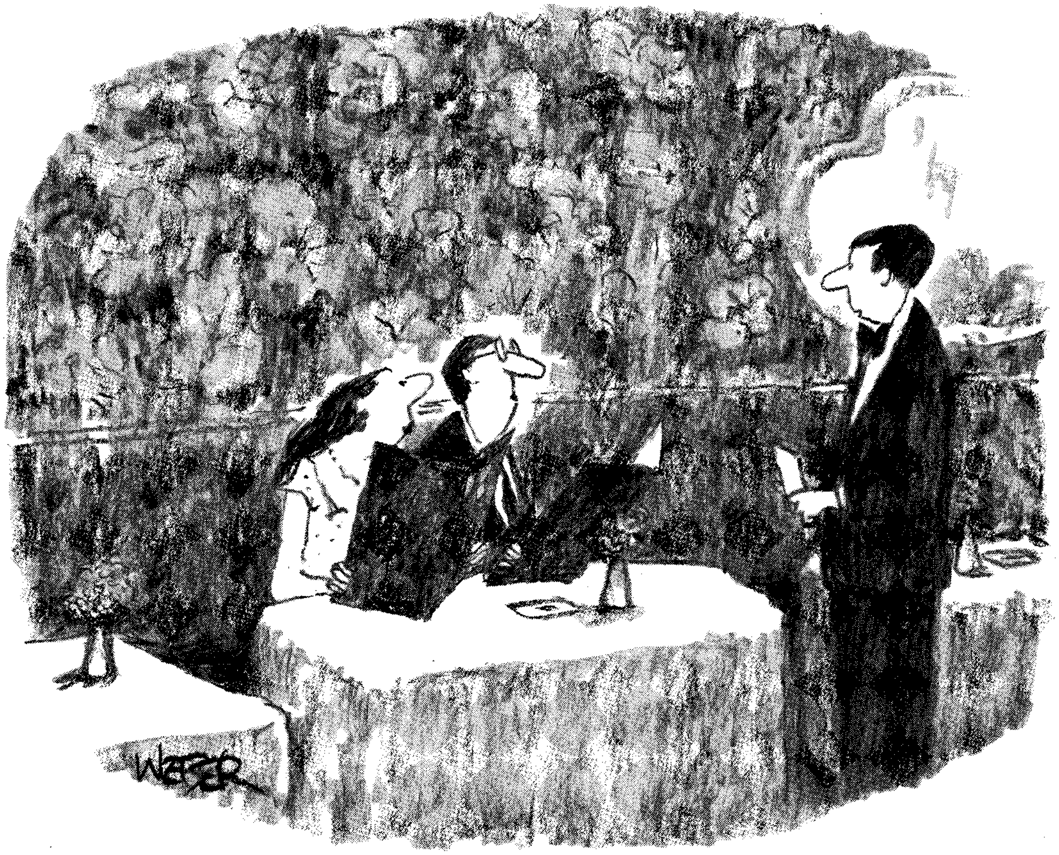
"And his mother, my daughter."

"His mother, your daughter?"

"Tina."

The house was spotless, and newly decorated with sea-green carpeting and hint-of-peach paint. A plastic runner stretched down a hall from the front door to the kitchen.

"I like things tidy," Mrs. Finn said.



"All our vegetables are well done. It's a return to the old values."

• •

"You're the only roomer I've had. At first I wanted a girl—someone who could look after Hugh once in a while. But girls can be a big responsibility if they're all by themselves. Of course, I didn't know what kind of person might call. I've got the right to refuse, though."

"I like kids pretty much," Sam said.

"Well, I got some rules just the same."

Sam stood behind a plump, rosy sofa in the living room. Most of the furniture was big and antique—a green armchair, framed in dark wood like the sofa, and cherry tables with curved legs.

"Are you listening?" She said he couldn't use the front door or the kitchen door. And he couldn't use the kitchen—she and Tina shouldn't have to be dressed just to get coffee in the morning or a snack at night. He'd have to limit his guests; she was used to a quiet house. He couldn't use the phone, so he would have to get his own installed. He certainly shouldn't answer her phone under any circumstances when he was home alone, since it might be a long-distance call for a regular household member.

"Could I bring food into my room?"

She trailed her fingers down the front of her neck. "Don't leave any for ants."

Mrs. Finn started down the hall, and Sam followed her. Pausing at the stairs, she pointed out Tina's and Hugh's rooms—beside one another at the bottom of the steps.

"Tina's at work by now. Selling Pontiacs. She's taking classes at Tech herself. Hugh's at school. Kindergarten." She hesitated, her hand on the bannister, and turned her gaze on Sam. "I have respect for people who want to learn. Better themselves. Tina's doing it. I always wanted to myself."

She led him up to see his room. It was refurbished attic space, with a sloping ceiling, shiny wood floors, and white walls. There was an old, newly varnished bed with carved pineapples in its headboard. As Mrs. Finn pulled back the curtain from a glass-panelled door, Sam saw metal fire-escape steps and the black shingled roof of the neighbor's house.

"I think you'd be comfortable here," Mrs. Finn said. "There's a closet and a bathroom. You might need a basket for your dirty clothes. There's a laundry room on the campus, I believe."

Sam asked how much she was charging, and she told him.

"That's a little high," he said. "Maybe I could do some chores to trim that price. I have a car."

"I don't want you to think I need a man around here. The last happiest day of my life was when Mr. Finn left. I don't cherish any memories of a man around the house. Tina's husband was no better than mine. If you see any one of them coming, you stay away. That's what I tell Hugh, and that's what I tell you."

"Do they live near here?"

"They live together, of all things. Across town. I wonder how they live at all."

She sat down on the foot of the bed and smoothed her housecoat over her knees. "Do you have parents?" she asked.

"Not here. I've been on my own for six months. My daddy told me to shape up or ship out. But he said it in a nice way. He was daring me, you know. So I decided to ship out and shape up."

Mrs. Finn stared at him. "Are you a good boy?" she asked.

"Sure. Pretty good. I work down at the quarry. I'm learning a trade. I've got ambitions. I'd say I'm pretty good. Even my daddy would say that."

"Well, I could let you use the phone to call your folks—collect, I mean. To let them know where you are, assuming you want the room."

"I want it, all right. The money is right here." He patted his back pocket. "But I can wait till I get my own phone."

THE next time Sam saw Tina was the following night, in class. It was an early-childhood-development class. He was one of two men there, not counting the teacher, who was portly and knock-kneed and called everybody Dollface. Tina sat in the front row, in a slim aqua dress and low-heeled shoes. When the teacher asked her why she was taking the course, she put her hands to her cheeks and squeezed her face.

“That’s an easy one, Dollface,” the teacher said.

Tina kept squeezing. All Sam could see of her face was her right ear, which had three gold loops along the curve.

“I’ll ask someone else,” the teacher said. “You get a grip on yourself.”

Most people said they wanted to teach, and Sam just said that he was curious. He spent his time thinking of what he would say to Tina after class, and staring at the back of the head of the man in front of him. A pair of dice was neatly etched in his hair, showing snake eyes.

The teacher got back to Tina. She squeezed her face again, but stopped suddenly and spoke up. She said she wanted an associate degree in nursing, and that she had a five-year-old son, and that the course would be a big help to her. The teacher dropped his jaw and bugged out his eyes. “Incredible,” he said, and began an overview of the course.

During a break in the class, Sam had his chance to speak to Tina. She was in the hall, bumming a cigarette from the guy with the haircut. He introduced himself, and asked if she was all right.

“She’s fine,” the guy said. “A little shy, maybe. My name is Bullet. This is Tina.”

“I know. I live at her house.”

“You *do*?” Tina said.

“Yep. Small world, isn’t it?”

“Claustrophobic,” Bullet said.

“So you’re the rock worker,” Tina said.

“Actually, I work with metal. Cutting and welding. At the quarry.”

“So why are you in this class?”

“Like I said. I have an interest. I’m complex like that.”

“Not your average bear,” Bullet said to Tina.

“And you’re not your average hair,” Tina said.

Bullet ran his hand over his head and grinned. “I try,” he said.

“So Tina,” Sam said. “When this is all over, maybe I could walk you home.”

EVERY BLESSED DAY

First with a glass of water
tasting of iron and then
with more and colder water
over his head he gasps himself
awake. He hears the *cheep*
of winter birds searching
the snow for crumbs of garbage
and knows exactly how much light
and how much darkness is there
before the dawn, gray and weak,
slips between the buildings.
Closing the door behind him,
he thinks of places he
has never seen but heard
about, of the great desert
his father said was like
no sea he had ever crossed
and how at dusk or dawn
it held all the shades of red
and blue in its merging shadows,
and though his life was then
a prison he had come to live
for these suspended moments.
Waiting at the corner he feels
the cold at his back and stamps
himself awake again. Seven miles
from the frozen, narrow river.
Even before he looks he knows
the faces on the bus, some
going to work and some coming back,
but each sealed in its hunger
for a different life, a lost life.
Where he’s going or who he is
he doesn’t ask himself, he
doesn’t know and doesn’t know
it matters. He gets off
at the familiar corner, crosses
the emptying parking lots
toward Chevy Gear & Axle #3.
In a few minutes he will hold
his time card above a clock,
and he can drop it in
and hear the moment crunching
down, or he can not, for
either way the day will last
forever. So he lets it fall.
If he feels the elusive calm
his father spoke of and searched
for all his short life, there’s
no way of telling, for now he’s
laughing among them, older men
and kids. He’s saying, “Damn,
we’ve got it made.” He’s
lighting up or chewing with
the others, thousands of miles
from their forgotten homes, each
and every one his father’s son.

—Philip Levine

• •

“If it’s not out of your way,” Bullet said.

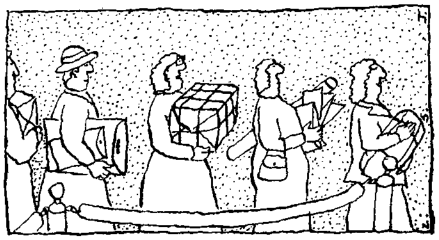
“I can be kind,” Sam said.

The teacher came out of the room and pointed to them. “O.K., Dollfaces. It’s showtime,” he said.

THE street between the campus and the house was a wide, four-lane drag. Sam and Tina stood at the curb waiting for the traffic to die. A mile or so away—beyond a block of houses and the campus buildings—the lighted orange and yellow signs of fast-food restaurants fed into the horizon.

“Are you hungry?” Sam asked.

“No. But you’d better get something now, since you can’t use the kitchen.”



“I already ate. Your mother’s pretty strict. Which makes me wonder how you have a kid at your age, and how you get to look so sexy all the time.”

“I’m older than I look. Too old for you, in case you’re wondering that, too.”

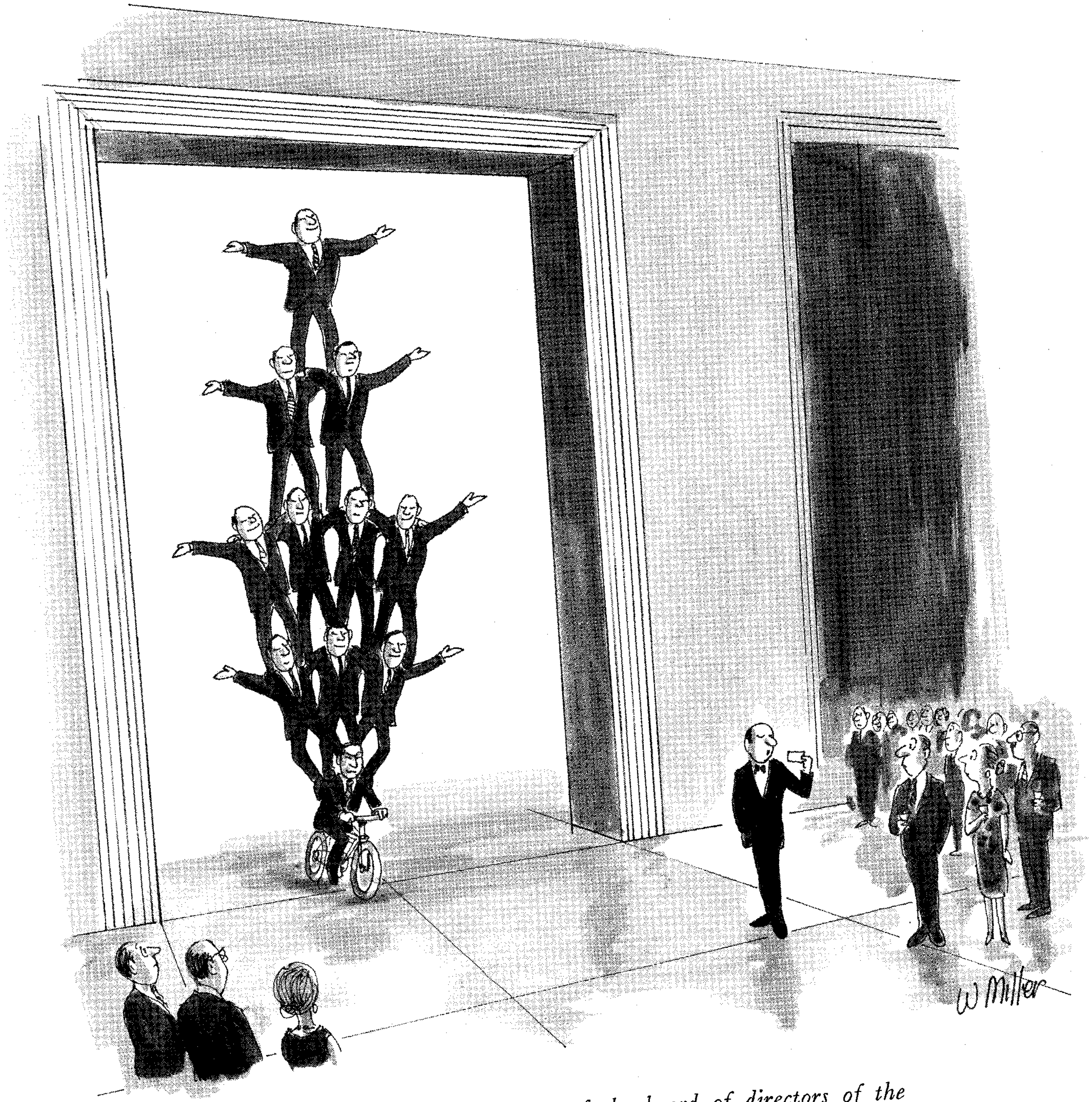
“Yeah, I’m wondering that.” He hopped up and down twice, turning his head both ways to look at the whizzing cars. “Traffic always like this? Let’s go.”

He grabbed her hand and they ran across the highway, leapt the curb, and stopped at the brick porch steps.

Sam looked up at the front door, its warm porch light. “Come up to my room,” he said.

Tina sat down on the step and squeezed her face. She had an asymmetrical hair style—short on one side and long on the other, like a sideswiped mushroom. When she spoke, her voice was muffled by her hands. “Look. You don’t have to live here. You can get lost.”

“Is that what you told your husband? What do you tell Bullet?”



“The chairman and members of the board of directors of the Kwtang Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of Beijing, China.”

• •

“Bullet *is* my husband.” She kept her hands to her face.

He started around the side of the house to the fire-escape steps, but came back. “You don’t want to do that,” he said, pulling one of her hands down. “How do you sell cars and do that?”

“Mama talks too much.” The hand went back to her face. “I don’t sell cars. I’m a hostess there, very part-time. I get coffee for customers.”

“Still. It’s a shame.”

“I want to be tiny. I’m making myself tiny.”

“You *are* tiny.”

“Well, I want to disappear, then. Actually, I want my own galaxy.”

Sam laughed and sat down beside her. “I apologize,” he said. “You’re pretty is all I’ve been saying.” He reached to flick dirt off his tennis shoe. Tina rested her chin on her fist.

“Mama’s crazy to rent the room to you.”

“I told her I like kids. It’s true.”

She studied his face. He wanted her to believe him, and he didn’t know whether or not to smile. He did.

“What do you want, Sam? This

kid's world class you're taking with me won't help you cut metal. You're not as complex as you are jive."

He gazed off toward the street and followed the red tail-lights of a car until he lost them among a glimmering pool of others. "World peace," he said, and slapped his thigh.

Tina groaned and rolled her eyes.

"No? All right. I want to be like my dad. No joke. He's confident. He's cozy. He's got his own galaxy."

"Maybe I should meet him. What does he do?"

"He's a supermarket butcher. You should see what he eats for breakfast."

She squeezed her face again.

"I think I want to be like Bullet," he said. "He's got you in his orbit."

"He sells watches and gold chains at barbershops. Has a three-county territory. The husband part doesn't mean much. He shows up for birthdays. Said today he wants to get to know me better."

"You going to let him?"

"He knows me already. You never will, and I have a class in the morning."

She stood and stepped up to the porch. Sam turned sideways and watched her. "At least I have a place to live," he said. "I'm going to dream about you."

"You'd better study," she said, and went inside the house.

FOR two weeks, Sam studied. He learned something about what children do when, and the safety precautions for welding. Then, one day, Mrs. Finn was dead. For how long no one was sure. Paramedics revived her, but she was still unconscious when Sam learned about her stroke. Brain damage would be a concern if she survived. Bullet phoned him at the quarry, described the police cars in the driveway and the ambulance in the yard, neighbors and students milling around the front of the house, Tina's astonishing control. She had found her mother in convulsions when she came home from her morning class. By the time she called the ambulance and her father, her mother lay still. Dead. And she stayed that way until the rescue squad succeeded in bringing her around. Bullet wanted to know if Sam could get off early to look after Hugh when he got home from school.

The day at the quarry had seemed interminable, as usual. Sam had painted the two trash barrels that flanked the shop's vehicle entrance safety Day-Glo green, stretching the chore to take up three hours. Then he tried to hide the fact that he had nothing to do. After Bullet called, he spoke to the shop foreman, punched out, and left the gray expanse of the quarry, feeling both relief and dread as the sky turned bluer along the tree-lined street to town.

He found the storm door propped open. Tire tracks matted the grass in the yard. The front door was unlocked. Torn glassine wrappers littered the hallway runner, and Tina's schoolbooks lay thrown against the living-room sofa. Mrs. Finn's bedcovers were twisted. He made the bed, picked up the wrappers, and stacked Tina's books. Then he fixed an apple-jelly sandwich for Hugh.

As he cleaned jelly droplets off the kitchen counter, Hugh's bus pulled up. Sam watched from the living-room window as the boy waved at the bus and ran to the porch. He carried a Ninja book bag and wore high-top tennis shoes printed with multicolored dinosaurs.

"I've been wondering about you," Hugh said as Sam opened the door for him. He threw his book bag over the back of the sofa. His hair was cut clean on the sides, but it was curly on top, and he had a short, braided rat-tail at the nape of his neck.

"Me, too," Sam said. "About you."

"Where's Grandma?"

"She got sick. She's at the hospital. She'll be back."

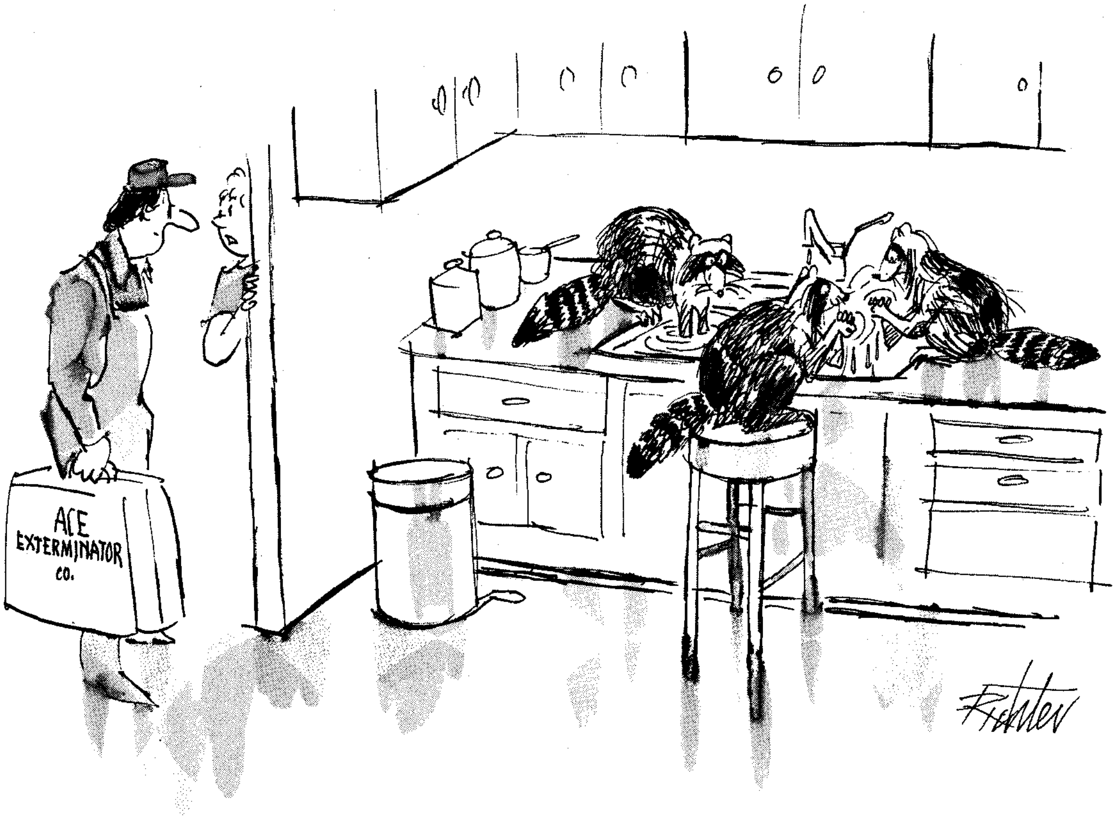
"When?"

"I don't know. Your mom, dad, and grandpa are with her. You want a sandwich?"

"Can I watch cartoons?"

"What would your grandma say?"

Hugh looked into Mrs. Finn's bedroom. He shrugged, tilting his head to one shoulder and smiling crookedly. He had perfect little teeth and eyelashes like a girl's.



"*We have raccoons.*"

"I don't care," Sam said.

There was a five-inch color TV on the kitchen counter, and Hugh ran to turn on a show called "TigerSharks." He poured milk into a Barney Rubble glass and took his sandwich to a Big Bird placemat at the kitchen table.

"You learn anything at school?" Sam asked.

"We went to India on magic carpets."

Hugh kept his eyes on the TV screen, which featured manfish monsters plotting the theft of a cloaking device. He ate from the center of his sandwich, to avoid the thick-crusted edges. "We saw animals and we talked about them," he said.

"I'll bet that was fun."

"I almost fell off the carpet."

Sam put the jelly jar back into the refrigerator and took out a package of sliced turkey for himself.

"The circus is coming," Hugh said. A commercial showed a flipping aerial act. "I can do that. I want to go there."

The phone in the hallway rang. It was a neighbor asking about Mrs. Finn. Sam wrote down her name, and as soon as he hung up the phone rang again. It was Tina this time. She asked about Hugh, and said her mother was still in a coma. Sam tried to imagine Tina squeezing her face with a phone to her ear.

"We're O.K. here," Sam said. "Your mother needs you there tonight."

"I'm coming on home. I have to get Hugh ready for school tomorrow."

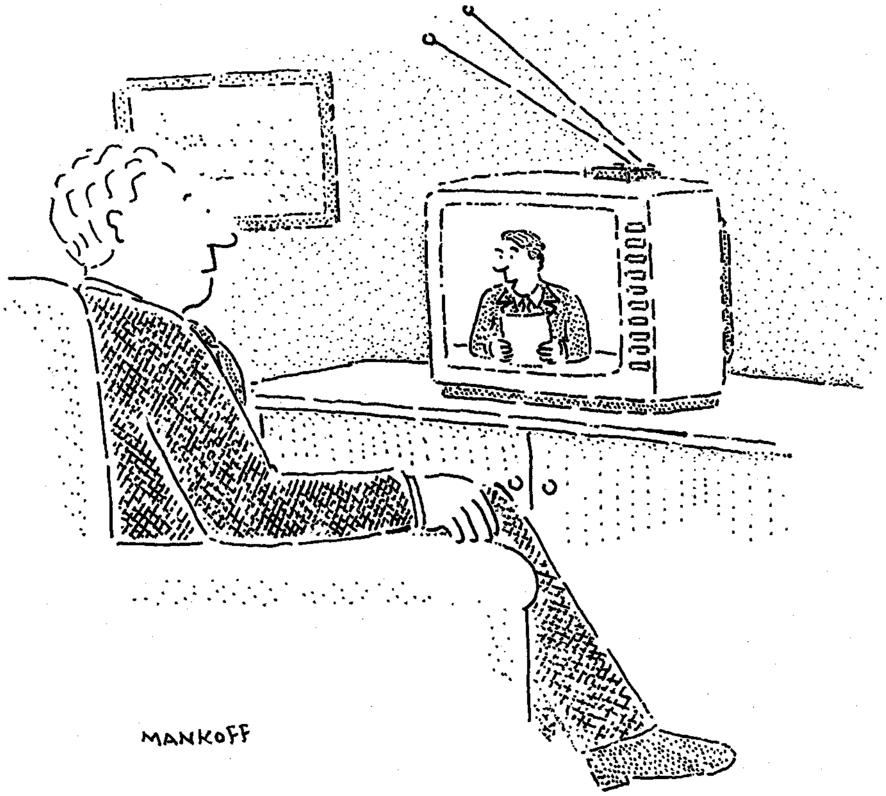
From the hallway, Sam saw Hugh standing on a stool, looking at a calendar over the kitchen sink.

"Take your time," he said to Tina, and hung up. He went back into the kitchen and ate a slice of turkey. Hugh leaned over the sink, resting one hand on the windowsill and lifting pages of the calendar with the other.

"Get down from there," Sam said.

Hugh turned around and crouched as if ready to jump. "Watch this," he said.

Sam pushed quickly from the counter and caught Hugh in mid-flip.



"And, in the ongoing saga of Western civilization, declines continue to lead advances by a wide margin."

• •

HUGH was settled in front of the big color TV in Mrs. Finn's bedroom when Tina got home. She brought Bullet and her father, a short, burly man wearing a brown three-piece corduroy suit. Sam gave Tina the neighbor's message and went up to his room. He lay on his bed and tried to memorize the parts of a lathe pictured in his textbook—lines were drawn from sections of the machine to numbers scattered all about the page. In a while, he fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting on the top landing of the fire escape watching a giant passenger plane fly low over the campus buildings, heading his way. He saw clearly into the cockpit, where his father and mother were smiling and waving at him. The plane dipped sideways, so that he could see its dazzling silver underbelly, and crashed on the other side of the house next door. Gray quarry dust rose up from the wreckage, then sifted down on him. The plane's huge wing protruded over the black roof of the neighbor's house, blocking out everything else behind it, and sirens sounded in the distance.

The odd, disturbing calm he felt in the dream stayed with him when he awoke. There were no actual sirens. The house was quiet. He turned on the light by his bed and rushed to take a shower. He still had time to make shop class, and he left by the fire escape, with twilight in the sky, and heavy traffic busy on the street.

At the door of the shop building, he changed his mind about entering. He went to the canteen and called his parents from a pay phone. He told his father about his move, school, and Mrs. Finn. His father asked if he was all right.

"Sort of thrown for a loop is all."

"On the trail of an F-minus already?"

"I can handle this, O.K.?"

Sam heard a match strike. His father was lighting his pipe. "Are you on or off track?"

"What?"

"Do you know what you're doing?"

"I just told you what I'm doing. I'm going to hang up in a minute."

Sam heard his father's teeth click on the stem of the pipe. The canteen was determinedly bright, with large rainbows painted on the walls.

"You ought to study refrigeration," his father said. "Better future."

"Yeah. Impressive, too."

"What happened to your landlady

THE YELLOW PLATE

A painted plate, yellow-glazed below
the shallow curve of its white porcelain rim
(yellow I'm always drawn to:
the saffron robe of a mendicant,
or the silk curtains a friend bought in Burma—
mine now, because she's dead),
is the yellow road of the sun,
that bright furrow plowed between the stars.

Underneath is the painter's complex square mark,
lacquer red, and round scarlet stickers reading
"Chia ching" and "1796 to
1820." On the front, twelve creatures.

It took a long time to see
they were the Chinese zodiac—
animal, bird, and reptile, real
or imagined (the one in the center
is a dragon, not a crocodile),
that give names to the hours of the day
and the little twelve-day cycle,
the months of the year, and the sixty years
I guess was the expected life span
of those hunters and shepherds.
When she died, my friend was younger.

Tradition has it that Tajao, a minister
of Emperor Hwang-ti, circa
2697 B.C., invented them.
So little has changed since, the same
names are still used (though I can't compute
what our year is by that calendar,
or my own sign), and I sensed before
I knew what they meant and were.

The colors are green and red and yellow—
jade, cinnabar, and sulfur—
the drawn line blackish sepia.
A pale wash of pink fills
the bodies of the wrinkle-snouted pig
and the rat, whose ideograph is "water."
Too anxious for the luxury
of variation, the rabbit is pure white.

Cloudy patterns blotch the horse,
whose mane and tail fall fine and soft
as new-washed hair, and the bristling dog,
like shadow dappling windblown corn.
Flamy stripes unite the horned sheep and
the thoughtful tiger biting a raised paw.
Dragon and serpent are scaled, checkered,
and barred, their dangerous twirling tongues
high-voltage warnings.

The hen looks fierce as a cock, crested
and hook-clawed, not domestic
and submissive like the ox,
with a rope through its round nostril.
The monkey has delicate hands, subtle
lips, and watchful eyes—a courtier
wondering if he's telling the right story.

Everything about the plate—all
the moods and colors, characters and patterns—
she was like all of it,
as beautiful.

—Ruth Fainlight

• •

could happen to your mother or me," his father said.

"Don't you think I know that? I know that."

"How do I know what you know? You might have to move out of there. You know?"

"The kid will need taking care of until his grandma gets well."

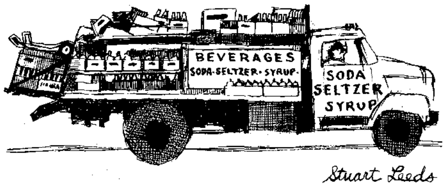
There was a wheezing sound. His father either sighed or pulled on the pipe. "Do you cook?" his father asked. "What are you eating? Let me send you a package."

The operator told Sam to deposit more coins. Sam told his father good-bye.

He walked out under the globe lamps of the campus, and remembered that he hadn't asked about his mother. He decided that it was much too late to go to class, so he would get his car and drive around. But when he crossed the street he saw Tina and the men in her life crowded on the small front porch. Bullet and Mr. Finn cradled brown paper bags. Tina wore a lemon-yellow sweater. Hugh held the ear of a stuffed animal to his lips and leaned against his mother's leg while she peered into her purse.

Sam stood at the curb unnoticed by them, wondering if he could slip around to the fire escape without a greeting. Then Tina looked out, leaned forward with a squint, and called his name.

The porch was really too small for the five of them. Sam stepped up, back down, and up again, trying to find a place to stand. Mr. Finn grabbed his wrist and maneuvered him flat against the storm door. "Do you gamble, Sam?" he asked. Bullet chuckled.

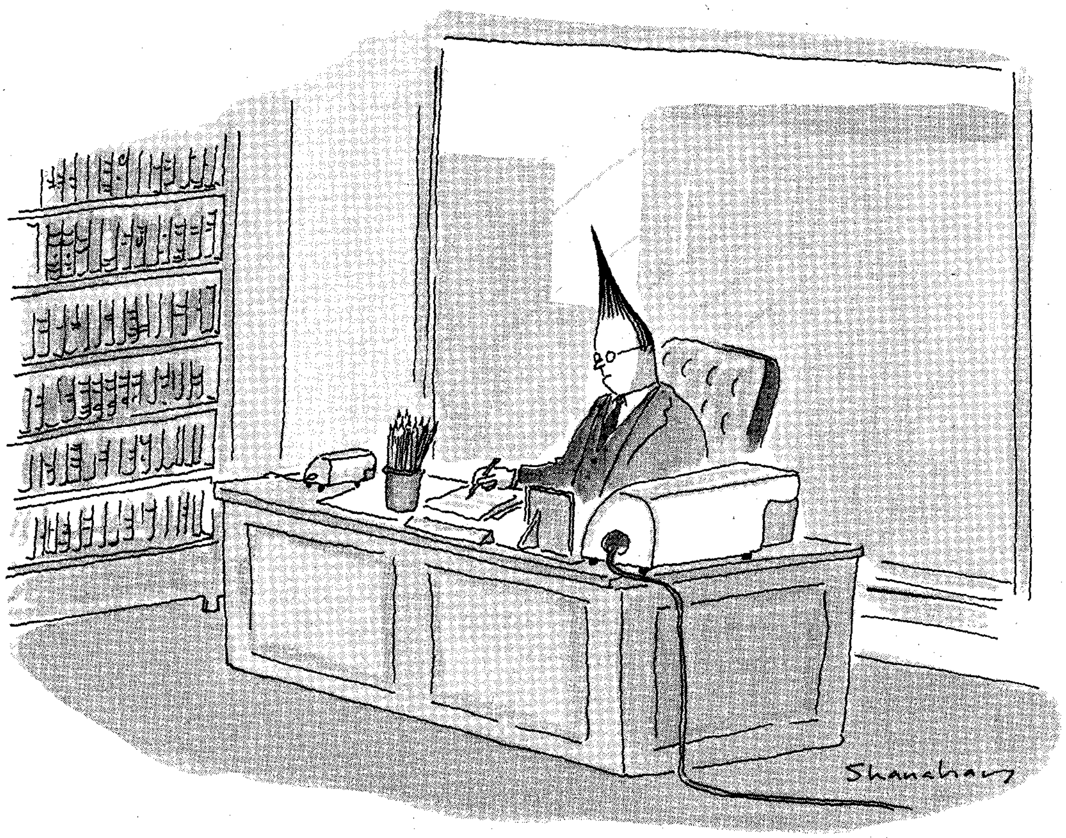


"Move, Sam," Tina said. She was smiling.

Sam lodged his shoulder between Bullet and Mr. Finn while Tina unlocked the door. The paper bags smelled of fried fish, and the men smelled of beer. They went inside and laid out fish dinners in white plastic boxes on the kitchen table.

"Dig in," Mr. Finn said. Under his suit he wore a pink shirt with an oversized collar and a wide paisley tie. "Eat up, Hugh."

Hugh grabbed a handful of French fries and spread them on his placemat. Bullet and Mr. Finn sat down, and Bullet made a sandwich of fish and white bread. Tina took her food to the



counter, and Sam sat down across from Mr. Finn.

"Your mama's going to be fine," Mr. Finn said. "Did you hear what she said tonight? She said Ruth is still no good. Ruth's been dead ten years."

"Mrs. Finn is conscious?" Sam asked.

"Not really," Tina said. "She's out of the coma, but she was talking out of her head."

Sam watched Bullet take a gentle, expert bite of his sandwich, leaving a deep curve of cleanly exposed fish skeleton.

"But she's going to, you know, live," Sam said.

"She's already been dead," Mr. Finn said, forking up a mound of slaw. "She's got no choice."

Hugh handed Sam a packet of ketchup to open. The boy's cheeks were crammed with French fries, and he did his talking with his eyes, big and bright and innocently asking.

"She was talking crazy, though, Pop. We've got to think about brain damage," said Tina.

"She was talking about Ruth, for God's sake. The woman's observant. Always has been. She never did like your aunt, Tina, and you know it. Ain't nothing wrong with your mama's brain."

Sam got up to get a drink. He looked for a glass in the cabinet next to Tina, and with the open door concealing his face from the others he whispered, "Ruth's dead?"

She nodded solemnly.

"Let me squeeze your face," he said.

She punched him in the ribs. He filled his glass with tap water and sat back down. Bullet stared at him, his shoulders hunched, his hands deftly gripping the sandwich, in the midst of another delicate bite. Sam thought he could detect an old ace of diamonds on the top of his head.

Sam looked at Mr. Finn. "Why'd you ask if I gamble?"

"'Cause I used to. Used to go all over just gambling. You should move in with us, Sam. I've got trophies and plaques everywhere. It's really a beautiful place. Besides, you look like the daring type."

"Good idea," Bullet said.

"I don't think so," Sam said. "I like it right here right now. Though I'd like to see those trophies."

"Leave him alone, Pop," Tina said.

"Oh. Is he fragile or something?" Mr. Finn said.

"You're the flying man on the daring trapeze," Hugh said to Sam.

"Hugh wants to go to the circus," Sam said.

"What say we go swimming?" Mr. Finn said.

"Surfing's better," Bullet said.

"Skin diving," Mr. Finn said.

"Yachting," Bullet said.

"Just stop it," Tina said, her fists against her ears.

"Hang gliding," Hugh said.

Bullet took a handful of watches from his pocket. He held up one that had a silver-and-gold bracelet. "How much will you give me for this one?" he asked Sam.

"Nothing," Tina said. Her eyes were closed, and she rubbed her forehead with her wrist. "Hugh, Sam and I will take you to the park tomorrow."

"We will?" Sam asked.

Bullet dropped the watches on the table. "Do you think that's appropriate?" he asked.

"What's fun about the park?" Mr. Finn said.

"A Plexiglas tube you can slide through," Tina said. "It's twenty feet high."

"O.K., if you want. We'll all go," Mr. Finn said. "And we'll eat sugar all day."

"Really?" Hugh asked. He seemed bewildered, turning from one person to the next as if he didn't know what to trust.

"Maybe," Tina said.

"Absolutely," Sam said to Hugh. "Then we'll go see your grandma and tell her almost everything. We'll have the greatest time on earth."

—JOHN HOLMAN

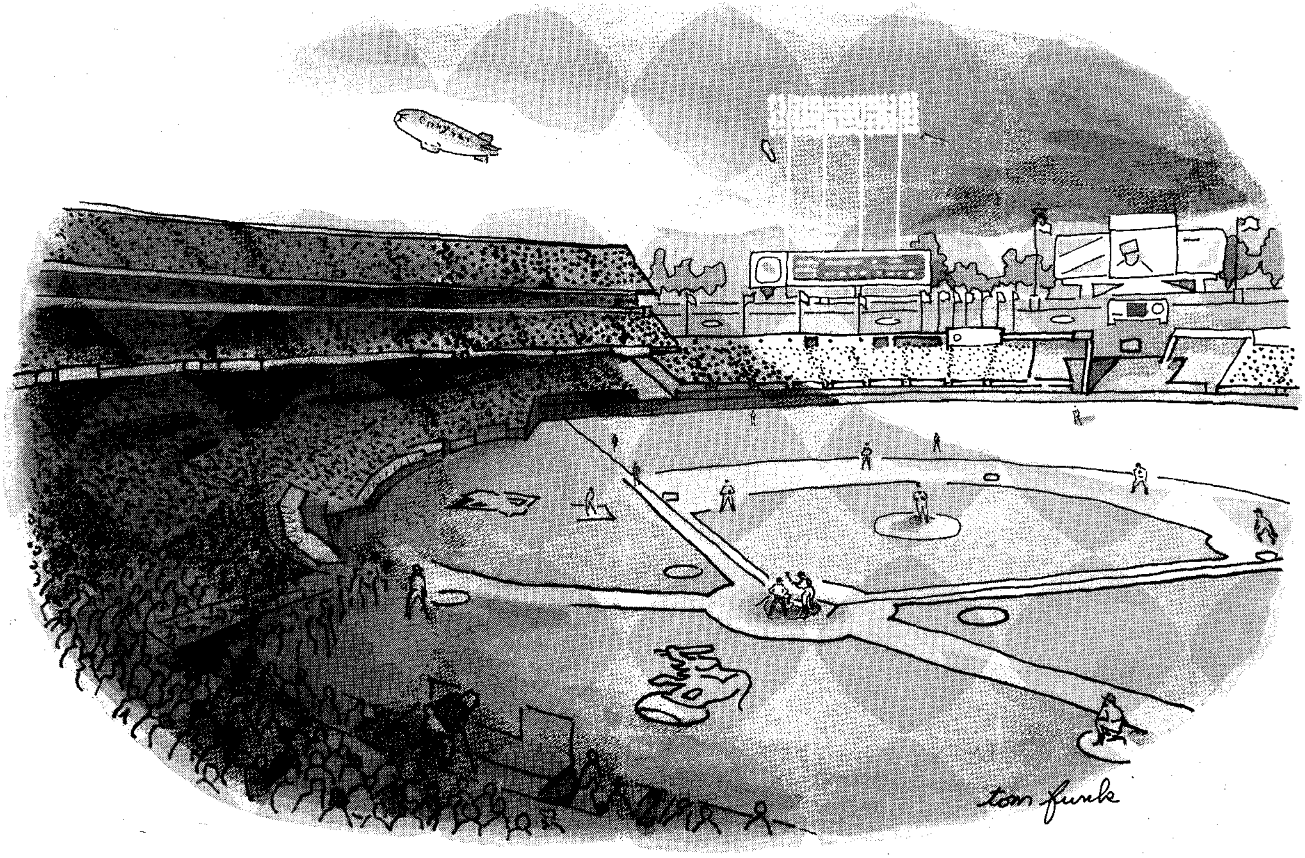
•

Performance-related sleeplessness was a common complaint. 31 conductors noted sleeplessness before performance, severe in one-third of them. 42 conductors reported sleeplessness following performance, at least moderately severe in about one-third. There were 24 conductors common to both groups who suffered sleeplessness both before and after performance. None reported sleeplessness during performance.—*Journal of the Conductors' Guild.*

We've been to those concerts.

THE SPORTING SCENE

HARD TIMES (THE MOVIE)



DEAR JEFF & BARRY:

I left word on your machines just now (don't writers take weekend calls anymore, even from their agent?) but I want to FAX you my thinking on your new BLUE DIAMONDS treatment while it's fresh in my head, so you can start rewrites first off Monday. This thing for baseball flix isn't going to last forever, and even though we might go miniseries in the end we want to hand-deliver something beautiful at Disney before they hear about synchronized swimming or think Kevin Costner fly-fishing piranhas. Whatever. I admit BLUE DIAMONDS (is the title too *down*, or is it me?) has a million filmable moments—Zanuck used to say "felicities"—but I think you got like carried away. Call me Mr. Unemotional but why does it always have to be World Series, bottom of the ninth, Good Guys down a run, one on, two out, three-and-two, hum-hum buzza-buzza goes the crowd, and then Mr. Magic up there with his wheels all shot, can't hardly gimp up to the plate (give me a *break*), goes and hits it out, of course, right out of the old ball yard, and against their Best & Brightest out of the pen, untouched by human bats since nobody can remember, and we go CLOSEUP on pitcher's wise-guy face, showing mustache and (your words) "the dawn of disbelief" as he watches ole KIRK pumping his arms while he does this half-falling-down trot (yes, I got it already: he's *hurting*) around the bases, MUSIC UP (Mahler? Springsteen?), and then the fat Eyetie MGR (I'm thinking DANNY DEVITO but let me test the waters a little) is standing there at home plate (do managers do this anymore?) with the tears and the hugs? I mean, where's your thinking? Never mind that Redford already did this (I was glad about the no Slo-Mo rockets in yours) and Siskel & Ebert and the dailies said *overdid* it, but which of the viable major-pectoral actors we've been pencilling in for KIRK (Chuck Norris is unavailable, and Schwarzenegger . . . well, could we say the accent is Dominican, or what?) is going to be lit up by a role in which he is (a) bald and a pinch-hitter and (b) out of the Series and *out of the picture* from here on? Which takes me to:

Dramatic Structure. Ever hear of it? Remember your notes from Dramaturgy 1 (Aeschylus to De Mille et al.) at U.C.L.A. and the old Rising Curve of the Possible? Check it out, guys. I mean, look at what we've got here in BLUE DIAMONDS, pp. 3-4 in my script, which tells me all this is happening in *Game One* of the Fall Classic, right? Here's the big guy plays for the other team—Mr. Counter-Hero, all smile and muscle, possibilities for major tension buildup in coming reels, etc.—steps up w. bases loaded (we're still early in Game One) and what does he do? Pop up? Rap into double play and fling bat away in disgust? Strike out? Hit little bingle up the middle tying the score? Nope—wrong on all counts. He hits a line-drive home run to center field that bounces off a TV camera out there (how are we going to shoot *that*?) and disappears in the gen. direction of Pasadena. A grand slam. I mean, *Come on!* And what does he do after that in our gripping little home video? As far as I can see—I've been mostly skipping from your p. 168 to the end—it's zip. Need I explain what's wrong here, *mes braves*? I mean, what would the JAWS grosses look like today if Bobby Shaw got chomped in half during the titles?

This is not all dross, guys. I really went for your MICKEY HATCHER conception, the lovable-boob sidekick (Nice: "*His mouth hangs open with effort and inner joy*") who never stops running, hitting, cheering the guys, etc. RANDY QUAID would kill for the part. Ditto JOHN CANDY.

I read on, Dr. No Doz, and, yes, I did sort of get caught up in your 2ndary drama: THE KID PITCHER with the turned-up nose who hangs in, gets tough, gets *mean* out there, consults his homemade hip-pocket notes on How to Pitch while on mound (cute touch), also gets three, count-'em three, hits in one game (nice little motif affirming Amer. self-reliance in face of encroaching machine-mental. of the D.H., etc.), shuts 'em down in closer, drops to knee, etc., etc. None of this surprises me, because, guys, you can write, which is why I'm here for you, yr. Obdt. Servant, at all times, but, hey, all this needs *work*, even THE KID. (I see TOM HANKS, who else?) I'm uneasy about the name, for starters. OREL HERSHISER IV—what is he, a serial? I even have problems with OREL, which is a dentifrice in my head.

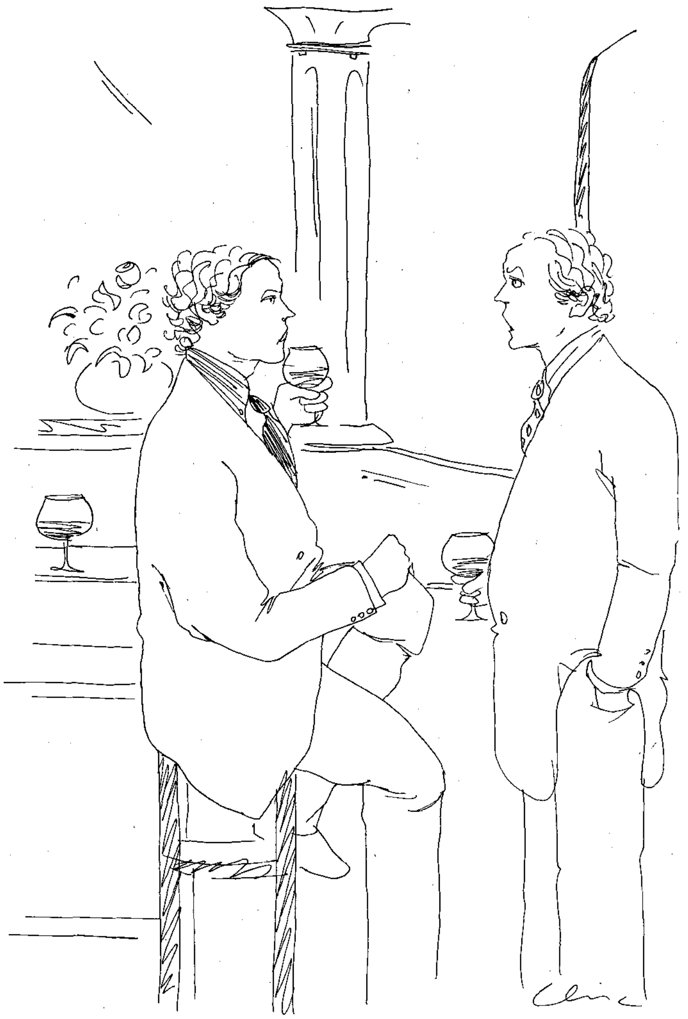
Enough, men, but still . . . I don't want to shake you, but do you think it's a good idea to have the Dodgers be the White Hats here? Will Coast money think we're currying favor? Won't they see through it? I'm just asking, but does America still salute Dodger blue, and will it buy your All-California Oakland-LA Series? What's wrong with the Red Sox? Or let's clear our heads and go American, right from the start? How about Cleveland vs. San Diego?

Call me. We need to talk.

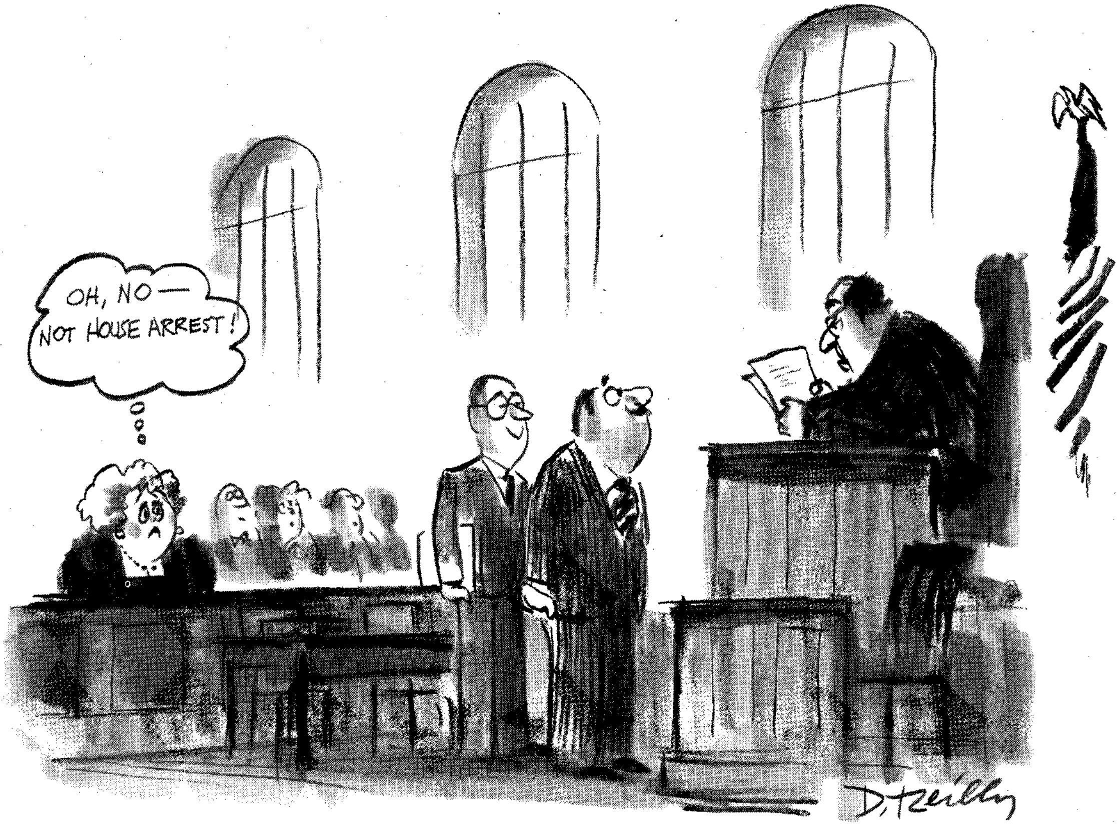
Lefty

WHILE the Dodgers were administering their unexpected drubbing to the Oakland Athletics in the brusque, five-game World Series this fall, the view of the event suggested above—the classic seen as a feature presentation scripted for Disney or Paramount, and with its overblown plot lines perhaps hammered out over a power breakfast at the Polo Lounge—was a popular one in the press rows and, I suspect, with the home-television audience as well. Kirk Gibson's pinch-hit two-run homer, struck against the flamboyantly successful Oakland reliever Dennis Eckersley, won the opening game in melodramatic fashion. It was only the seventh terminus-by-homer in eighty-five years of Series play—a press note that had to be updated three days later, when first baseman Mark McGwire won Game Three for the Athletics, 2–1, with his ninth-inning poke over the center-field fence.

The overwriting went on all week. Mickey Hatcher, an engaging, hyperkinetic Dodger semi-scrub, who had accounted for one home run in the course of the regular season, smacked a downtowner in his first at-bat of the opener and another in the first inning of Game Five, each good for two runs. Jose Canseco, the truck-trailer-size young Oakland slugger, who led his league with forty-two homers and a hundred and twenty-four runs batted in (he was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player in a sweep of the first-place ballots), hit a prodigious grand-slam home run in the second inning of that same opening game—only the fifteenth bases-loaded poke in Series history, and the very first of his career. Gibson, who was suffering from damaged ligaments in his right knee and a strained left hamstring (he looked like Grandpa Joad on the base paths after his homer), did not appear again in the games, but the Lasorda Strolling Players did not lack for substitute heroes. Many of these were dress extras pressed into larger roles when one after another of the thin Dodger front line succumbed to injuries, and they were cajoled and hugged and implored and cursed and cozied onward by their loud and unabashedly emotional manager, a stage mother if there ever was one. And then, of course, there was Hershiser. His suffocating three-hit shutout in Game Two imposed a deficit from which the Athletics never recovered, and he finished them off, this time on four hits, in the 5–2 finale. He would have pitched the



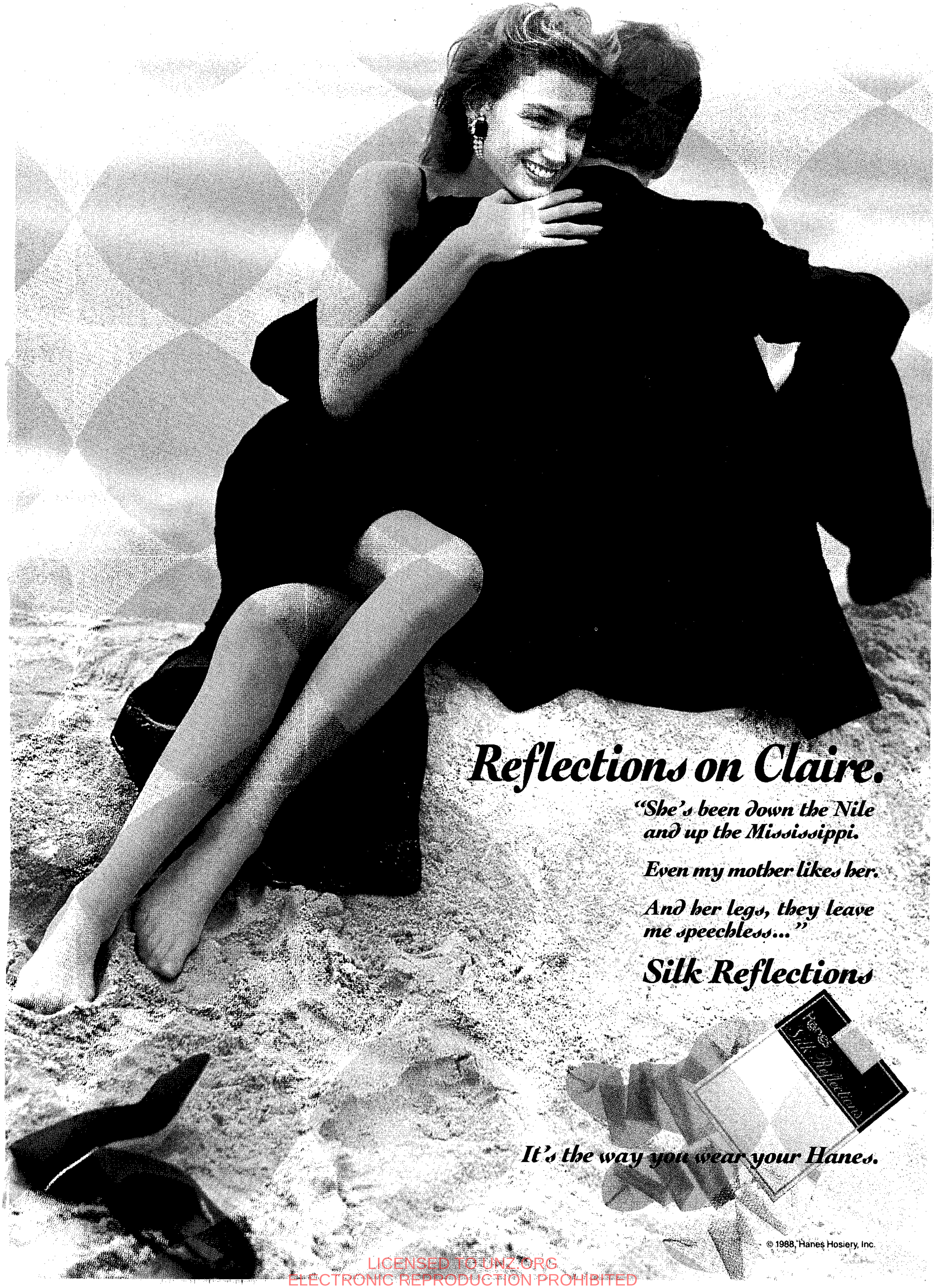
"*So much to learn about rap music, so little time.*"


OH, NO—
NOT HOUSE ARREST!
D. Reilly

seventh game, too, had there been one (the Oakland players were talking about this possibility long beforehand, in fact), so it may be argued that he dominated all the Series games of 1988, including those that were never played. His boyish but deadly mien on the mound; his white-faced concentration and synchronous gangly looseness of body (the super-pro mix); his reputation (at the close of the season, surpassing a famous mark held by Don Drysdale, he had pitched fifty-nine consecutive scoreless innings—a record as yet unfinished, since the shutout string will carry over into the 1989 season); his knack for being vividly in the middle of things (he hit two doubles and a single in Game Two, and scored a run as well); and, above all, his absolute mastery of the sound pitching repertoire—curveball, fastball, and plumb-bob sinker—he brought to bear against the muscular Oakland batters established him this October as true star material: a compelling face and figure, a whole new *idea* of an athlete, now safely Xeroxed and filed away in our sporting memory.

When I came home from California, friends who had followed the games on television kept telling me how much they had loved this Series, how engrossing and thrilling and satisfying it had seemed from first to last, and how they envied me for having been on hand for such historic doings. I nodded and murmured yes, it was *something* out there, but in truth I had been less than enraptured. At first, I attributed this crabbiness to bruised fan feelings, for the Dodgers had gained their berth in the Series by eliminating the Mets—*my* Mets—in an exhausting seven-game National League championship series, while over in the American League the tough, hulking young Athletics were in the process of squashing the Red Sox, another heartthrob of mine, in four straight. I held up as best I could through that hard week, sustained no little by my admiration for the Oaklands, a team whose building I had watched (and written about) over the past three or four years. While they steamrollered their division this summer, winning a hundred and four games and coming home thirteen games in front of the second-place Minnesota Twins, the defending champions, I shifted my stray-mongrel affections without a pang, and began to anticipate a brilliant and thunderous World Series between the Athletics and the Mets, the two best teams around. The Dodgers upset *me*, in short, along with the odds. They had gone quietly about their business this summer, after dismal fourth-place and fifth-place finishes in the last two campaigns, but their pitching and their improved defense and the arrival of the burning, strong-willed Gibson (he was signed as a free agent over the winter) took them into first place by the end of May, and there they stayed. For all that, they received almost cursory media attention compared with the other division-winning clubs, and were put at such long odds against the Mets and the Athletics (by me and a million other wise guys) that their new championship feels like a populist victory—a peculiar tag to affix to a Los Angeles team. They were a Capra movie, and when I glance in the mirror these days I see Douglas Dumbrille or Lionel Barrymore glowering back, and we exchange snarls.

We will return to the Dodgers' shining victory and the means of its winning in due course, but I think it should be suggested, with a stern effort at objectivity, that this was not in fact a particularly satisfying Series. The Athletics didn't bat well—they were beaten by strong pitching but also fell out of their fundamental style of offensive play—and they threw away the one game they absolutely had to win, Game Four, with slovenly play. The Dodgers, for their part, failed to score anybody after loading the bases with no outs in the sixth inning of Game Three (they might have swept the Series if they had done so), but this was almost their sole failing. Indeed, their offense after the Gibson startler can be criticized only because it did the job so efficiently and undramatically. In their three remaining victories, they scored first and then quickly increased their leads; in those games, their cumulative margin after four innings was 13–2, which perhaps explains the sense of smotheration that afflicted this Series, for all its celebrated surprises. A five-game Series never quite seems *waged*, and what we fans want most at the end, I believe, is repeated reversals, a sense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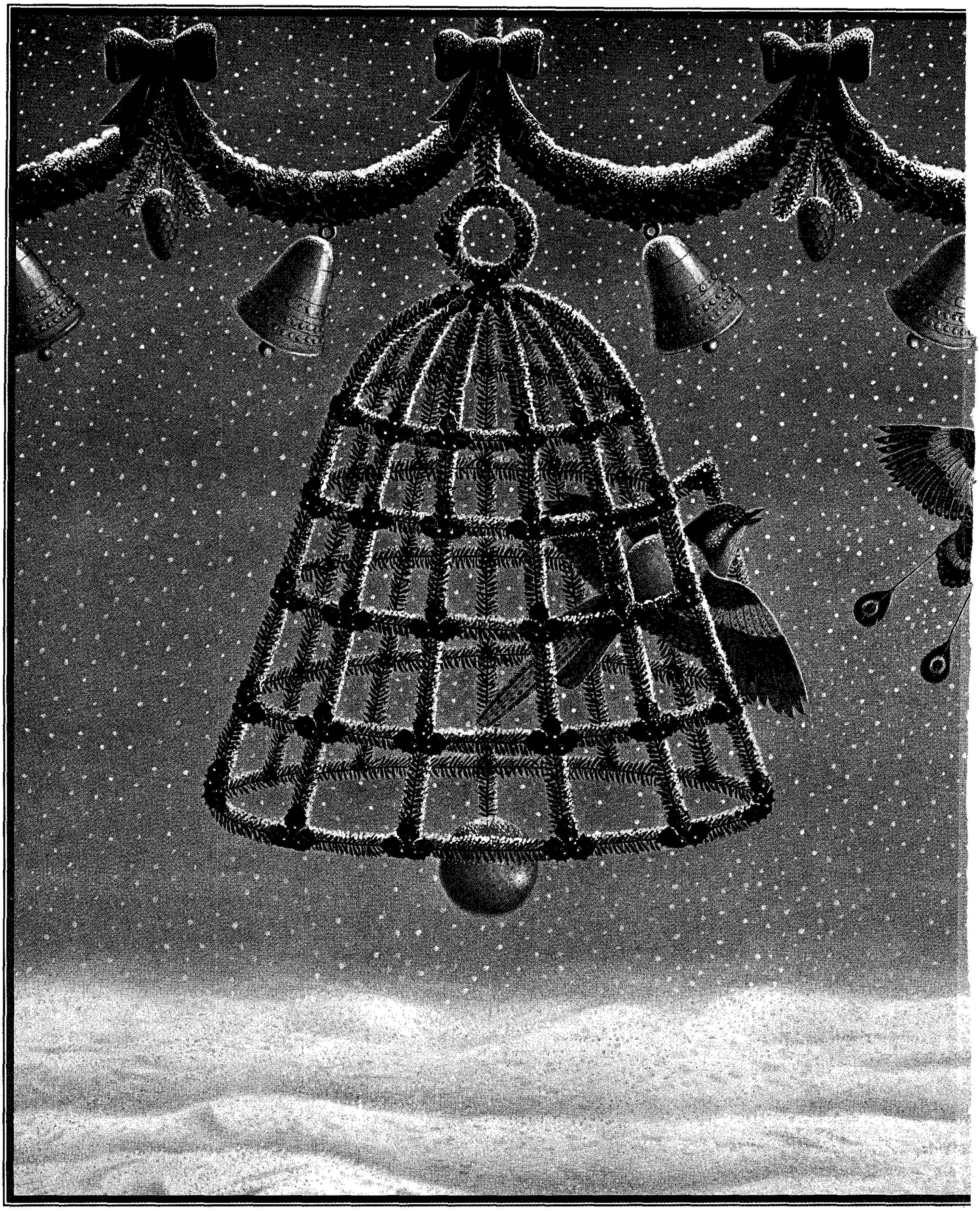
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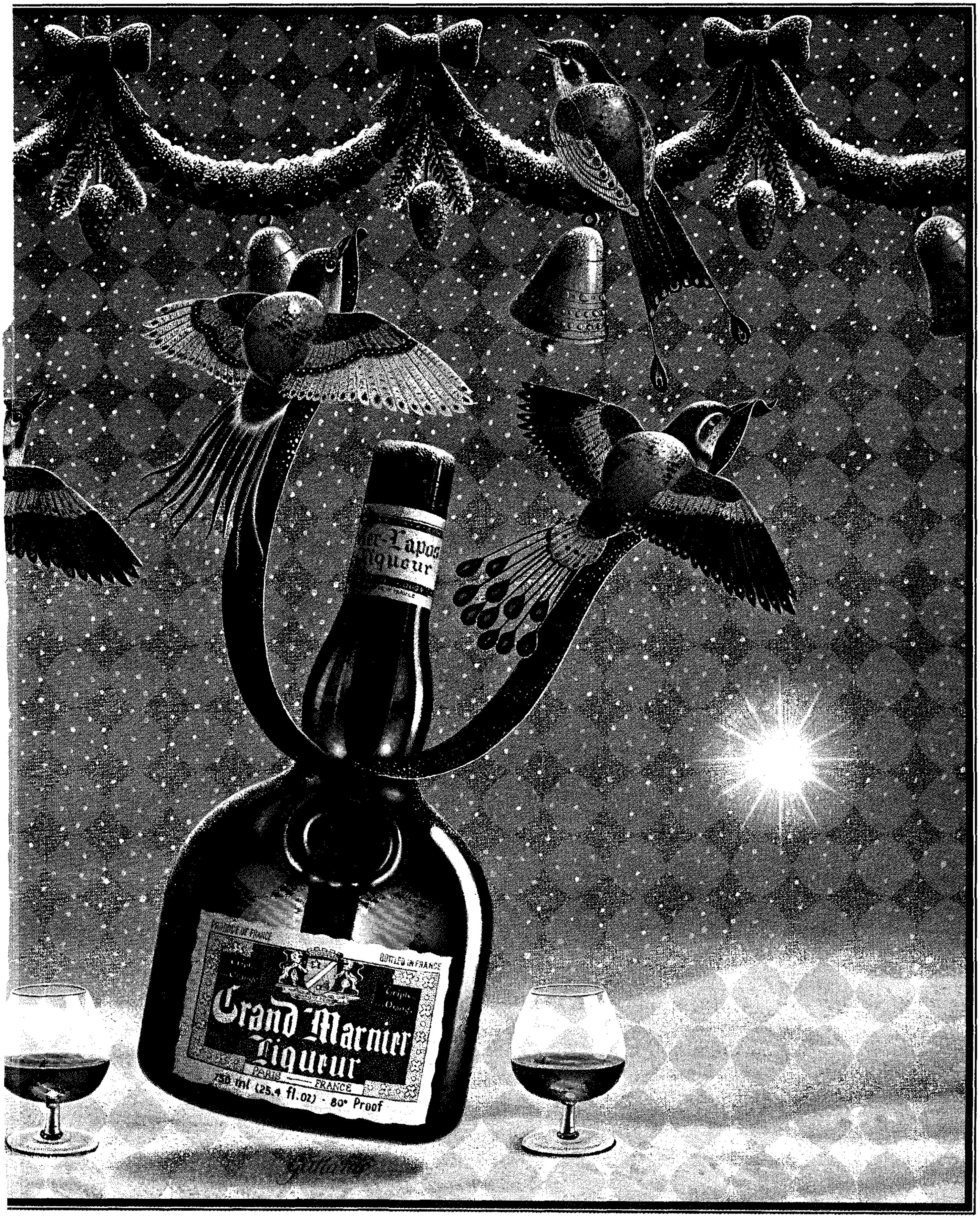
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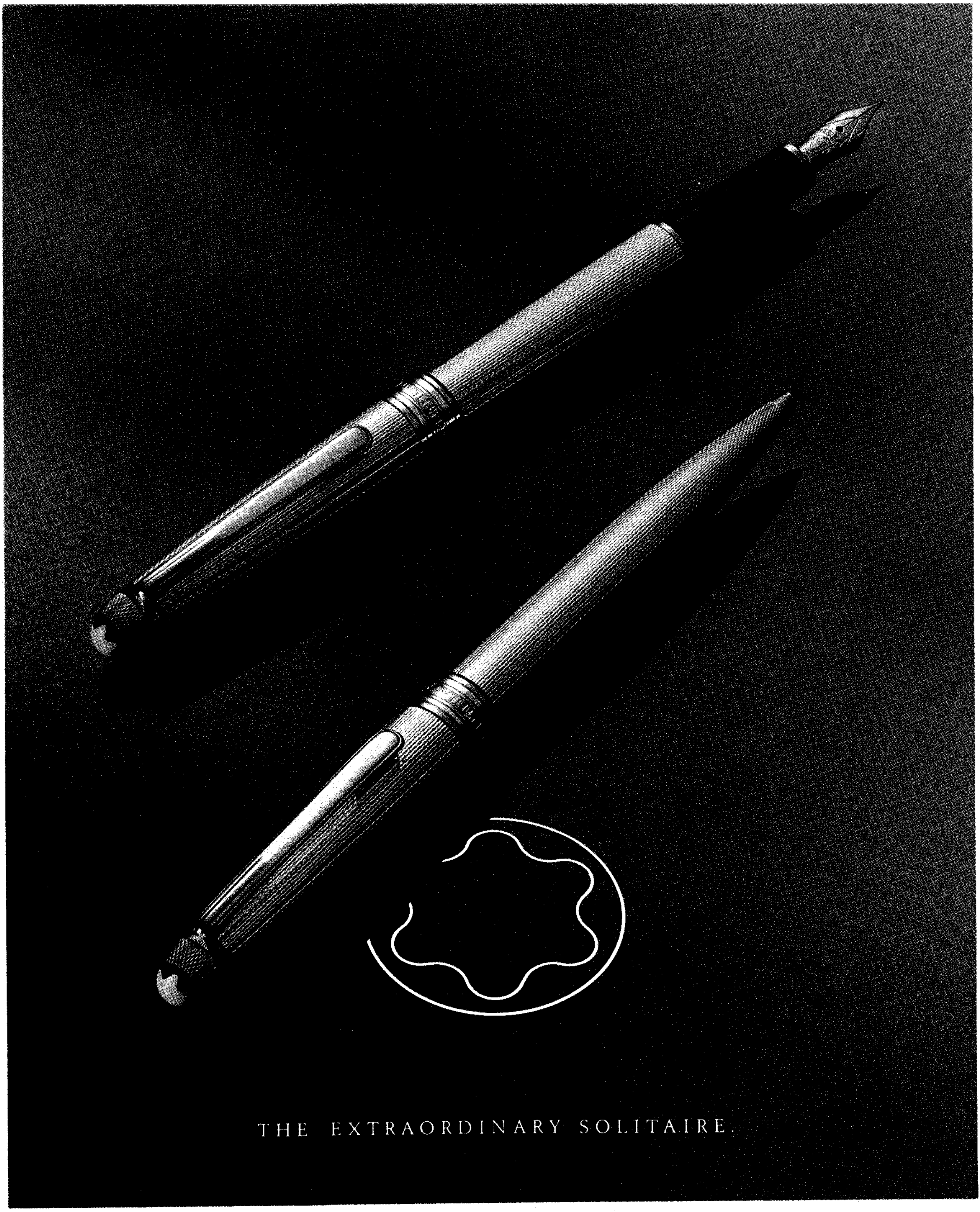
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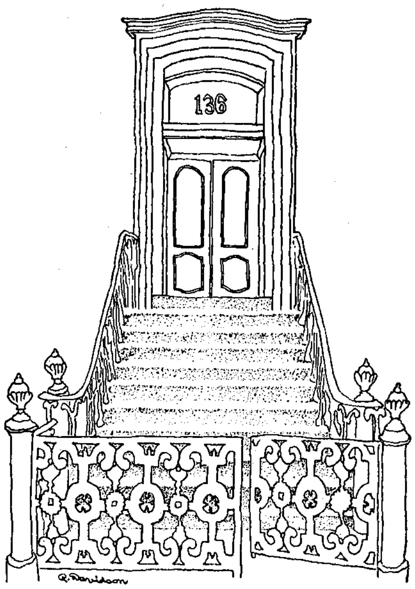
of accruing danger and attrition, a prolongation of difficulty—a war that will carry us, exhausted, into winter. We have been given four such Verduns in the past decade—the Pirates and the Orioles in 1979; the Cardinals and the Brewers in 1982; the Cards and the Royals in 1985; and the Mets and the Red Sox in 1986 (last year's seven-game Series between the Cards and the Twins was somehow friendlier)—and it has spoiled us. Now the Dodgers have won, in exemplary fashion, and in so doing have become the only club to capture two world championships in the nineteen-eighties (they beat the Yankees, in six games, in 1981), but the taste in our mouths this time is popcorn.

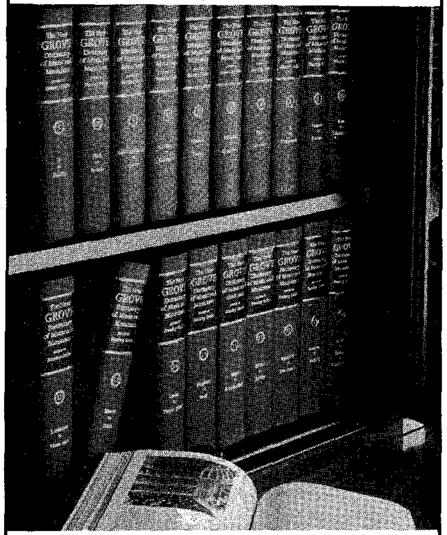
THE 1988 season began on a glum chord with the twenty-one-game losing streak run up—run *down*—by the Baltimore Orioles at the beginning of play, and the summer's news also included a near-riot on the field in Cincinnati (and an ensuing thirty-day suspension of Reds manager Pete Rose); the inauguration of night ball at Wrigley Field; an arbitrator's decision that found collusion among the owners in failing to negotiate in good faith with free agents before the 1987 season (this followed a different arbitrator's similar conclusion about the 1986 free-agent market); the great, groaning pother about the innumerable balk calls resulting from a joint league decision to enforce the rules in this area; and pennant races in three of the four divisions that produced about the same level of competition and excitement as the recently forgotten America's Cup defense. None of this, to my way of thinking, should give us much gloom if we remind ourselves that this game is neither a fragile museum piece nor a branch of the Hallmark Corporation but something closer to a great, clattering news machine that spits out headlines, disasters, celebrities, arriviste heroes, statistics, epidemics, market trends, want ads, comics, puzzles, photographs, editorials, scandals, and letdowns every day for almost seven months of the year. Some clips and reminders of the 1988 deluge can now be scanned at random, as if discovered upon an overladen bulletin board, but any search for summary or moral will not be rewarded. To wit:

The Orioles' free fall was painful enough on its own (the 0–21 start was the worst in major-league history, and their forty-game record of 6–34 was also unsurpassed), but it was made worse by the ghoulish hordes of media folk who attached themselves to the luckless Birds once their fatuity had been established, travelled with them, and nightly descended upon their clubhouse, notebooks and tape recorders at the ready, to ask the inevitable "How does it *feel*?" From a distance, I suppose, there was some amusement in all this, but up close, as I discovered when my path crossed the Orioles' on a frigid April evening at County Stadium, in Milwaukee, it seemed more like a practical joke that had got out of hand. The losing streak was at thirteen just then, and a center-field banner in the bleachers that said "0–162" got a big, frozen laugh, because it reversed what the Milwaukee fans were putting up exactly a year earlier, when the Brewers began with a thirteen-game *winning* streak, and a perfect 162–0 season was still a possible dream. Most players will tell you that losing streaks (and winning streaks, too, for that matter) are inexplicable and not closely connected to effort or will—just the opposite of what we think can happen if our guys will only try a little harder. As a professional, you play and wait, play and wait (often in the company of a new manager after a couple of weeks), and then one night the monkey climbs down and hops away, and when the reporters cluster around and ask how it feels you shrug and croak "Better." The Orioles, under *their* new manager, Frank Robinson, were a bit better for the remainder of the distance, but wound up last in their division, of course—thirty-four and a half games behind the first-place Red Sox and, uh, twenty-three and a half behind the sixth-place Indians.



I did not attend the first *son et lumière* at Wrigley Field, where the lights went on early in August after a long succession of court battles generated by fans and North Side neighbors, who wished to continue seventy-three uninterrupted years of daylight ball at the old yard, but most of the writers and columnists and television people on the scene treated the occasion as if it were a gala party instead of a surrender to the greedy inexorabilities of the networks and the Cubs ownership. A woman writer who was there told me later that the night view of downtown Chicago from the press box was breathtaking. There was a pause, and then she said, "But not as pretty as before." The Cubs have promised that not much will change, because they will schedule only eighteen night games a year at Wrigley. We'll see.

A. Bartlett Giamatti, the incumbent president of the National League and a past president of Yale, was elected in September to succeed Peter Ueberroth as Commissioner—a dazzling appointment. Giamatti, who hung the thirty-day plaster on Pete Rose, and who has been viewed as being largely responsible for the new and vastly unpopular balk enforcement, is not made skittish by controversy, which is fortunate, given the oncreeping presence of the new Basic Agreement between the owners and the Players Association; it must be negotiated (if such a thing is possible) before the beginning of the season of 1990. The findings in Collusion II (as it is now sometimes called) were unsurprising to careworn, cynical old fans, who smelled mackerel in the air when free agents of the quality of Tim Raines, André Dawson, Lance Parrish, Bob Boone, and Doyle Alexander received no bids whatever after they put their wares on the open market. "Coincidence!" cried the owners, and "Pshaw! Who needs another player? Not *me!*" The full extent of the damage inflicted by the shabby business will be known in a few weeks, when the transactional and financial penalties for Collusions I and II are imposed, but whatever those assessments may be—and they may cost each club millions of dollars in fines—they will be eventually shuffled into the Basic Agreement negotiations,



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with, of course, unimaginable results. Balks, by contrast, will matter less next year. All told, nine hundred and twenty-four balks were called this year by the umpires (to the accompaniment of cries and groans from the dugouts, the stands, and the press boxes) when invoking the "discernible stop" clause in the rules governing a pitcher's windup with men on base—an increase of five hundred and sixty-eight over the previous year. But the rate of balk calls fell by more than fifty per cent in the latter half of the season, which suggests that the pitchers had at last decided to learn the rules (or this part of them), and, yes, that some of the umps backed off a bit. The pastime will survive.

LET'S have some baseball.

QUESTIONS

1. Name five players of Italian descent who each hit forty or more home runs in a single season.

2. Name the happiest and luckiest pitcher of 1988.

3. Name the unhappiest and least lucky.

4. Name the most unlikely scoring event of the 1988 season—possibly of *any* season. (Clue: It was a two-day phenomenon.)

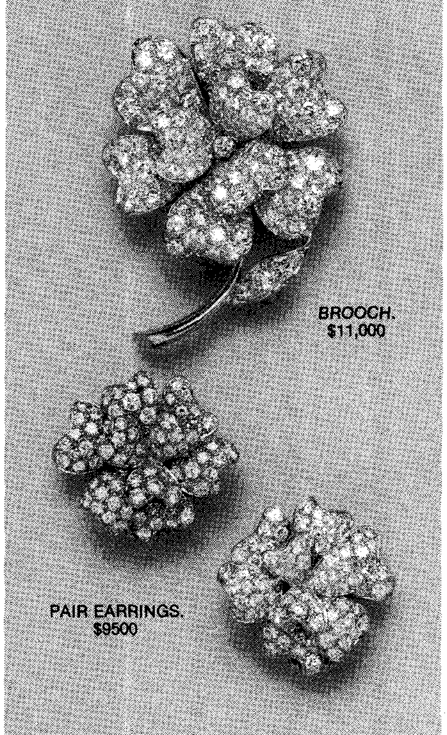
5. State the average number of runs per home-team fan scored by the Athletics in the course of a Sunday doubleheader against the Twins on June 26th, before an Oakland–Alameda County Coliseum audience of 43,154.

ANSWERS

1. Joe DiMaggio, Roy Campanella, Rocky Colavito, Jim Gentile, Rico Petrocelli. Did you think there might be some mystery Italian-American who had slugged his way onto this list in 1988, or some other sneaky reason to present this dandy puzzler here? You were wrong.

2. Tom Browning, of the Reds, who pitched a perfect no-hit, no-one-on-base game against the Dodgers on September 16th—only the fourteenth perfecto on the books. Yes, he was masterly on that day, but was he also lucky? Well, think about

3. Dave Stieb, who lost a no-hitter to the Indians on September 24th, on a bad-hop single by Julio Franco with two men out in the ninth, and then lost a no-hitter to the Orioles on September 30th (it was his next start), on Jim Traber's pinch-hit single with two



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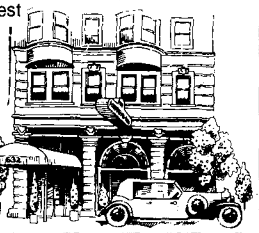

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outs in the ninth. Both hits came with two strikes on the batter. Stieb's comment after the second crusher: "This is the story of my life."

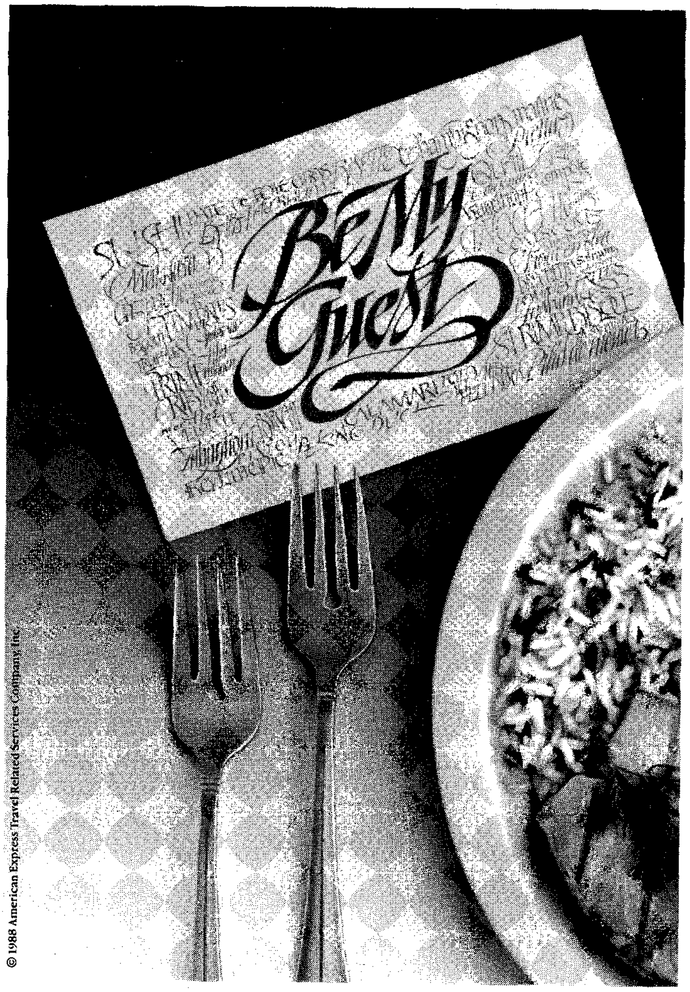
4. On July 3rd, Oakland first baseman Mark McGwire won a 9–8 game at Toronto with a home run in the sixteenth inning; the next day, the Athletics moved along to Cleveland, where their game against the Indians also went into extra innings and was also won by McGwire with a home run in the sixteenth inning. Need we go into the odds involved here, beyond pointing out that only ten games of the exactly twenty-one hundred played in both leagues this year went more than fifteen innings? Need we search for more confirmation of the fact that baseball, among its many attributes, constantly offers incomparable examples of the laws of chance, the powers of talent and desire, and the endlessly ponderable connection or lack of connection between these two forces? I think not.

5. 0.

Further deeds and dates of the summer require but brief reminders here: Orel Hershiser's great rush of zeros through September brought him the Cy Young Award for his league—a unanimous choice, and no wonder. A sustained performance of that nature, it should be understood, is something beyond the fluky one-game numbers I have just cited. He had an extraordinary year on the mound, finishing at 23–8, with an earned-run average of 2.26, and he led the league in shutouts and innings pitched as well. Joe Magrane, the young Cardinal lefty, put together a puzzling 2.18 earned-run average (best in the N.L.) and a 5–9 won-lost record (the Cards had fits all year trying to score runs), while the Mets' cold-eyed David Cone, in his second full season, finished at 2.22 (with two hundred and thirteen strikeouts) and a 20–3 won-lost mark. Danny Jackson, of the Reds, matched Hershiser's 23–8. Nolan Ryan, of the Astros, who is forty-one years old, led his league in strikeouts (two hundred and twenty-eight) for the ninth time; his lifetime No. 1 total of 4,775 whiffs is distancing itself rapidly from the next-nearest K masters, Steve Carlton (4,131) and Tom Seaver (3,640), who are retired. Don Sutton, fourth on the list (with 3,574), was released by the Dodgers in midseason and hung up his spikes, after twenty-three years in the major leagues.

I think we should pause here and observe two minutes of silence for the peace of mind of John Schuerholz, the executive vice-president and general manager of the Kansas City Royals, who traded the aforementioned David Cone and Danny Jackson away from his team over the past two years: forty-three wins out the window this summer. Fans may snicker over such misfortune, but no one in the business does. Frank Cashen, the Mets' G.M. and executive veep, pointed out to me one day that this risk comes with the territory. "We've all done it," he said, "and we'll all do it again. When it comes to trades, you gotta do what you gotta do when you gotta do it. You're looking at the man who traded Jeff Reardon to the Expos for Ellis Valentine. Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa." And he smote his breast.

Tony Gwynn captured the N.L. batting title for the third time, but his .313 was below his .370 of last year and his lifetime .331, because of a damaged hand. Andrés Galarraga, of the Expos,



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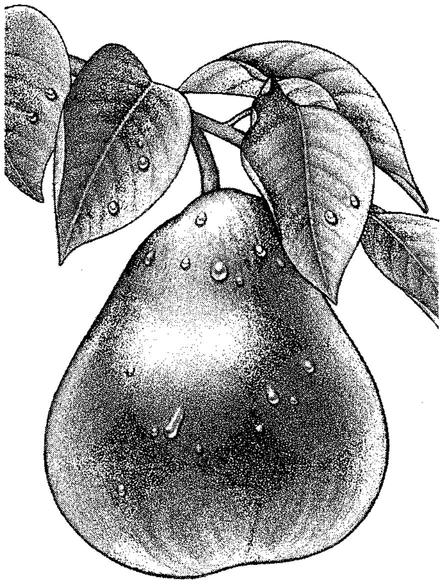

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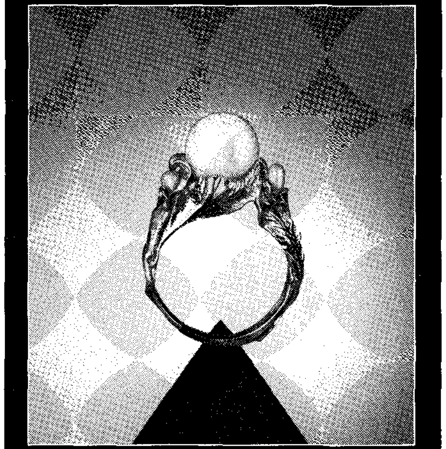
led all comers in hits, doubles, and total bases, while Darryl Strawberry won the home-run derby, with thirty-nine, and batted in a hundred and one runs, second only to Will Clark (of the Giants), with a hundred and nine. The M.V.P. award, however, went to Kirk Gibson, whose fairish numbers (.290, with twenty-five home runs and seventy-six R.B.I.s) do not quite convey the insistent zest for winning he personified for his pennant-bound team. Pittsburgh's Andy Van Slyke and Bobby Bonilla both cashed in their hundredth R.B.I.s on the very last day of the season, to finish the Pirates' sparkling year with a flourish, while Mark (Amazing) Grace and Damon (Blue) Berryhill, the Cubs' first baseman and catcher, respectively, pulled off an almost flashier double coup: each started the year as a rookie and played so well that he forced an established incumbent veteran—Leon Durham and Jody Davis—onto the bench and eventually off the club altogether. The youngsters finished in a tie for Best New Baseball Name of the Year, in a secret ballot. But we cannot leave the Pirates without a salute to their doughty general manager, Syd Thrift, who built the club to a genuine contender's status over the space of three years, mostly by some dazzling trades, while simultaneously trimming its payroll like Jack Sprat. Van Slyke and Bonilla, second baseman Jose Lind, catcher Mike LaValliere, and pitchers Mike Dunne, John Smiley, and Jeff Robinson will be around in Pirate black-and-gold for years to come, one senses, but Thrift will not, for he was fired at the end of the season. Personal differences with the owners.

Over in the American League, Jose Canseco led the noisemakers with those forty-two home runs, and also stole forty bases; the forty-forty combination was a new record for the game, but one that Canseco had predicted for himself before the season began. (He is already talking about a fifty-fifty season next year, but it's my guess that the management will now rein him in on the bases, in the interests of preservation; all this year, you could see the Oakland coaches wincing and shuddering each time he flew away and then launched himself thunderously at the bag.) Wade Boggs, of the Red Sox, won the batting crown for the fourth year running, this time at .366 (he's a lifetime .356 hitter); it was his sixth consecu-



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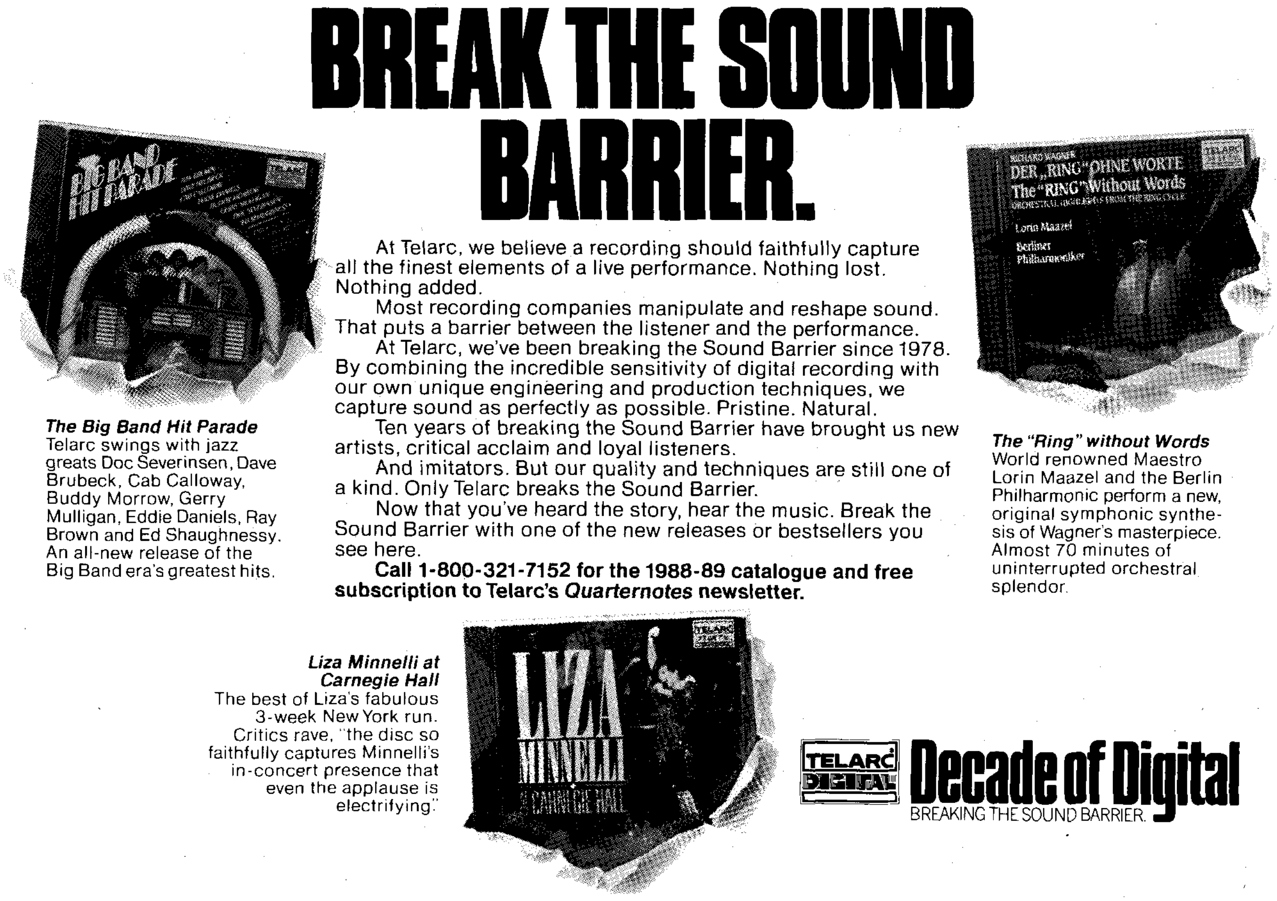
tive two-hundred-hit season—a sustained production level unequalled in this century. Kirby Puckett, of the Twins, batted .356 and rapped out two hundred and thirty-four hits, mostly by swinging at everything—he walked twenty-three times in six hundred and fifty-seven official at-bats; while Mike Greenwell, the Red Sox' new occupant of the Ted Williams–Carl Yastrzemski niche in left field, set an A.L. record with twenty-three game-winning hits. Among the pitchers, Frank Viola, of the Twins, captured the A.L. Cy Young Award with a splendid 24–7 and 2.64 season. Frankie Sweet Music has racked up more victories in the past five years (ninety-three, of his lifetime total of one hundred and four) than any other pitcher. The other twenty-gamers included Mark Gubicza, of the Royals, at 20–8, and Oakland's Dave Stewart (for the second year running), at 21–12. The Red Sox' Roger Clemens fanned two hundred and ninety-one batters, more or less as expected, but wore down a bit in the process; some nagging back problems probably contributed to his diminished (for him) 18–12 total for the summer. The effulgent Dennis Eckersley rushed into the fray whenever the Athletics held a lead in the late going, threw strikes and fist-pumps, and finished up with forty-five saves. He was Fireman of the Year.

Oakland just about swept the boards in post-season honors (Tony La Russa was the American League Manager of the Year, while Tom Lasorda was voted the title over in the other league), but the award most pleasing to the club, I suspect, was the Rookie of the Year laurel that went to its lithe and elegant shortstop, Walter Weiss, whose immediate predecessors in that title were his teammates Mark McGwire and Jose Canseco. Honors don't mean much, to be sure, except when they do. The star-stuffed No-There-Theres drew a franchise-record 2,287,335 spectators, and will probably improve upon that figure, since gate appreciation tends to lag behind events. The defending-champion Twins, who finished thirteen games behind Oakland, set a league record this year with their 3,030,672 hankie-wavers; the Dodgers, barring total gridlock in their parking lot, may approach the four-million mark at Chavez Ravine next summer. Over-all attendance for the two leagues came out to 52,957,752—another record, of course.

The great mystery numbers of the baseball season were the precipitously declining home-run totals, which fell off by 1,278 from last year's swollen 4,458. A year ago, I theorized at length in this space about the reasons for the sudden decline in pitching and the concomitant booming of bats, and only at the end whispered the possibility that someone had been tinkering with the ball. Now it has been untinkered—deadened in some fashion, probably by a slight alteration in its winding—in order to restore home runs to their proper level. I can offer no evidence in the matter, but a twenty-nine-per-cent one-year decline in homers (it was almost constant in the two leagues, falling off thirty per cent in the N.L. and twenty-eight per cent in the A.L.) cannot be explained by any murmuring about better pitching, tougher relief pitching, or an epidemic of overswinging by the batters, yet this is what one hears from the league offices, which claim there is no differ-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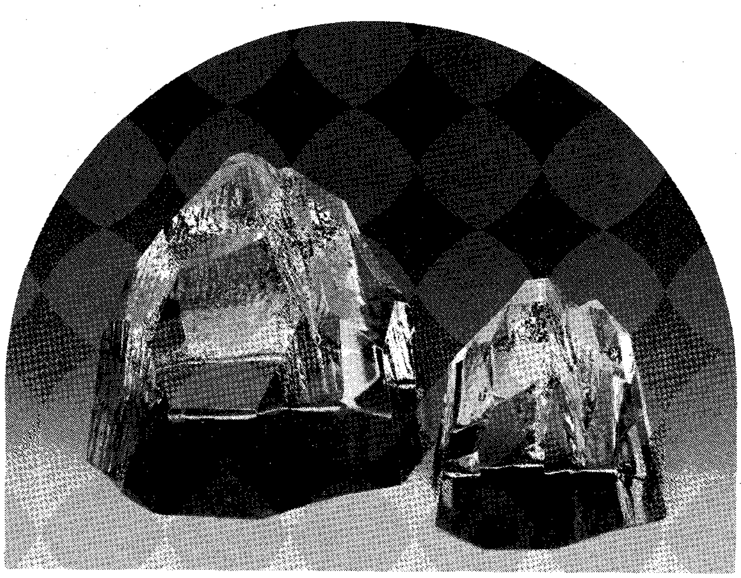

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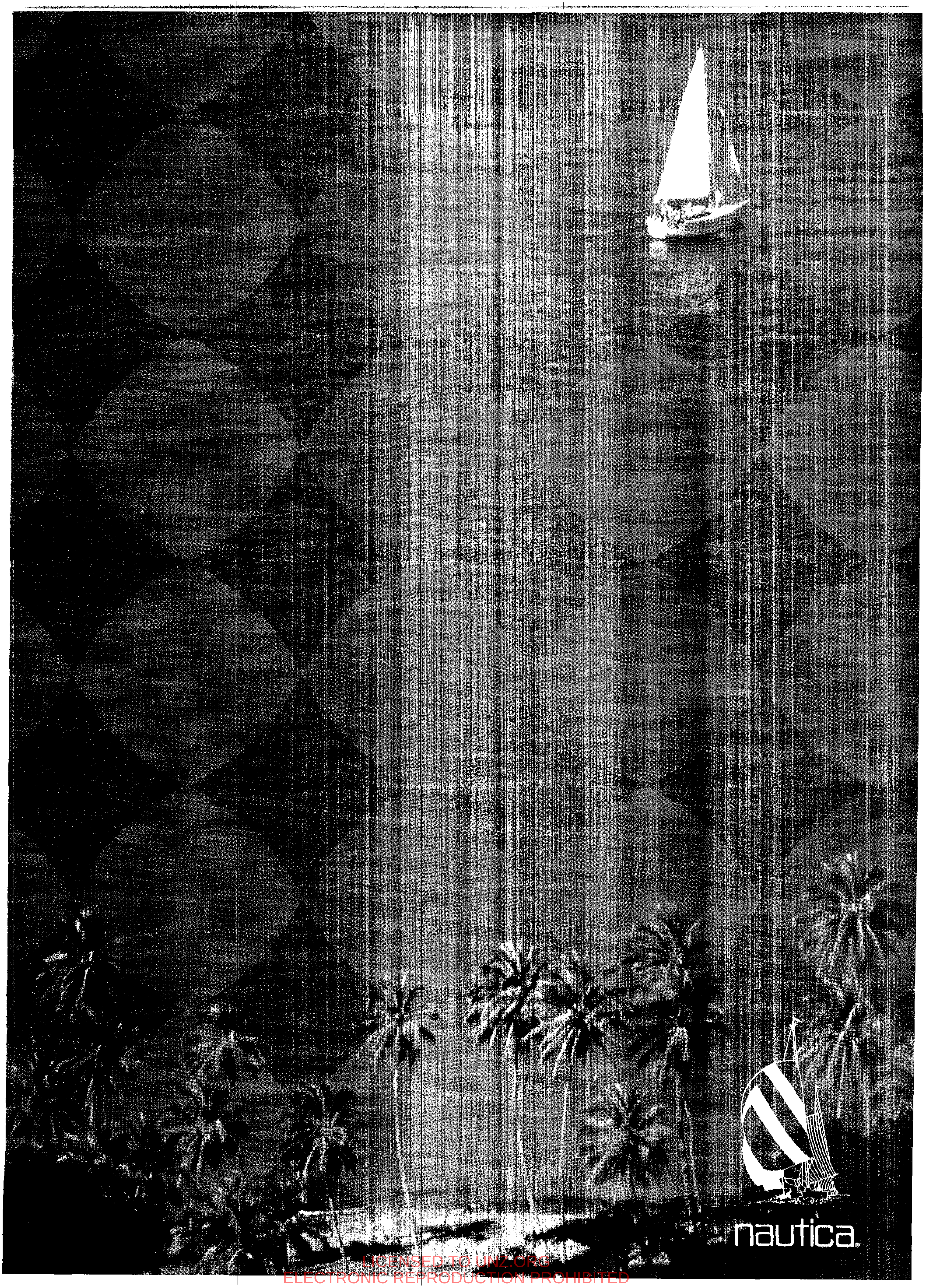
ence whatever between the 1987 and the 1988 official balls. A thirty-percent one-year swerve in the national S.A.T. scores or a thirty-point midday jump in a Big Board stock price would bring out the bloodhounds, but nothing of the sort ever happens in baseball. I was talking about this with a growly National League East manager late in the season, and he summed it all up neatly: "They never admit it. They say they never do it, but I guaranfuckintee you someone fooled with the ball this year. You can count on it."

Manager-Firings kept the bell tolling all summer, and included another ritual sacking of Billy Martin: his fifth time into the alley at Yankee Stadium. Some of the ingredients of this one were familiar enough—another bar fight, another dirt-flinging snit against an umpire—but nothing in Martin's previous experience could have prepared him for the hand he was dealt by the baseball fates in mid-June, in his last days at the helm. The first-place Yanks had begun a road trip with a satisfying 12–6 pasting of the Red Sox in Boston, but then dropped the next pair. They moved along to Cleveland, where they split two games with the Indians but were then slapped with an 11–3 laugher that included a grand-slam home run by catcher Andy Allanson. On to Detroit, where the Tigers won the series opener, 2–1 (and took over first place), when Tom Brookens poled a home run in the bottom of the tenth. The next evening, the Yankees led by 6–1 in the ninth, only to fall before a six-run Tiger rally, climaxed by Alan Trammell's grand slam. They lost again the *next* night, 3–2, when Luis Salazar stroked a run-scoring single in the bottom of the tenth. Whom the gods would destroy, etc., but pity, I hope, was part of the decision when Martin was terminated the following morning.

John McNamara, the Red Sox manager, was kept trembling on the brink for weeks, while the Hub fans subjected him to a grisly "Knife the Mac" campaign of abuse (abetted by the bullyboy local media) until he received the axe, just after the All-Star break. His replacement was third-base coach Joe Morgan, a fifty-seven-year-old baseball foot soldier who had played fifteen years as a minor-league infielder-outfielder, with very brief appearances in the majors, and had then put in six-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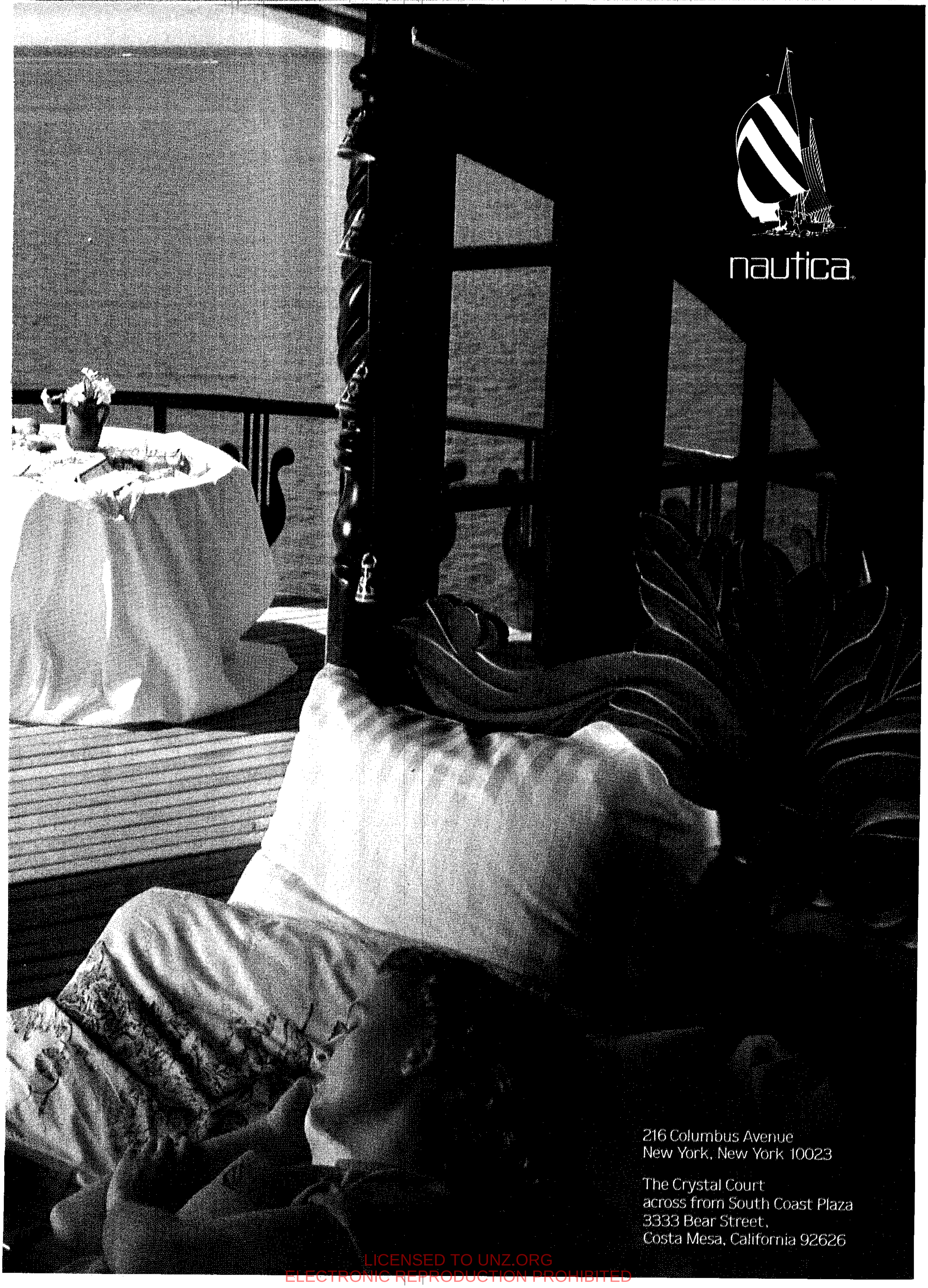

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teen years as a minor-league manager, beginning in the Carolina League and ascending to the Red Sox Class AAA farm at Pawtucket, where he became a fixture. (He is not the Joe Morgan who played second base on the Cincinnati Big Red Machine and who now may be seen as a sports commentator on ABC, although the two often receive each other's mail.) Here was a classic mid-season "interim manager" appointment—a pawn move while the upstairs thinkers try to think of something better down the line—but this time the story turned out differently. Beginning on Morgan's first day in office at the Fens, the Sox ran off a twelve-game winning streak, lost a game, then won seven more in a row: a wave that surfed them up from fourth place, nine games in arrears, into a tie for first, all in the space of three weeks. (Somewhere along the line, that "interim" disappeared from Morgan's title.) Morgan's moves were unexotic—he promoted young Jody Reed to shortstop, gave switch-hitter Todd Benzinger the job at first, and freed up the pitching a bit—but somehow everything worked. He also received a useful little tap of fortune when the aging, broody Jim Rice engaged him in a dugout shoving match after being asked to sit down for a pinch-hitter, and Rice was socked with a three-day suspension for his pains. "I run this nine right now," Morgan said.

I made it a point to drop in on the Red Sox whenever possible after that, and was rewarded by some stirring stuff out on the field and by the cheerful sounds of good sense in the manager's room. You don't need to look at the uniform to know that Joe Morgan is Boston. He grew up in Walpole, a neighboring blue-collar mill town, and has lived in the same house there for more than thirty years. He goes bowling Monday nights in the off-season, and Richie Hebner, a neighbor, keeps score. He's a Scotch drinker. He went to Walpole High and then to Boston College, where he played baseball and was a good center on the hockey team. He signed with the Boston Braves' organization—good field, good arm, smart, no speed—and bounced around for fifteen years with the Hartford Chiefs, the Evansville Braves, the Louisville Colonels, and the like, and came up for a cup of coffee with five different major-league clubs: a .193 average in eighty-eight games.

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"Sparky Anderson and I were the same," he said one evening, speaking of a lifelong baseball friend. "We both managed down at the bottom, and we both couldn't hit shit." He had started a family by the time he got into managing, and he took on every sort of off-season odd job to make ends meet: bricklayer's helper, oil-truck man, mail deliverer, substitute high-school English teacher. For ten years, he drove a snowplow on the Massachusetts Turnpike, where, by ancient custom, the plowmen got to keep loose goods found on the highway. "All I ever came home with was catfood," he said.

Morgan is calm and everyday—not large but strong-looking, with some knobs of age to him. He isn't particularly charming or approachable, any more than he is tough or distant. He took on the daily crush of local and visiting writers and TV people in good part, and was somehow never a performer. One moment, he'd be talking about a framed photograph of a racehorse up on his office wall ("That's Manager Joe, named after me by a friend of mine, Ed Stevens, who's got a breeding farm down in Virginia. Manager Joe paid twelve-twenty at Rockingham one day, but nobody told me anything about it and I didn't make a penny on him. Another time, I think he had about a five-length lead down at Belmont but then his legs fell off"); and the next about the Red Sox' amazing ongoing winning streak at home ("Who can explain it? Who can tell you why?"), which by now was being called the Morgan Miracle; and then about the looks of his very first office as a manager, back in the minors ("It was a sweatbox down in Raleigh—Raleigh, North Carolina. It was like a sauna, but I never bitched about a clubhouse. I always figured I could walk outside and be on grass").

I was in Morgan's Fenway office one morning while he opened and read his mail, peering through a pair of horn-rimmed reading glasses, down on his nose. "Who I hear from a lot these days is guys I once played with or played against, if I could remember them all," he murmured. "They're comin' out of the woodwork. . . . Oop, here's a real beauty: 'I have seen many back-aches clear up within thirty days by the practice of Fletcherism: chewing each mouthful thirty times before swallowing.' Oh, I gotta rush this right in to my players! Why do I hear from all these chiropractors and back-breakers, I wonder."

The room was filling up again, and

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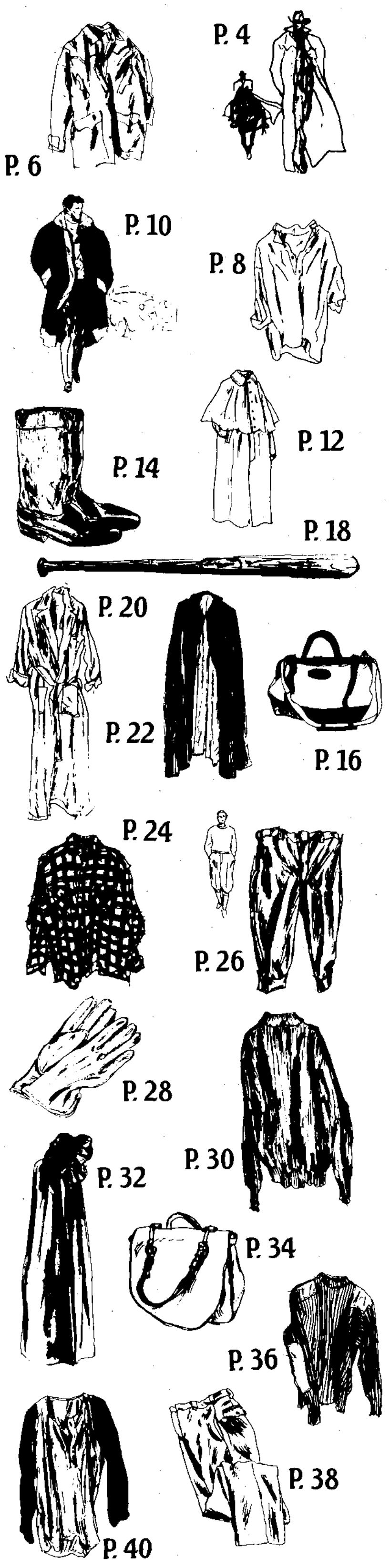

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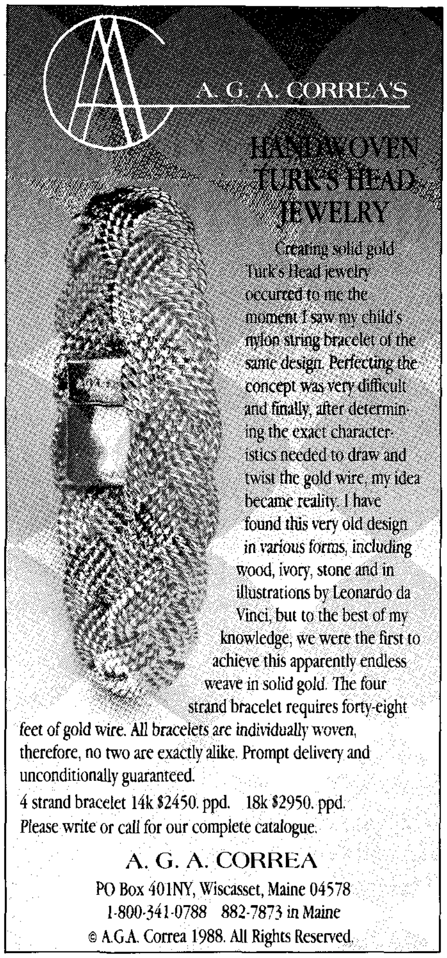
soon he was fielding another question about his career as a major-leaguer. "Listen, I'm a lifetime 1.000 hitter in this ballpark," he said. "I bet you won't write that. My only time up, I hit a shot into center, out by the three-seventy-nine marker. The day before, Gary Geiger bounced into the bottom of the wall out there trying to make a play, so he gives mine plenty of room, and I wind up with a standup triple." This was scribbled down in ten or twenty notebooks, and then Morgan sighed and said, "I gotta tell the truth. I also played a game here in Fenway for B.C. against the Quantico Marines, and I went oh-for-five, I *think* it was, and dropped a little fly ball, which I never did." He stood up and grabbed a bat from behind his desk. "Well, men, I gotta hit the green."

On my last visit to the Fens, during the playoffs, where things had begun to come apart for Morgan and his spirited club, he stood out on the green during batting practice, encircled by the press once again, and talked about what it had been like to grow up as a young sports fan around Boston. He pointed up at the tall N.E.C. billboard angling off above the top of the center-field wall, and said that when he was in his teens he had often clambered up the sign (it was a Gilbey's ad back then) and perched on top with other kids to watch the action: mostly football games involving the Boston College Eagles or the old professional Boston Yanks. "It was kind of dangerous, to put it mildly," he said. He shook his head. "It's different now. Kids today all think they can grow up and become major-league ballplayers. I think it's the TV that makes it look easy. I didn't feel that way—those players were like gods to me. I knew I'd never be like them. This way— Being with the Red Sox like this makes it so much better, after all the scuffling around."

Nothing felt better than hanging around the Red Sox during the good times this summer—in early August at the jam-packed, steamy Fens, say, when the Sox, who had slipped back a little, began to make up ground on the first-place Tigers. Watching their six-run second-inning assault against Doyle Alexander, I at last devised a neat addition to my scorecard symbols —a little |< on the left-hand margin of the appropriate box, standing for a ricochet off the green wall. The Bostons won, 9–4, extending their un-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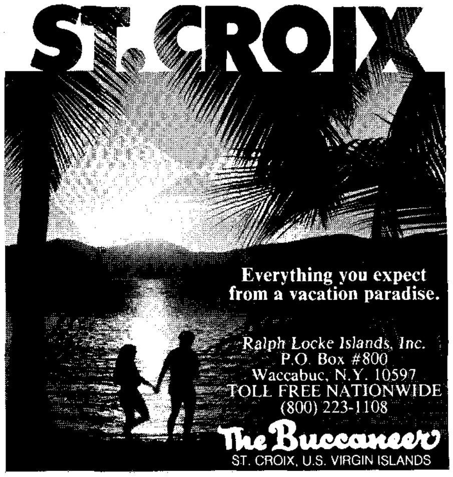
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defeated string at home to twenty-three straight, for a new league record, and then bettered it the next afternoon by demolishing the tattered Tiger pitching corps, 16–4 (thirteen runs in the last three innings), while Dewey Evans was putting in a useful sort of afternoon at the workplace: two-run homer, single, two-run homer, bases-loaded triple—seven runs batted in.

The American League East pennant race wasn't much, but it was almost all we had in a summer where the competition, like a first soufflé, kept promising to rise but lost its steam whenever you took a peek. The old Tigers—*very* old, they looked by the end of it—slid slowly away, managing a mere 27–33 record over the last two months, an ineffectiveness almost matched by the Yankees'. The Red Sox, given first place more or less by inheritance in early September, could not win much on the road, and so precipitated a series of late-season summits with their ancient pin-striped rivals: old-fashioned crashing entertainments, with hit batsmen, violent or subtle uprisings, pitchers arriving and pitchers departing, and, always, the expected or unexpected twist or killing blow. Claudell Washington helped win a game in Boston by stealing home, and Mike Pagliarulo, the next night, almost expired of disappointment when his towering deep fly to right, struck off Lee Smith, was pulled down by Evans at the wall. (Smith, the enormous fireballing reliever, habitually made the journey from the dugout to the center-field Red Sox bullpen at Fenway Park, at about a quarter of a mile an hour, just before the seventh inning, and was greeted there by deep salaams and towel-wavings by the bleacher faithful.) Bruce Hurst threw a picture-book three-hitter ("a Picasso," one columnist called it) up in Boston, and was shelled and gone after five innings his next time out, down at the Stadium. *That* game, a Friday-night affair on the twenty-third, finished the Yankees, one sensed, and its echoes hung in the air for a long time afterward. There were home runs by Don Mattingly, by Evans (a monster blow deep into the top deck in left), by Gary Ward and Pags, but the Yankee bullpen could not hold a 9–5 lead; the Sox scratched out a winning three-run rally in the ninth on tiny hits—a pinch-hit flare by Jim Rice and an

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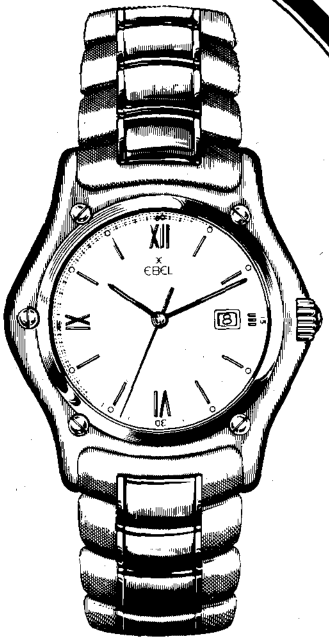

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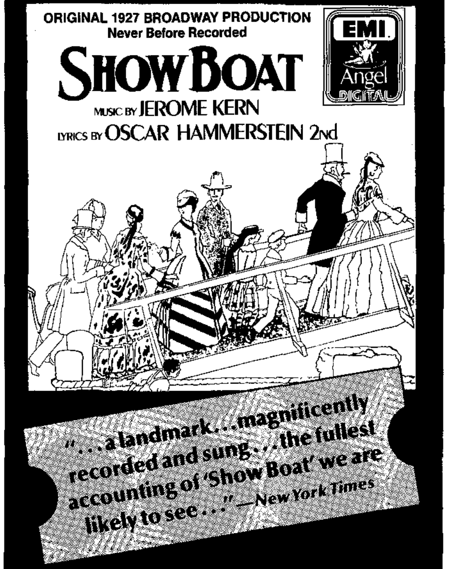
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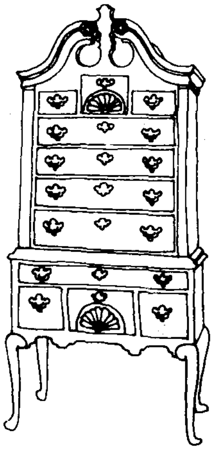
innocuous little up-the-middle bouncer by Spike Owen that the converging and despairing infielders, Randolph and Tolleson, could not quite collar. "This was the best win of them all," said Manager Joe when it was over. The Boston margin of four and a half games at the end of that weekend barely held up over the last week, and the Sox won their semi-pennant by one game over Detroit and two over the Blue Jays and the Brewers, who had come rushing forward like dot racers at the finish.

We can't leave the Yankees (Lou Piniella's last Yankee team: he was let go, too, when the season ended) without some mention of their achievements and their appalling deficiencies. Dave Winfield and center fielder Claudell Washington had what can only be described as late-career years, afield and at the plate. Winfield, who finished at .322, with twenty-five home runs and a hundred and seven runs batted in, was among the league leaders all year long, but his exceptional throwing and baserunning, and his looks and distinctive presence (that slow, hip-swinging stroll up to the plate, while he grasps the bat high on the barrel, like a fishing rod in high brush), do not translate into easy numbers. Mattingly, at .311, was a disappointment—to himself above all—and he and Winfield were once again sniped at and snapped at by their owner at various hard moments of the long, hard summer. The pitching was something else again; in the end, it was truly as awful as everyone had predicted it would be—an ugly thing to say. The starters, to offer one grisly sample, put up a mark of 2–12 over one twenty-game stretch in mid-August, with an earned-run average of 6.32, while the pen, all in all, was worse. George Steinbrenner, the Ralph Kramden of baseball executives (as he was happily dubbed by *USA Today*), did not accept this passively, of course, and in mid-crisis appointed Clyde King to take over as pitching coach. It was King's fourth time at the post, and the twenty-eighth change of pitching coaches in Mr. Steinbrenner's fourteen years with the team. But never mind. Somehow, the batters almost kept the Yankees out in front to the end, despite the odds and the slippage, and, in one late-August-to-late-September stretch, pulled out nine games with comeback, late-inning big blows, including four

GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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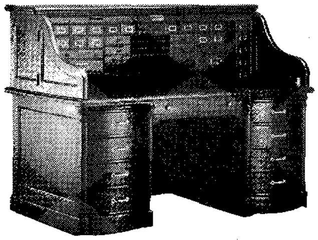

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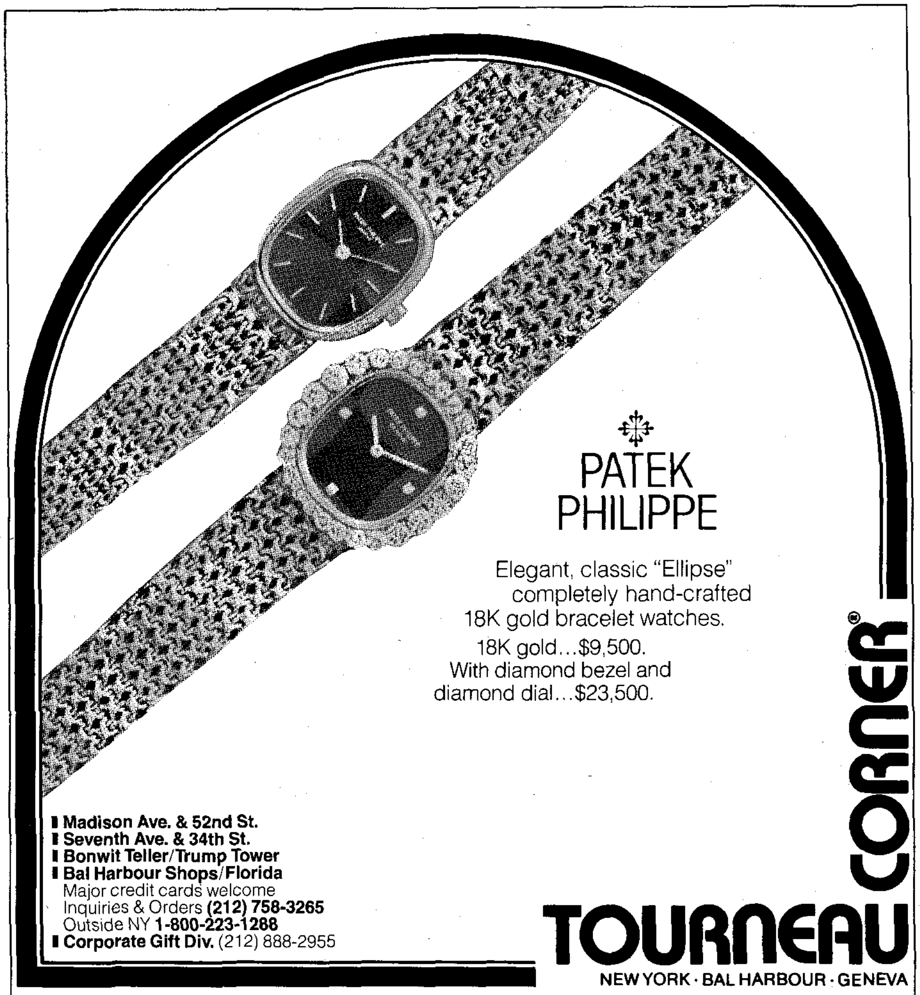
THROUGH the summer, I kept promising myself a trip to the Coast to inspect the two Western division leaders in action before their enraptured home audiences, in Los Angeles and Oakland, but postponed the tour until some crucial series, north or south, presented itself. It never happened. The Athletics, pre-season favorites in the A.L. West, confirmed every expectation. They slid into first place late in April, built their capital with a useful fourteen-game winning streak, and were never truly threatened, even through a spell of the blahs in June and early July. A faraway friend like me could watch their numbers like a blue-chip stockholder, rewarded by the accruing Canseco and Eckersley and Dave Stewart dividends, by a career year on the part of center fielder Dave Henderson, and by a late flurry of home runs by Mark McGwire, who followed his banner rookie-year outburst of forty-nine dingers with a most respectable thirty-two, and ninety-nine R.B.I.s. The Dodgers had a more adventurous journey, for although they held first place by late May, they never felt quite comfortable. Fernando Valenzuela, their meal ticket—he hadn't missed a start since opening day in 1981—fell victim to shoulder problems (brought on, some said, by his incessant throwing of the arm-wringing screwball) and went on the disabled list for two months. Straitened for pitching, the club then dealt away outfielder Pedro Guerrero to the Cardinals in return for the veteran picklepuss lefty John Tudor, who did the job for them, in spite of his own accumulating sorenesses. Kirk Gibson was the only Dodger batter with more than twenty homers, and Mike Marshall the only one with more than eighty R.B.I.s (he had eighty-two); it was pitching—or, rather, pitching and managing—that brought them home. In September, while I was whistling disbelievingly over Hershiser's accumulating zeros in the box scores, I began to notice that Tom Lasorda was pulling all the levers out there. In the course of a few days in the middle of the month, he wheeled in fifteen players during a 2–0 Tudor shutout of the Braves; then eighteen players (five were pitchers) against the Reds; nineteen players (five pitchers) and then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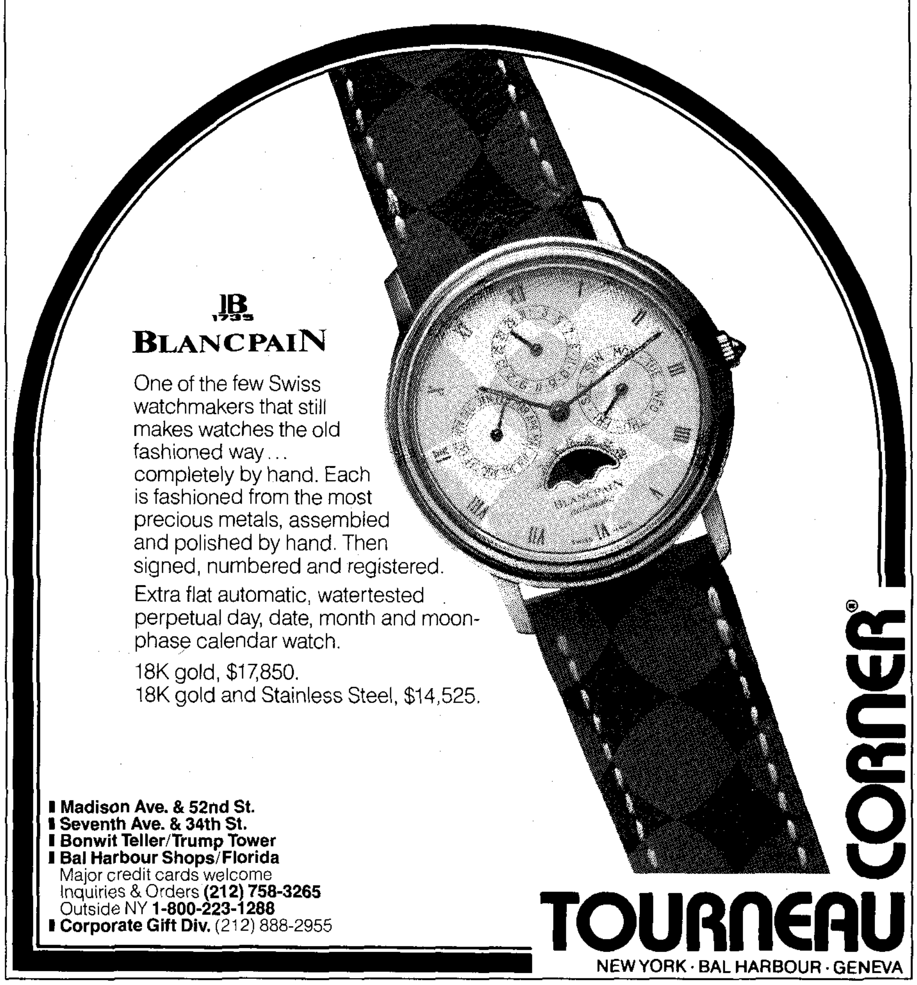
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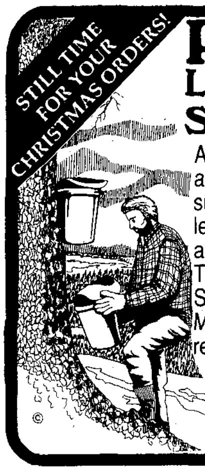

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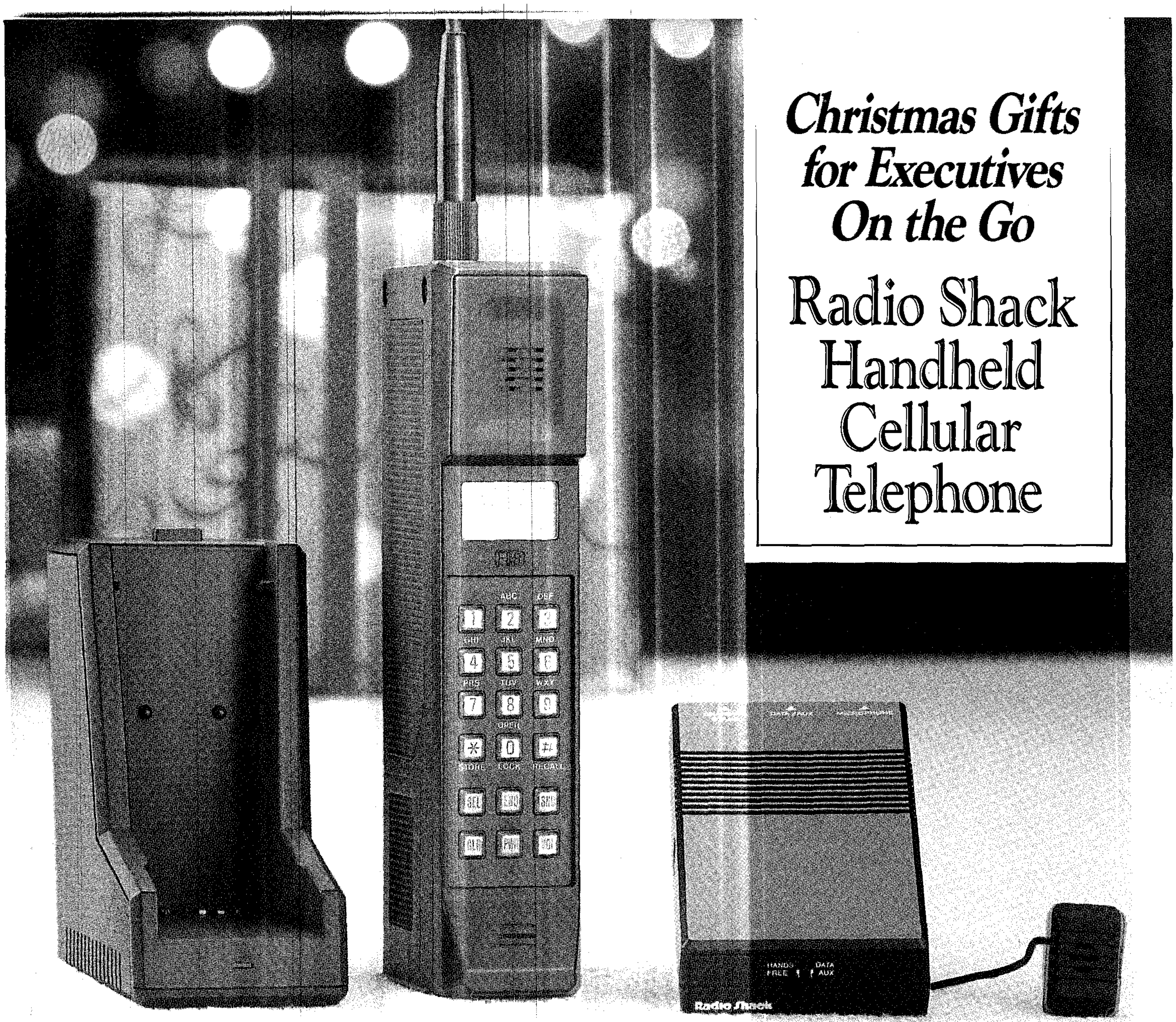
twenty-four players (six pitchers) in a doubleheader against the Padres; and eighteen players (six pitchers), also against the Padres, in the flag-clincher on September 26th. The Dodgers won all these games but one; that's *managing.*

The Mets' track was smoother but much less satisfying to their querulous fans, given the team's firepower and the awesome nature of their starting and finishing pitching. Unanimous favorites in their division, the Mets stepped off to a workmanlike seven-game lead (over the Pirates) in early June, then sputtered or snoozed for days and series on end, playing only .500 ball for better than six weeks and seeming capable of winning only when Gooden or Cone or Ron Darling or Sid Fernandez or Bobby Ojeda threw another shutout, or when Strawberry or Kevin McReynolds did something sudden at the plate. Sometimes they were languid (a desultory road trip to St. Louis and Montreal in June) and sometimes abominable (a 2–11 pasting at Riverfront Stadium, when the Reds scored ten runs in the first inning), but always, in the end, they won when they had to. They broke the young Pirates by gobbling six out of eight games against them in a ten-day span in midsummer. (Keith Hernandez, sidelined since the middle of June with a pulled hamstring, came off the disabled list and won the first game in Pittsburgh, with a two-run homer.) There were plenty of agreeable little summer parties for the Sheapeople, to be sure: Randy Myers, hulking in from the pen and again dismissing the last batters with a handful of fastballs (he struck out more than one batter per inning over the year, won seven games, and saved twenty-six); and the "SSSSSSSID" placards being raised in the top deck when Fernandez got up to warp speed in the middle innings; and another glimpse of a fan's enormous green parrot wearing its "This Bird's for the Mets" placard; and the glow of pleasure when McReynolds threw out another base runner from left field (he did it twice in the course of a tingling Ojeda shutout of the Padres, and eighteen times in all); and one late, delightful Strawberry at-bat, against the Expos' Pascual Perez, when the free-form Montreal theorist delivered an arcing, twenty-foot ephus pitch for ball one, then a Tiant-like hesitation pitch for ball two, and *then* the cunningly con-



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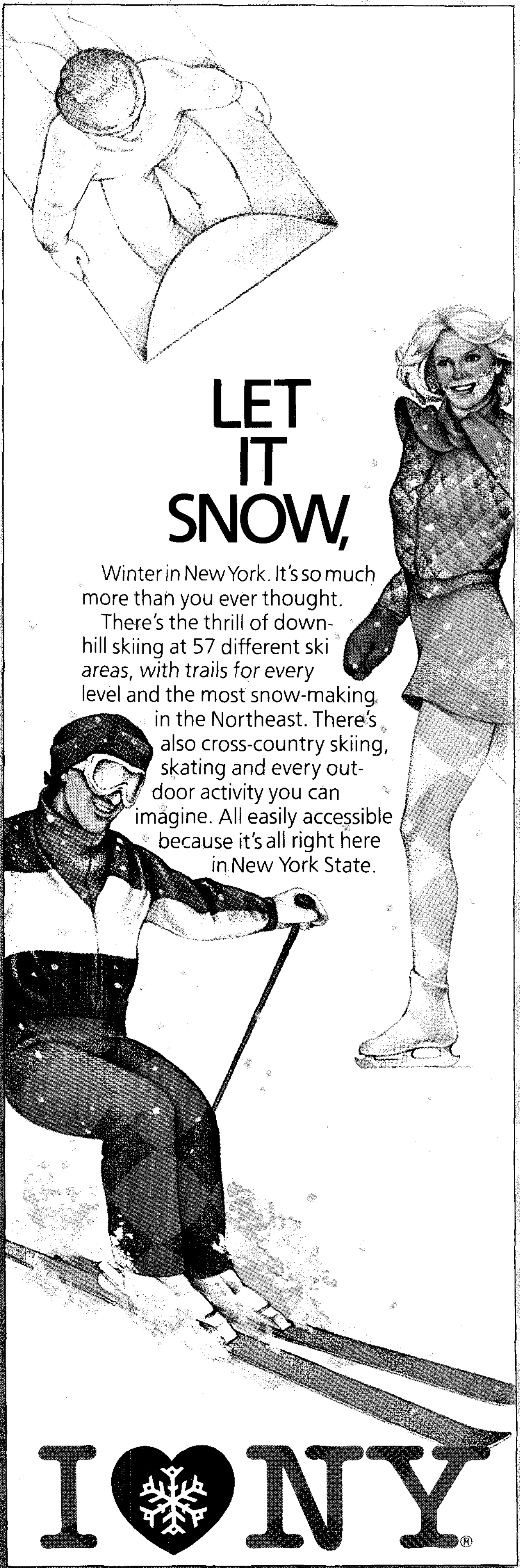
trasting inside fastball, which Darryl bonked into the bullpen; and the slow sweetness of Tom Seaver Day, in July, when the Mets retired his number, 41, with many gifts and glorifications, and Tom responded by walking to the mound and ceremoniously bowing to different sectors of the cheering stands. But through all this, what we old fans mostly did was worry and moan and whimper and carry on (headshakings in the street when we met a fellow-sufferer, or still another late phone call that would begin "What's *wrong* with these guys?"). In mid-August in the West, the Mets lost four in a row to the Giants and the Padres (two were shutouts), and only then, dramatically and almost effortlessly, turned their season around by sweeping three Dodger games as Mookie Wilson, of all people, caught fire at the plate. The cruise from there to October was everything we expected: shutouts or shutdowns by the reanimated starters; Straw *redivivus*, with the homers coming in bunches now; the awesome arrival of the polite, machinelike rookie Gregg Jefferies, who banged line-drive doubles and triples and home runs from both sides of the plate (he was .321, with thirty-five hits and six homers, in his twenty-nine games); Manager Davey Johnson's gratifying ascension into the record books as he became the first National League manager to win ninety or more games in each of his first five years; and the first-place lead suddenly stretching itself like bubble gum—ten games, twelve games, fifteen. We fans, meeting in the office or on the street, or schmoozing on the phone again, were smug at last and, so we thought, out of trouble ("I was never worried—not *seriously*, that is").

AS we know, the Athletics swept the Red Sox in their four-game playoff for the American League championship, but it would be unfair to both teams to let that knowledge make us think that there was anything easy or unbalanced about the series. The opening 2–1 and 4–3 Athletics victories, in Boston, were won in the eighth and the ninth innings, respectively; the Red Sox opened up a five-run lead in the first two innings of Game Three, out in Oakland, and the Athletics' instantaneous response (three homers and six runs in their next two at-bats) probably settled the championship, although



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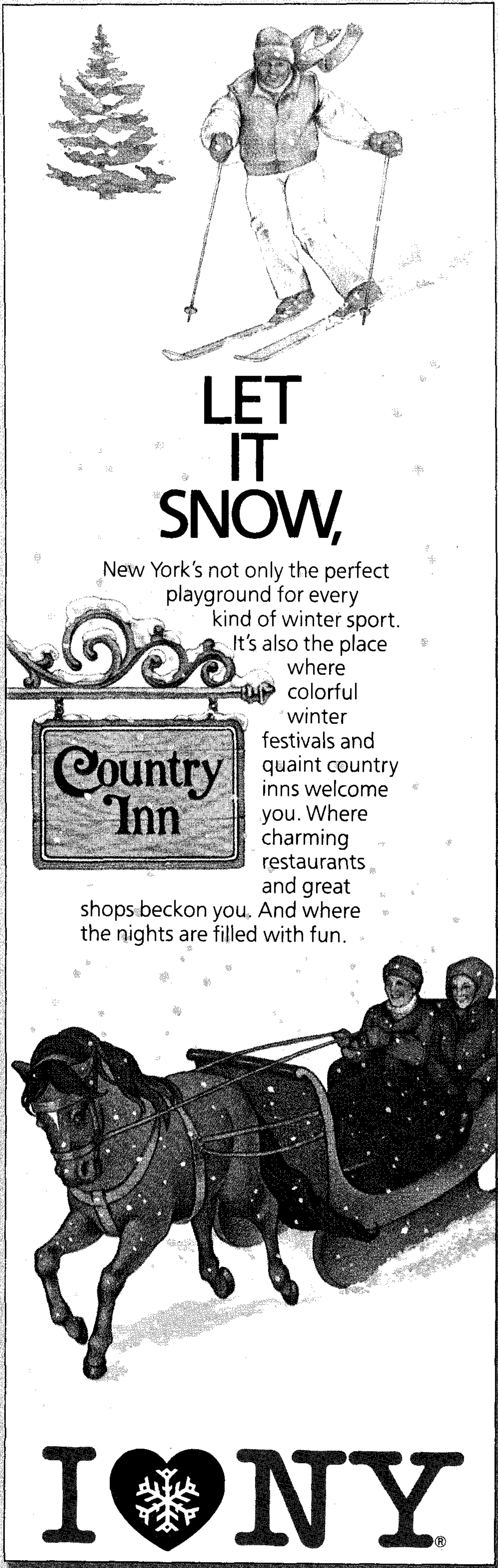

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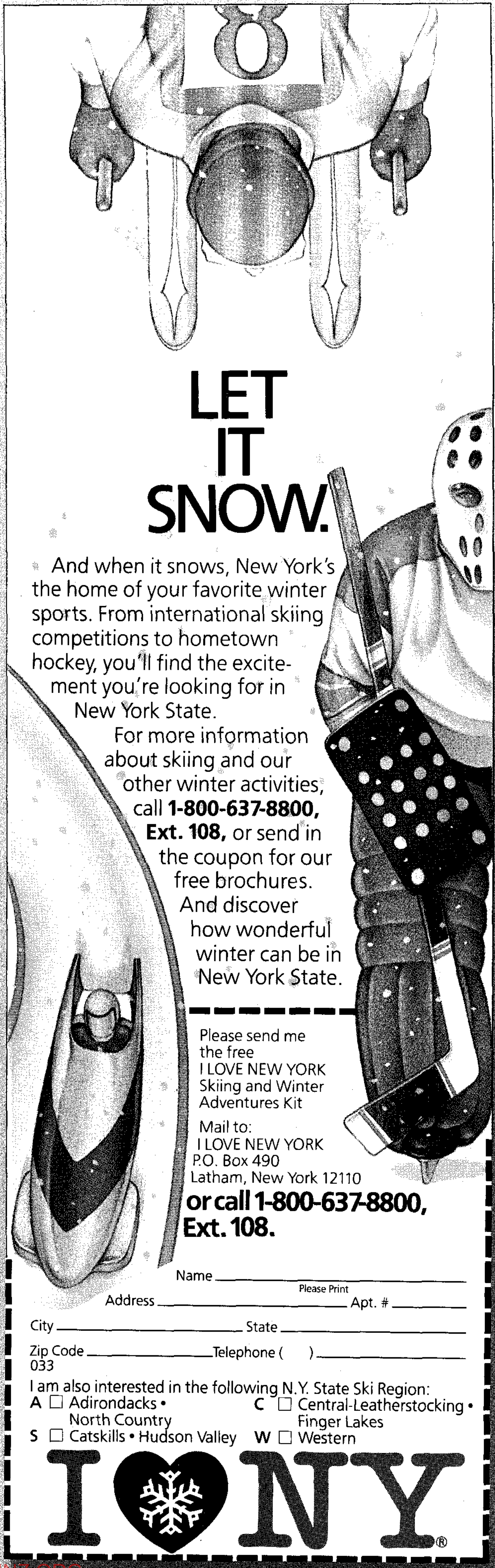

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Boston again trailed by only a run in Game Four as late as the eighth, before its season-ending 4–1 loss. In retrospect, we can see that the Sox were a tired, worn-down team by October (they lost ten of their last eleven games and, in fact, didn't take a game at Oakland all last summer), but they played the Athletics to the hilt. Canseco had a thrilling, dominating series, with three distant downtowners; his two-run blow in the seventh inning of Game Two, which smashed into the nets in the face of a stiff inbound wind, simply demolished Clemens, who had fanned eight Oakland batters and seemed wholly in charge of things. Canseco's massive arms and shoulders can make you overlook his hand speed at the plate; there's almost a blur as bat meets ball, and you peer off down the fairway to pick up the departing white streak. He won the Fenway fans as well. The bleacher hordes there, responding to a recent and wholly unconfirmed report that Jose had built himself up to his freight-car proportions by artificial means, sent out rolling, Welsh-chorus cries of "STE-ROIDS!. . . STERRR-OIDS!" whenever he went back to his post in right field, and he responded with smiles and cheerful shrugs and then with wonderful mimed muscle flexings. He disarmed them.

Eckersley did his thing, too, again and again rushing eagerly in to face his troubles. He pitched in all four games and saved all four, and won the M.V.P. for the playoff. In the eighth inning of the opener, he dismissed the side on seven straight strikes, whiffing Evans along the way on a slithery, sidearmy fling, with his white left shoe flicking out like a tongue before he struck. Then, with the tying and winning Boston runs aboard in the ninth, and the Fens rocking with wild noises, he threw two sinking strikes to Boggs, then a ball, and then fanned him with a jumping cross-seam fastball. "I was shocked," the Eck said afterward. "I don't think I ever struck him out before. I don't think I'll ever strike him out again."

For all this, the player who caught my eye and gave me the most pleasure in these games was Walt Weiss, the young Oakland shortstop. He is tall and lanky, with long arms, and he strides toward a moving ball with wonderful ease and quickness. His glovework is impeccable (Bill Rigney, the senior Oakland baseball adviser—he was an infielder, too—said it was remarkable to him how often the ball seemed to end up in the exact middle of Weiss's glove), and he throws powerfully, with exceptional accuracy. In time, you begin to notice that he is also enjoying himself out there, sometimes with a dancing, wrong-foot flip as he darts to his right, or else by timing his routine pegs to first so that the ball *just* beats the runner. He makes the game a game. It took me a while, though, before I began to see what it is that seems to set Weiss apart from other practitioners at the hard position. Wherever he finds himself in mid-play, and however tangled or overstretched his legs may be, his shoulders are square to first base when he comes up with the ball, ready to throw; he is in balance, and the situation is already under control. Mark Belanger used to convey this same chamber-music impression, as I recall. Frank Cashen, who watched the young Belanger come up through the Baltimore system, shook his head after he had his first good look at Weiss, in the second game of the World Series. "He showed me everything there is to show about playing the position, all in that one game," he said.

Weiss, who is twenty-four, grew up in Rockland County, just north of New York City. He was called up to the Oakland roster for a quick look late last year, and played so well over a brief sixteen games (they didn't quite believe his .462 batting average—he switch-hits—in that stretch; his .250 this summer is more like it) that the front office felt free to trade away the valuable incumbent, Alfredo Griffin, to the Dodgers in an exchange that brought the team a much-needed starting pitcher, Bob Welch. Griffin is a classy fellow, and when he saw how Weiss was doing in his exams he predicted to the Oakland coaches that he himself would be trade bait in the winter. "If you do it," he said, "you'll still have the best shortstop in the American League."

GIFT WRAPPING

Up in Boston, Weiss rattled a double off the left-field wall in the first game and also saved a run with a diving stop that kept Gedman's rocketed single from getting though. The next day, he singled up the middle against Lee Smith in the ninth inning, to drive in the game-winner. He was subdued and low-key in the clubhouse afterward, and gave the same answer to the same question from a dozen or two reporters, who had begun to notice that he seemed—well, in control: "I don't feel like a rookie."

The happiest Boston pitcher to get into the action at Fenway Park was Clif Keane, a retired seventy-six-year-old beat-writer from the *Globe*, who covered the Red Sox for thirty-three years and earned the Gold Needle Award year after year for his celebrated zingers. (Once he told Don Baylor that whenever he made a peg in from the outfield the umps invoked the infield-fly rule. Once he wrote that Sox shortstop Don Buddin should be granted an "E-6" license plate. And so forth.) Clif was invited to throw out the first ball before Game Two—a wonderful choice—and a few innings later he turned up in the press box and stood behind my chair for a while, watching the game. "Been down icing my arm," he murmured after a moment. "I threw him a slider away, and I thought it might go right by him—that Gedman's not all that good a catcher." He looked tough and glittery, as usual, but he didn't fool me. Then he said, "You know, that was my first pitch since 1924."

THE National League championship, captured by the Dodgers, ran seven games (at times, it felt more like seventy) but of necessity must be treated in terse, un-Tolstoyan fashion here. The Dodgers, it will be recalled, suffered a shocking reversal in the opener, out at Dodger Stadium, when Gary Carter's little ninth-inning, two-out bloop to center field could not quite be gloved by the onrushing John Shelby, and two runs came galloping home (McReynolds made it all the way

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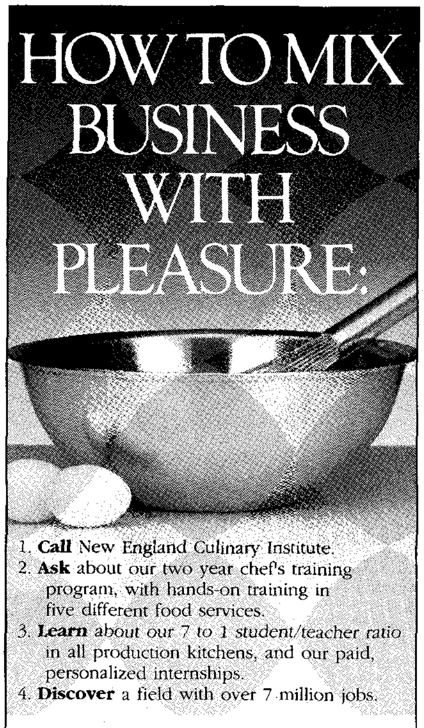
from first), for the 3–2 win. Hershiser, who had started, of course, put up eight more goose eggs before Strawberry's R.B.I. double ended this parenthetical continuation of his shining string. Matters were briskly rebalanced the next evening, when the Dodgers batted around against David Cone in the second inning and waltzed to an easy 6–3 decision. Cone, who had said (or permitted to be said) some demeaning things about the Dodger pitching in a ghosted column in the *News*, got his ears burned as he made his departure—in plenty of time for his next deadline, as the ABC television trio reminded us.

The middle segment, in New York, was more "Macbeth" than baseball—a prolonged, glowery drama played out on the blasted heath of Shea, where storms and deathblows, damaged heroes and lofty rulers took their turns upon the stage and departed, leaving the players and the audience exalted or accursed, and starved for sleep. Something like that, anyway. A full autumn gale postponed Game Three and, on the drizzly, icy morrow, produced vivid and memorable images: Kirk Gibson losing his footing on the rain-sodden turf in left field but somehow staying aloft through three long, sliding steps as he flung out his glove and pulled in Mookie Wilson's drive; and Keith Hernandez stumbling on the base paths and then, imitating by turns a sunstroke victim, a swimmer, a turtle, a supplicant, and a corpse as he scrabbled toward third, at last falling still, inches short of the bag. Dodger misplays prolonged the inning, however, and allowed the Mets back in the game against Hershiser ("OR-EL! . . . ORR-ELLLL!" came the plainsong), whose successors gave up the lead, and then the game (it was 8–4, Mets), as the home side scored five times with two out in the eighth. This was the moment of the great pine-tar crisis: a newsy little knot of jurisprudence that began when presiding ump Harry Wendelstedt, responding to a complaint from the Mets bench, peered at Jay Howell's glove like a restaurant inspector and then ruled both mitt and player off the field because of the presence of the foreign substance on the glove. Howell, the Dodgers' No. 1 bullpen stopper all year, admitted to a technical infraction (the "foreign substance" clause is directed against slippery stuff—K-Y Jelly is an ancient favorite—that permits pitchers to



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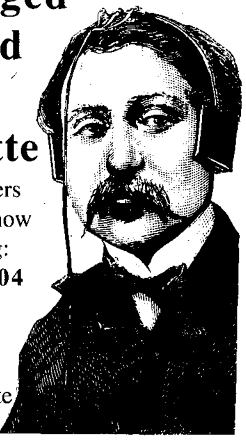

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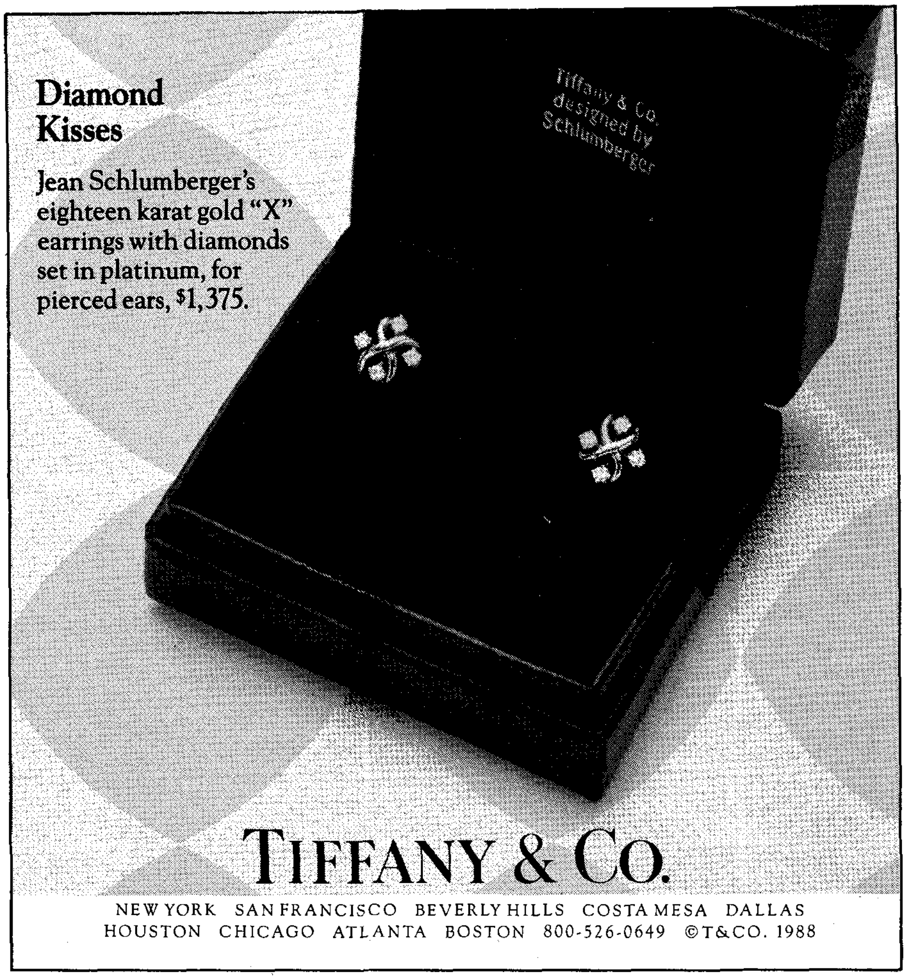
throw the forbidden spitball), but said that the dab of pine-tar stickum, transferred to the fingers of his pitching hand, was simply to help him grip the ball on a cold and sloppy day. League President Giamatti, finding no other option in the rulebook, suspended Howell for three full games (through the end of the playoffs, that is) but later knocked one day off the sentence, in the interests of fairness and the Lasorda arteries. Most of the players, including many Mets, came down on the pitcher's side ("We're not choirboys. Win or lose, we both should be able to do it with our best," Hernandez said), while the crestfallen Howell, to his credit, comported himself with calm through the immoderate fuss. As it happened, neither the sentence nor its remission played any part in the ensuing games (the Dodgers won, I mean), and we can leave the matter there.

Swing games—the first, third, and fifth—generally tell the story in a long series, but it was Game Four that altered everything this time. Not only did it bring the Dodgers even, in thrilling—no, astounding—fashion, but it meant that the teams would return to Los Angeles, and, most tellingly, that the New York nine could face Hershiser twice more. The Mets, it may be recalled, had appeared to have October safely in hand after Strawberry and McReynolds smacked home runs on successive at-bats against Tudor, and Gooden, breezing along on a three-hitter, went out to pitch the ninth with a 4–2 lead. He walked Shelby, then threw a poorish delivery that Mike Scioscia, the Dodger catcher, lofted into the Mets bullpen, to tie the game. I had been sitting with friends in the right-field mezzanine—a place of lions-vs.-Christians conviviality after the Mets had gone ahead—but I had made my way back to the press box by this time, and when the Scioscia blow went out I was struck with a dazing, Hillerich & Bradsby sense of déjà-vu: a return to the moment, late in September of 1987, when the Cardinals' third baseman, Terry Pendleton, tied up a vital, seemingly safe 4–2 Mets win with a ninth-inning homer that changed everything—turned the season on its heel, so to speak, and sent it off in a different direction. Every New York writer had exactly the same reaction (*Uh-oh: here we go again*), and so did everyone in the Mets dugout. It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took a lot longer this time—well into the morning, in fact—before our fears were borne out, but the way of it wasn't all that surprising: a Kirk Gibson homer over the right-center-field fence in the twelfth. The Mets scratched back, reflexively and wearily, and had moved the tying run up to third when the last Dodger reliever came on (it was Hershiser, of all people) and retired McReynolds for the final out. At breakfast, later that morning, still only half accepting what had happened, I studied my overscribbled scorecard once again and checked the box score in the papers to find the official elapsed time of the game (four hours and twenty-nine minutes), and only then saw that the Lasorda Full Employment Program had given work to twenty-one players (seven of them pitchers) in the long night shift.

Tottering back for the second game of the day's doubleheader (a noontime event, since the teams would have to resume in Los Angeles the next evening), I blearily watched the visitors run up a 6–0 mid-game lead against Sid Fernandez (there was a three-run homer by Gibson in there) and, winning by 7–4, pack up for home, ahead in the championship at last. They had begun to lean on the Mets a little (they had scored the first runs in all five games), and I noticed that some movements and mannerisms of theirs, along with their ways of winning, had begun to impinge on my consciousness as well. (This peculiar business, an involuntary Polaroid camera popping away inside our heads, is often a useful indicator of the coming winner in a hard series.) By now, I could recognize Hershiser's odd little tuckup of his lifted front foot behind his right knee in mid-motion, and his languid, limp-glove manner of sweeping in his catcher's return peg of the ball after still another strikeout; Tom Lasorda's jiggly, overstuffed-basket look as he comes up the dugout steps and starts for the mound again, a load of wet wash headed for the dryer; and backup catcher Rick Dempsey's little mustache, big ears, and hard, precisely drawn small body: another Tintin detective. The Dodgers were vivid talkers as well; there was no bluster to them, if you could overlook the imitable manager's time-worn clubhouse stuff.

"I think we realize we're not the best team in baseball," Dempsey said. "We make a lot of mistakes, but we talk about them afterward. I think you're seeing the maturing of a good young ball club, but the atmosphere here has not been loose. The Mets can break your heart if you give them a chance."

Tim Belcher, the strong young Dodger right-hander, who had just gone seven essential innings in the course of picking up the 7–4 decision, his second win of the playoffs, said, "The Mets are the most dangerous team I've ever seen, here or in the minors. We've been tremendous underdogs—which is a great advantage."

And Kirk Gibson, with his spiky, sweat-dark hair, heavy-whiskered jaw, and pale, unsettling gaze: "I don't know why we win, and I don't think you guys"—the reporters, the media—"do either." And then he seemed to answer himself: "I have this burning desire to play."

The Mets, who had looked middle-aged on the field that afternoon and in their clubhouse as well, showed us the following evening—one more time—why they have been so feared. Kevin McReynolds, the Stealth Bomber, had a big night, with a home run and three other hits—all that was needed, what with David Cone's impatient, blow-away five-hitter, for the 5–1 series-tying win. I had stayed home and watched this, happily enough, by tube, but all the next day I sensed the coming final chapter: some Grimm fable about an improvident, overprivileged child coming unharmed to the last turn of the path out of the forest and finding the wolf there. It was gorier than I had expected. Ron Darling survived a shaky first and then went under as the Mets played their worst inning of the year: two errors, a butchered bunt, four hits, five runs. I turned off the sound but stayed to the end—an easy 6–0 five-hitter for Hershiser—and then turned it on again and heard Lasorda say, "We beat the best team in baseball. Never in my life—"

"Say goodnight, Tom," I said, and went to bed.

KIRK GIBSON'S pinch-hit two-out three-and-two home run that captured Game One of the World Series in such cinematic style is beyond amplification here, while deconstruction (it was whacked against an Eckersley slider—supposedly, but not quite, a slider *away*, etc.) can only make it understandable, make it less. It had all the appurtenances of sports legend except timing: it belonged at the end of an epochal Series, not at the outset of a lesser one, but, again, that is to pick at the shining fabric. Los Angeles fans will always remember Gibson's hobbling, triumphant tour of the bases, but I almost prefer the by now mythic preparations for the moment. Cursing, the maimed hero rouses himself in the clubhouse, late in the game, slowly dresses, stretches, winces. The manager is summoned and given the message: Get someone on in the ninth and I'll bat if you want me. The sounds of fearsome preparation—the crack and thump of practice swings (a clubhouse boy is teeing up the balls on a practice range behind the dugout)—reach his teammates on the bench, and they exchange awed glances. *Can he play? Can you believe this?* A pause, and then the awaited white-clad figure clumps on from the runway, stares out, takes a seat, and pulls on his batting gloves. *Fe fi fo fum:* the giant has entered the great hall. . . .

The deed was astounding but not surprising. In 1984, Gibson, playing for the Tigers, hit two home runs against the Padres in the fifth and deciding game of the World Series, and he had been named the Most Valuable Player in the preceding league playoffs. Last year, he saved the Tigers from extinction in a withering series of pennant-deciding games with the Blue Jays when he tied up a game in the ninth with a homer and then singled in the winning run in the thirteenth. In this year's Series, as we know, he did not reappear after his great moment, but there were some almost serious questions in the press box later that week as to whether one might cast an M.V.P. ballot for a player who had appeared in only one game, for only one at-bat. No, it was agreed—no way. Too much like a movie.

If truth be told, the two other home runs in Game One—Mickey Hatcher's two-run pop into the left-field stands in the first inning and Jose Canseco's grand slam to center in the second—mattered in ways that the Gibson nonpareil did not. Hatcher, batting third in the unfrightening Dodger batting order, reached base in the first inning of all four games that the Dodgers won, twice with singles and then with another virulent two-run homer in the last game. The Dodgers had resumed their leaning, pressing manner of play, in short, and Hatcher, who had managed his lone regular-season home run in a hundred and ninety-one at-bats, had graduated from mascot to epitome. He batted .368 over the five games, bounding around the bases like a Newfoundland broken loose, and in between times you could see him stalking the Dodger dugout in his dirt-smeared uniform, hatless and agitating. Canseco's poke beyond center field, struck against Belcher, was another of his awesome, crowd-silencing line drives, and it was followed by the customary shopping-mall crowdings and congratulatory arm-bashings around home plate. It provided the Oaklands with all their runs in the game and a lead that lasted almost to the end, and I don't imagine that it occurred to anyone on the team until later in that dark, descending week to wonder whether it hadn't been more damaging, all in all, than Hatcher's and Gibson's home runs put together.

But further speculations should be

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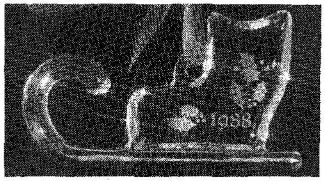

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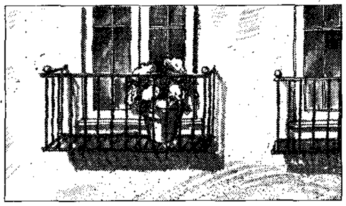

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put aside until we remind ourselves, in pocket-diary form, of the subsequent feats and flow of the Series:

GAME TWO: Hershiser goes dist. in 6–0 three-hitter, matched by boy-hero's own 3 safe blows. LA 5-run third capped by Mike Marshall blast v. ugly pitch by hurler Storm Davis. Oaks in trouble.

GAME THREE: White Feet win, but not much fun for Bay fans or fans of pastime. Tudor starts, then stops: blown-out arm in 2nd. Visitors strand three w. 0 outs in 6th. Draggy pitching duel by rival pens settled, 2–1, by McGwire solo HR in 9th.

GAME FOUR: No Gibson, no Marshall, then no Scioscia, etc., but gritty Dodger scrubs run, hit, run-hit, etc., as Oak IF springs leaks. Killer 4–3 win for Lalas.

GAME FIVE: Orel IV goes IX, nails down classic, V-II, on IV-hitter. Never headed after Hatcher, M. Davis circuit clouts. Heartbreak for young AL maulers. Mgr. Tom a genius. Champagne, hugs, etc. Winter begins.

THE Dodgers won the Series by capitalizing on all the large and small differences between themselves and the Athletics, but there were some affinities between the clubs as well, starting with the presence of so many guys in both dugouts who had worn the opposite uniform. Oakland pitchers Dave Stewart, Rick Honeycutt, and Bob Welch were alumni of Chavez A. & M., while Belcher, Griffin, Howell, and outfielder Mike Davis were recent Oakland chattels. The two teams, in fact, became simultaneously certified as genuine pennant contenders at the same instant last winter, thanks to an adroit trading coup pulled off by their general managers—Fred Claire, of the Dodgers, and Sandy Alderson, of the Athletics. That Welch-for-Howell-and-Griffin move was part of a larger, multi-player, Rotisserie League sort of multiple swap that also delivered the veteran left-handed Mets reliever, Jesse Orosco, to the Dodgers, but it was notable above all because it so neatly filled significant gaps on both clubs. It's rare that one can look back on a trade and say that it won a pennant, but this one won two. Fred Claire, who began in baseball as a newspaperman, was for many years the Dodgers' vice-president for public relations, and for that reason was perhaps taken lightly in the higher echelons of the business and by the media when he ascended, in April, 1987, to the general manager's office, which is the C.E.O. position in baseball. Now that is all over. The Dodgers'—and Claire's—championship has not only returned them to the eminence and

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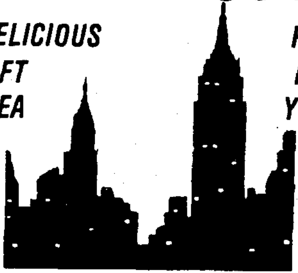

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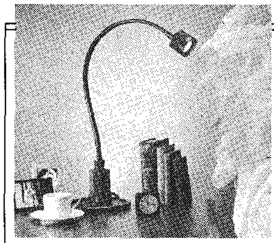

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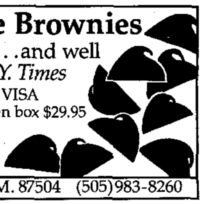

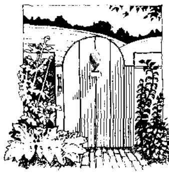

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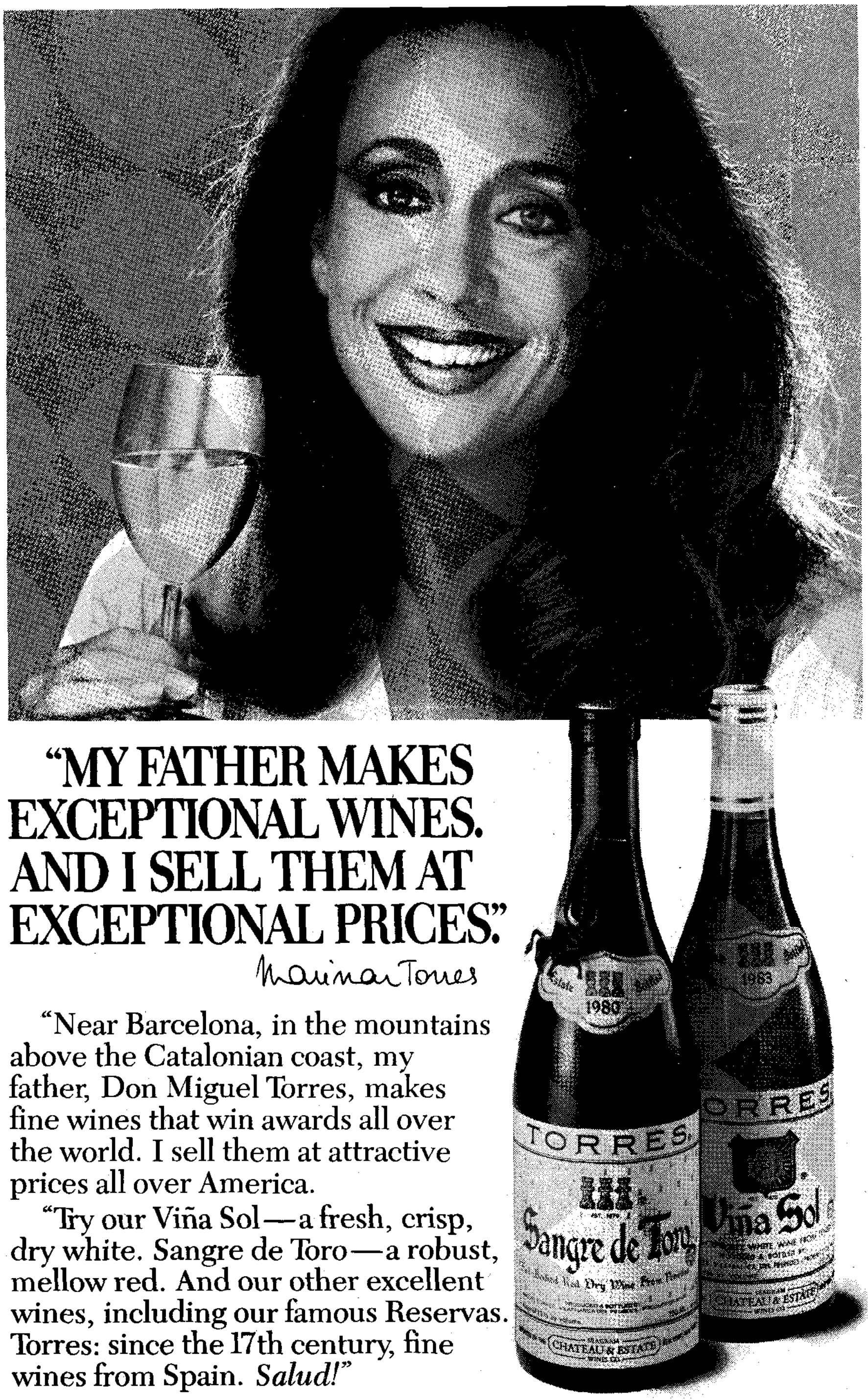
public familiarity they held for almost two generations but restored lustre to the whole Dodger organization, which had fallen into disrepair and disrepute over the past three or four summers.

This Oakland club came perhaps a longer distance from its prior epiphany as the famous yellow-clad, mustachioed, brawling three-time champions of the nineteen-seventies—the Jackson-Bando-Rudi-Fingers-Catfish Hunter-Charlie Finley A's. The present-day Athletics (the name was restored to its Philadelphia parentage two years ago, and the wonderful white-elephant logo resumed as well) are very much the creation of Sandy Alderson, a young Dartmouth-educated lawyer who was brought to the club by its president (now executive v.p.), Roy Eisenhardt, when the Haas family (it owns Levi Strauss) acquired the franchise, in 1980. The club's extensive trading last winter was the kind that teams do when they perceive that they may be within striking distance of a pennant, and it was made possible, as Alderson pointed out to me last spring, by the unexpectedly swift maturing of homegrown stars like Canseco and McGwire and Weiss and catcher Terry Steinbach—which is to say that luck and scouting and an excellent minor-league system all had their parts. Some of the other Alderson ingredients are less evident, perhaps because Alderson himself—he is shy and soft-spoken, with broad shoulders and rimless spectacles: a junior-college soccer coach, one might guess—prefers it that way. The club was able to trade as freely as it did because all but two of its twenty-four-man roster were playing on one-year contracts. The Athletics, like most clubs, relish that combat-platoon mix of old and young players side by side in the lineup—Weiss and Carney Lansford, Eckersley and McGwire, etc. This past winter, the club picked up four useful senior players—second baseman Glenn Hubbard, outfielder Dave Henderson, No. 2 catcher Ron Hassey, and d.h. Don Baylor—at much-reduced prices on the free-agent market, and also swung a trade for the famous old basher Dave Parker, who was signed at a salary well below his exalted prior levels. Some of Alderson's picked-up pieces have become successful reclamation projects, including the sore-armed or sore-psyched pitchers Rick Honeycutt and Storm Davis, and Dave Stewart, the



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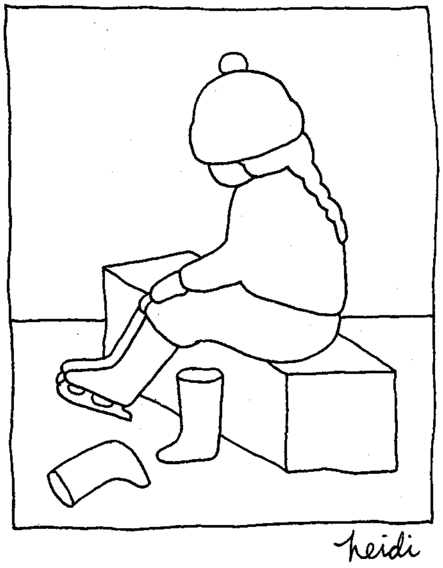
No. 1 starter, who was cut loose by the Dodgers, the Rangers, and the Phillies, in turn, before Alderson brought him aboard, in 1986. The Oakland budget, which ranked eighteenth among the twenty-six clubs two years ago, is probably still among the bottom third in the majors. The club is not averse to spending generously in other sectors—in particular for scouting, managing, and coaching at all levels of the organization. Manager Tony La Russa and his coaches are probably the best-paid staff in either league. Those coaches—Dave Duncan, Rene Lachemann, Jim Lefebvre, Bob Watson, and the rest—are independent, articulate presences on the field and in the clubhouse: senior partners, rather than the old-star, old-buddy handclappers one finds on other benches. La Russa himself has a law degree, and his working style is just about what one might expect: intelligent, well prepared, controlled-intense, consistent, optimistic. He is not addicted to set lineups, and his well-stocked lefty-righty staff of middle-relief men—Nelson, Cadaret, Honeycutt, and Plunk—saw almost equal duty this year. Top to bottom, the Athletics sometimes look like a successful project worked up for a Modern Management assignment at the Harvard Business School, and in this respect they resemble the staffs and philosophies of perhaps half a dozen other clubs in the slowly changing old industry. The Athletics have been prepared to win, as well as one *can* be prepared in a business in which the unforeseen—luck, injuries, human failings, and sudden extraordinary performance, good or bad—plays such a considerable part (as much as forty per cent, in Alderson's estimation). All these factors were visible—you could almost put numbers on their backs—as the Series progressed, which is why it became an absorbing Series, as well as an unlikely one.

Before we hurry along to its final innings and revelations, we should pause for an instant and glimpse the baseball summer's last setting, at a moment when it still held hope for the excited and exemplary Oakland fans—let's say some minutes before the start of Game Three: a beautiful California evening, with the last low sunlight slanting in from behind the third-base side of the stadium, above the pool of shadow that now fills the field, to touch the flagpoles and old-style pennants beyond the outfield fences, the uptilted outer lawns and planted circles of yellow flowers, and, farther up, the bleachers and the bleacher faces. Japanese fish kites, alive with color, swirl and twist from girders of the light towers, and, above *that*, the same glowing, Impressionist sun paints another fish—the fat, low-hovering Goodyear blimp—gold on one side and deepening night on the other. The lights are lit and have begun to have their way, dispersing evening on the field. Enormous waves of noise swerve and roll about the amphitheatre—the grumble of circling small planes, the crowd roarings ("BEAT L.A.! BEAT L.A.! BEAT L.A.!"), the rocking thump of some terrific local-favorite song over the speakers (the Rolling Stones' "Start Me Up;" or "Bop City," by Tower of Power; or Bobby McFerrin's "Don't Worry, Be Happy")—and then the mikes suddenly go still, for the coming ceremonies and the introductions. Down to one side of the home dugout, Walter Haas, the team owner, takes off his blazer and looks at the white, shiny-new ball in his hands. He has decided to do this the right way, from the mound, for this moment has been a long time coming. Let it begin.

THE beginnings were fine: Walter Haas used the rosin bag out there, and got a great reception, and Bob Welch, his successor for the Athletics, was jittery and intense, sombre under his low-pulled cap, as is his way, but tough in the early going. He gave up a walk and a couple of singles in three innings but struck out six Dodgers along the way. In the second, the Dodgers' Tudor departed, miserably clutching his left elbow, and the bottom of the Oakland order quickly brought a run around—the first Oakland early lead all week. In the sixth, Welch went, too—hooked with the score tied at one apiece—and there was a massed forty-nine-thousand-plus sigh of relief (a WHAAOWWW!) when the Dodgers got nothing out of their three-on-and-no-outs situation. The crowd noises grew murmurous and edgy and pleading as the game wore along, for the hitting, it was suddenly clear, had gone away somewhere—particularly from the top of the order. The two bullpens pitched on implacably, head to head, Mathewsons by committee—Leary and Peña and Howell for the visitors; Cadaret and Nelson and Honeycutt for the home side—but the boring little crisis persisted. When McGwire came up to bat with one out in the bottom of the ninth (it was still 1–1), the four-man front of the Oakland batting order stood at oh-for-fifteen for the evening, and McGwire and Canseco had a collective one-for-twenty-one—the Canseco slam—for the Series so far. Jay Howell was pitching, and worked the count to two-and-two. "C'mon!" Tony La Russa said in the dugout along about here. "We've put the ball in the air enough. Let's have a couple of line drives." But then McGwire put one more ball in the air: a home run over the center-field fence.



The moment was exquisite—McGwire took one step and dropped his bat in wonder, his arms apart—and in the postgame interviews and recapitulations La Russa's plea was repeated as a joke, a nifty irony, of the Book of Yogi "In baseball, you don't know nothing" variety. But Manager Tony knew something, and so did we all by this time, I think. The Oakland offense, happily celebrated for its run-making explosions and those congratulatory arm-bashings around home throughout the summer, had begun to look muscle-bound and forgetful: not quite able to summon up the lesser improvisations and necessities that produce modest runs, one by one, when they are most needed—in a short Series, say, when the other team has begun to squeeze you with tough pitching and early scoring. The Oaklands knew all this, to be sure, for they had been endlessly trained in situation hitting, and even prided themselves on being able to play that sort of baseball. It's hard, though, to play both ways at

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the same time, and the ancient, almost Biblical temptation to think *The hell with it—swing away!* can take over a club very quickly, even when it knows better. Banging the ball is all very well in the course of a season, when its long-term compensations can make up for all those sky-high pop-ups and broken bats and strikeouts and oh-fers that go along with back-leg cuts at the ball, but it cannot be hurried along. Even the home-team fans sensed this, as one startling banner bore witness: "No More Mood Swings."

Game Four, one might say, was lost by the Athletics in the first three innings, when mistakes—a walk, a passed ball, an error by Hubbard, and an error by Weiss (it was his first since July 8th)—allowed the Dodgers to run up an early 3–1 lead, but that is to put things the wrong way around. The visitors won the game in classic fashion, by using both their strengths and their weaknesses to produce a victory. Without power to rely upon or wait for, Tom Lasorda sent his runners at every opportunity, and the Dodger banjo-hitters responded almost impeccably. Hatcher's first-inning hit-and-run single was stroked to the right side of the field, moving Steve Sax along to third, from where he scored on the passed ball. The game-winning run, in the seventh, was concocted out of a walk, a chopped single up the middle by Sax, moving the runner to third, and then another little hit-and-run that allowed Sax to beat the force at second (by a hair) and avert the double play, as the run came home. Minimal stuff, but deadly under the circs. Mike Marshall sat out the game with a lame back, and when Scioscia twisted a knee while attempting to steal in the fourth inning he, too, was forced out of action. The remaining charity-case lineup of fill-ins and role-players had collectively accounted for a total of ten home runs throughout the regular season (as the NBC analysts endlessly reminded their audience), but the impoverishment merely confirmed the Dodgers in their classic game plan. By now, the tattered nine had begun to remind me of old What's-His-Name, of Greek mythology, who gained strength whenever he was knocked to the ground in battle, because the earth was his mother. To be sure, the Dodger pitching—Belcher and then Howell again—was far from feeble, and the lessons it imposed on the Oakland hitters were devastating. Mark McGwire, coming up to bat in the seventh with the bases loaded, swung impatiently and mightily at Howell's first pitch, an outside fastball, and popped to first, ending the inning. Canseco, up in the ninth with the tying run aboard, tried to pull a Howell slider—a big breaking ball, almost in the dirt—and struck out. (The two young sluggers batted .059 and .053 for the Series, with one hit, each a famous homer, apiece.) Howell had his save and his reward at long last.

Earlier on, Rick Dempsey, who had played in two previous World Series, for the Orioles (he was the M.V.P. in the 1983 Orioles-Phillies affair), said some useful things about the steely sort of thinking that often wins important games, and they came back to me now. "You have to play this game right," he said. "You have to think right. You're not trying to pull the ball all the time. You're not thinking, Hey, we're going to kill them tomorrow—because that may not happen. You're not looking to

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Tony La Russa, murmuring in his office on the following evening, after the Dodgers had won the World Series, said exactly the same thing: "They played this game right. They deserved it."

HERSHISER had the last word. He closed down the Athletics, 5–2, on a four-hitter, to end the season and bring the Dodgers their unexpected championship, and we must entertain the possibility that because of him the Dodgers might have won this Series in any case, even if the Athletics had played them in more mature fashion. Hershiser was the Most Valuable Player, of course. People who watched the post-season games on television probably had a better view of his pitching style and stuff than I did, from my distant perch, and they know his essentials. He doesn't blow batters away. He is not a dominator—a Bob Gibson, a Mike Scott—but prevails because of his absolute control of his overhand curveball, his hard sinker, and the moving four-seam fastball (sometimes delivered almost sidearm), which he can crank up into mid-ninety-m.p.h. range now and then. He is a model—coaches and scouts and managers cite his beautiful "mechanics": the compact flow and ease of his delivery, pitch after pitch—and I think this perfection would seem chilling or irritating to watch if it weren't for his occasional boyish smile, his turned-up nose, and his habit of tipping back his head in mid-delivery, like a Little Leaguer reaching back for a real hard one. He can be charming off the field, and he is self-possessed at all times, as I discovered after the Series, when I switched on the Carson show one evening and found him in the first-guest slot. When Johnny asked him if it was true that he sometimes sang bits of hymns in the

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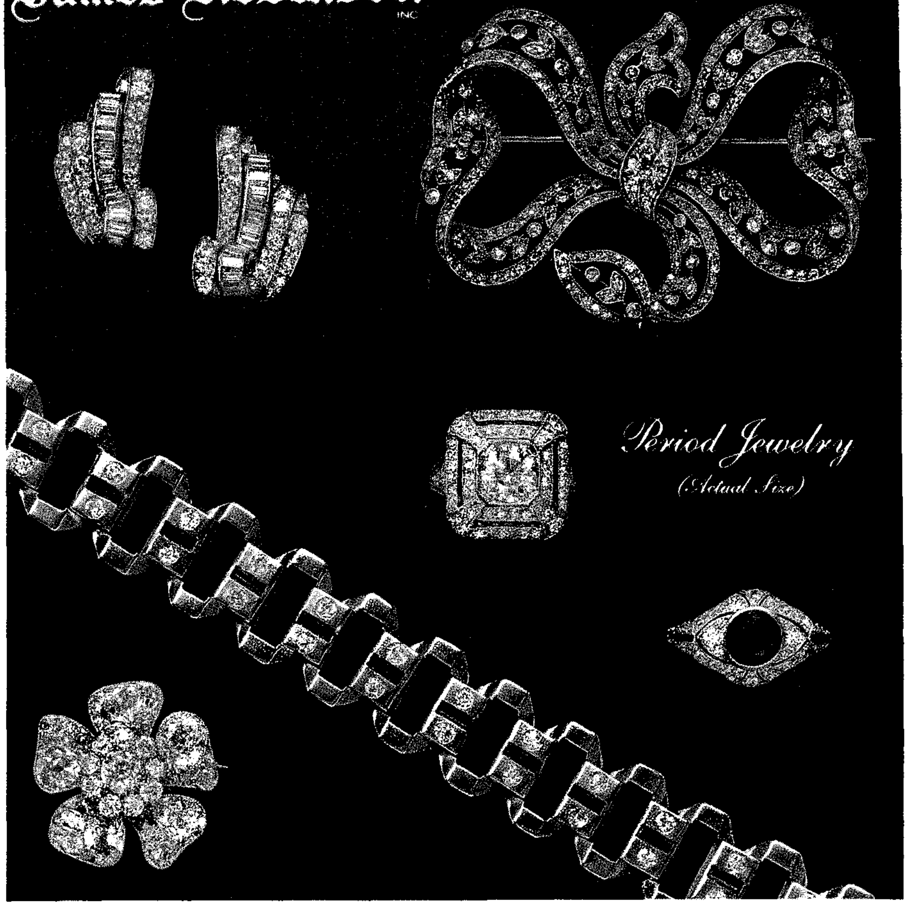

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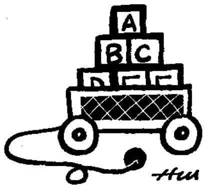
dugout to calm himself between innings, and, if so, which hymns, Hershiser closed his eyes and, a cappella, sang "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow" right through, start to finish, and on key. Another shutout. He is, moreover, the only major-league player with two successive possessive pronouns in his name.

But let's not be fooled. It's cold in there, as everyone who played against Orel Hershiser this summer came to understand. Good big-league batters prosper because they have learned to wait for counts and situations; after a couple of at-bats in a game, they can see which deliveries aren't working for the man out there on a particular day, and they know they won't have to think about seeing one of them at the plate on the three-and-one or three-and-two counts. They have bettered their chances. Hershiser has done away with all that. As Oakland pitching coach Dave Duncan remarked during the Series, he kept a full deck in every game; whatever the situation, the batters could not eliminate any one of his pitches. Duncan was a Cleveland catcher in 1974, when Gaylord Perry ran off a famous string of fifteen consecutive victories for the Indians, and he said that Hershiser's toughness and his great instinct about how each batter was adjusting as the game flowed along reminded him powerfully of Perry. "Sustained excellence is keeping your concentration—not letting anything, *not even your own success*, change you or bother you," he said.



Ron Schueler, an Oakland scout, mentioned this same power of sustainment. He and his fellows scouted the Dodgers for many weeks this summer and, in Hershiser's case, found very little nourishment. "He was ahead in the count all summer," Schueler said.

Rick Dempsey went further: "He's the best—the best I've ever caught or ever seen, in twenty-two years. What else can I say?"

Orel did not come suddenly to success. His mild obscurity before this sunburst summer is perhaps attributable to his 16–16 and 14–14 won-lost figures over the past two seasons, when he was pitching for Dodger teams with appalling defensive liabilities, but in 1985 his combination of 19–3 and 2.03 was second only to Doc Gooden's blazing 24–4 and 1.53. His dogged work habits and his concentration seem to have grown almost incrementally as he has progressed (he turned thirty in September). Dr. Frank Jobe, a team physician, told reporters that Hershiser worked harder at the Dodgers' state-of-the-art conditioning program than anyone else on the club, and that his endurance and success this year could almost be explained right there. Hershiser also keeps a file of videos of all his pitching performances (most big-league hurlers do this now), and enters his notes and data on enemy hitters in a computer, which he consults in preparing game notes on a card—a "cheat sheet," in the parlance—that he carries in his hip pocket during the game.

Like some other reporters, I found all this a little bloodless. Often in the clubhouse during the Series, we made efforts to break Orel down a bit—to find out how he was feeling about his amazing run of success, and whether he was enjoying himself at all in the process—but he resisted us. "I'm not paying attention to these games when I'm away from the field," he said at one point. "I don't read the papers about them or watch TV much. If I did, I might find myself getting carried away and thinking, This is great, and, wow, isn't this fun? But I don't want those feelings right now. I want an attitude of intensity and an attitude of competitiveness. I want tunnel vision."

I persisted, and asked if he wasn't afraid he might be missing something along the way, some of the joy of it, and he seemed to relent by a fraction.

"I do have a private tape in my head," he said. "When it's over and I watch all this, I'll know exactly what I was feeling and exactly what it was like. And this is going to be one long highlight film. It's going to be an epic."

Professional players, even our favorites, recede from us because of the extraordinary demands of their trade, and I think the distance is growing, much as we wish it otherwise. We want them to be better than we are, but also just like us—imperfect, fitful in their capabilities, great guys. We want them to fail now and then, the way the rest of us do so often, or even to succeed sometimes for the wrong reasons. We want them within reach. Just after the Series was over, Hershiser, heavily attended, was walking through a passage from the interview room at the Oakland Coliseum (the story is already a classic) when an Oakland fan called out, "You were lucky, Hershiser!"

Orel didn't look around, but he heard the line and then answered it, mostly to himself: "Oh, yeah? Grab a bat."

IT'S tough being a fan. During the fifth game of the World Series, I sat with friends behind the Oakland dugout, in a sector occupied by front-office people and their families and deeply encircled by season-ticket holders and serious, many-season followers of the team. It was noisy and convivial and wildly hopeful there at the start, and everyone stood up and clapped and cheered whenever the Athletics came off the field in mid-innings, but, as we know, there wasn't anything much in the game to feel good about once Hershiser had settled into stride. By the sixth inning or so, the look of sadness and shock on the faces around me made me wish I were somewhere else. I felt bad about the Athletics, too, for, as I have said, they were the third team that I cared about—a focus of attachments and watchfulness—and, like the others, they were shot down before my eyes this year. Three favorites is excessive, I understand, but the pain I felt as the Athletics went under was real enough, and it only brought back what I had felt about the Red Sox and, particularly, about the Mets when they lost in the playoffs. For some reason, the burden of loss seemed sharper and deeper this year than ever before, as I kept hearing from great numbers of fan friends after the Mets foundered. One woman told me that she planned to be less involved next year—to try to care less, no matter what the Mets did—because she had to guard herself against such glooms. A couple I know—intense, day-to-day Mets persons—said that they hadn't been able to exchange a word about the Mets' end for more than a week after the event. I understood, for that had been my own response, or defense, as well. I blotted them out.

Dodger supporters have a feast of sights and moments and splendid conclusions—movie memories—to carry them forward into the coming season, and there is some warmth for us all in that, I suppose. Mostly, though, we fans must do without. We are help-

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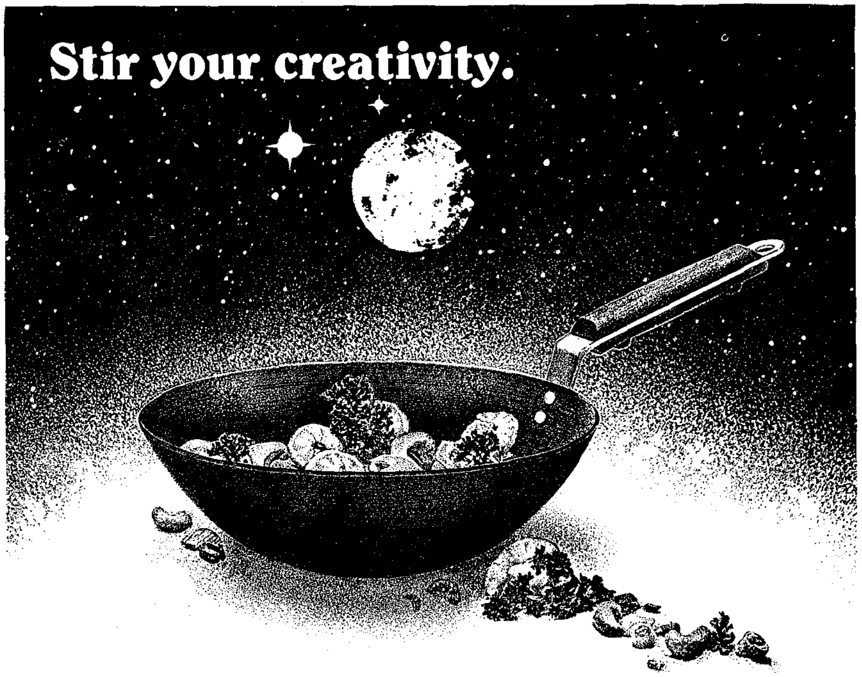

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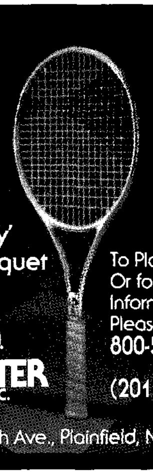

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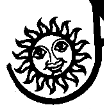

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less. We can't grab a bat, and our possessive screamings and pleadings don't alter the events of the games by a single inning or out. Not belonging or not caring would be unthinkable, however, so I have concluded that we can only try to protect ourselves a little along the way. I think each of us—and I am talking about serious fans here: partisans and madmen, not the great mass of idle, opportunistic summer soldiers who take up the team or the pastime for a week or a month at a time—each of us should begin to emulate the ant rather than the grasshopper, for what is certain, or *almost* certain, is that winter will come. Twenty-five teams will lose next year, and I suggest that their rooters and belongers should prepare for that by selecting a particular moment—a game, an inning or two, a couple of plays, possibly a whole week—from their team's summer and holding it in memory, a keepsake against winter. Call it the Shining Hour.

Some of the moments I have already mentioned here would certainly do the job: any evening of the Red Sox' great July and August winning streak at Fenway Park, for instance; or Dave Winfield's trick of getting all the way from first to third when an outfielder isn't quite paying attention; or Darryl Strawberry's strange little hop with his right foot as he settles into the batter's box; or a Walt Weiss deep throw devouring the distance to the first baseman's glove and getting there, beautifully, *in* time; or Tony Gwynn dropping the end of his bat, wandlike, on an inside pitch and guiding the ball safely and neatly into short right center; and so on. There are countless photo opportunities in our game, even in the no-hope territories of the standings, as fans out there know, if they will only make themselves remember.

My own Shining Hour, I have decided, was the final Friday Mets game of the season—a meaningless affair against the Cardinals, at a time when the Mets were on their last great roll, in overdrive. Shea was full and roaring, and a lot of the yelling and clapping and carrying on seemed anticipatory: an early celebration of the playoffs, now just days away, and the Mets' triumphs to come. Our boys led the league in just about everything: runs, homers, R.B.I.s, strikeouts, earned-run average—you name it. We were only there to tie up some loose ends—to watch David Cone (with that down-

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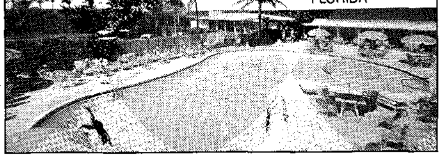

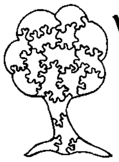

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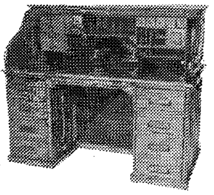

the-nose stare and the flicking, effortless strikeouts) sweep up his twentieth win of the season, which he did, and to help Kevin McReynolds and Darryl Strawberry each climb over the one-hundred-R.B.I. barrier. Straw did his part, when he scored from first base—great baserunning, Straw!—on Kevin's double to right in the second, bringing McReynolds to ninety-nine. Then, in the fifth, we were given two splendiferous fielding plays within instants of each other, two blue-plate Mets specials. Keith Hernandez, charging from first, again devoured a bunt on the third-base side of the diamond and again threw out the foolishly advancing runner at third base; and then McReynolds, scooping up McGee's popped single to left, smoothly pivoted and threw on a line to erase another sliding runner at the same base: *Yes!*

The Mets won, and the Shining Hour continued, if that is permitted, into Sunday afternoon. I wasn't at that game, but I had to make a stop at Shea to pick up a press-parking permit for the coming championship games. I got there about the middle of the game and parked just outside the main gate, leaving my wife in the car, with the radio going. The Mets were already ahead, comfortably on their way to their hundredth victory (Strawberry had taken care of his necessity with a two-run homer in the first inning), and the sounds of jubilation spilled out of the great building as I hurried to the press gate: the joint was jumping. I ascended to the press box, completed my errand, and paused for just an instant, to take a last gander at the season: the Mets up, 5–0 (somebody told me that Ron Darling had already tripled and singled in the game), and Hernandez just stepping up to bat. I took my leave, heading down the empty ramps—it was odd to be leaving a game so early—and then there came an explosion of shouting followed by long, sustained waves of applause, and I knew that Keith had parked one. I was halfway back to the car when the same sounds came again, only louder and longer this time. The air was electric with happiness. I hurried along, and my wife gave me the news even before I got behind the wheel. "Straw hit another!" she exclaimed.

"I *knew* it," I said. "Oh, these guys are something right now. You'll see—just wait."

—ROGER ANGELL

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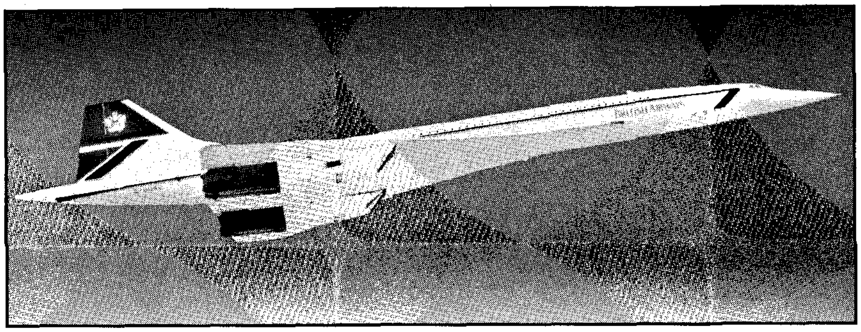

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PERSONAL HISTORY

PARADISE

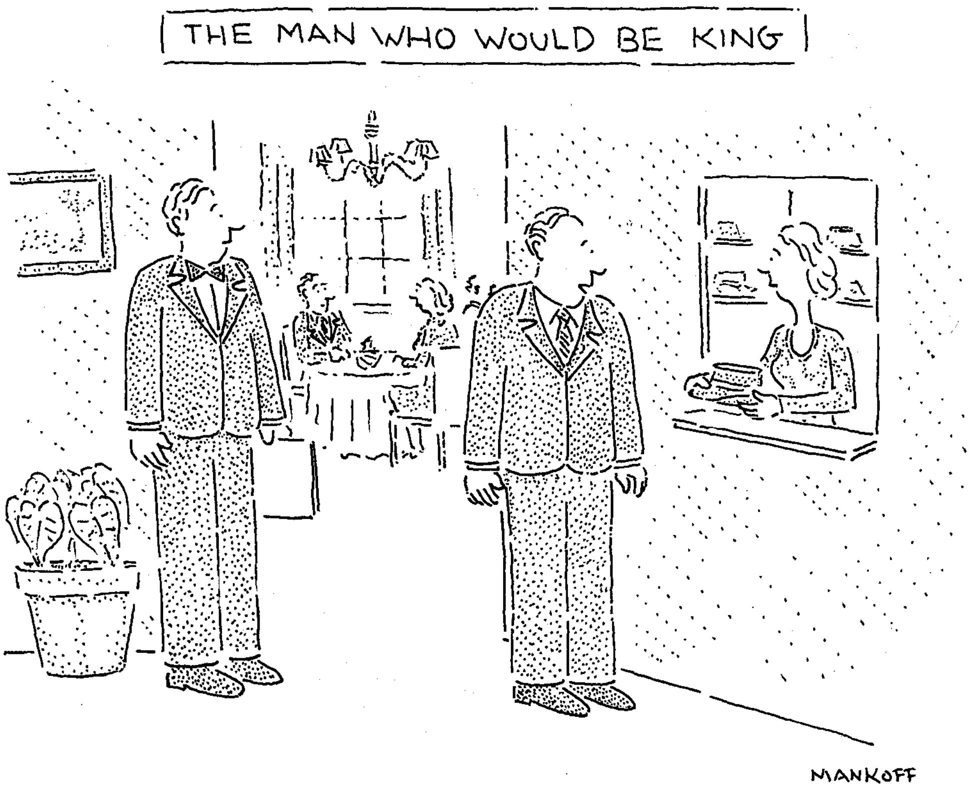
IT is April, 1959, I'm standing at the railing of the Batory's upper deck, and I feel that my life is ending. I'm looking out at the crowd gathered on shore to see the ship's departure—a crowd that, all of a sudden, is irrevocably on the other side—and I want to break out, run back, toward the familiar excitement, the waving hands, the exclamations. We can't be leaving all this behind—but we are. I am thirteen, and we are emigrating. It's a notion of such crushing, definitive finality that to me it might as well mean the end of the world.

My sister, four years younger than I, is clutching my hand wordlessly; she hardly understands where we are, or what is happening to us. My parents are highly agitated: they have just been put through a body search by the Gdynia customs police, probably as a farewell gesture of anti-Jewish harassment. Still, the officials weren't clever enough, or suspicious enough, to check my sister and me—lucky for us, since we are both carrying some silverware we were not allowed to take out of Poland, in large pockets sewn onto our skirts specifically for this purpose, and hidden under large sweaters.

When the brass band on the shore strikes up the jaunty mazurka rhythms of the Polish anthem, I am pierced by a sorrow so powerful that I suddenly stop crying and try to hold still against the pain. I desperately want time to stop, to hold the ship still with the force of my will. I am suffering my first, severe attack of *tesknota*—a word that adds to "nostalgia" a Polish tonality of intense melancholy yearning. It is a feeling whose shades and degrees I'm destined to know intimately, but at this hovering moment it comes upon me like a visitation from a whole new geography of emotions, an annunciation of how much an absence can hurt. Or a premonition of absence, because at this divide I'm filled to the brim with what I'm about to lose—images of Kraków, which I loved as one loves a person, of the sunbaked villages where we had taken summer vacations, of the hours I spent poring over passages of music with my piano teacher, of conversations and escapades with friends. Looking ahead, I come upon an enormous, cold blankness—a darkening, an erasure of the imagination, as if a camera eye had snapped shut, or as if a heavy curtain had been pulled over the future. Of the place where we're going—Canada—I know nothing. There are vague outlines of half a continent, a sense of vast spaces and little habitation. When my parents were hiding in a branch-covered forest bunker during the war, my father had a book with him called "Canada Fragrant with Resin," which, in his horrible confinement, spoke to him of majestic wilderness, of animals roaming without being pursued, of freedom. That is partly why we are going there, rather than to Israel, where most of our Jewish friends have gone. But to me "Canada" has ominous echoes of "Sahara." No, my mind rejects the idea of being taken there. I don't want to be pried out of my childhood, my pleasures, my safety, my hopes for becoming a pianist. The Batory pulls away, the foghorn sounding its lowing, shofar sound, but my being is engaged in a stubborn refusal to move. My parents put their hands on my shoulders consolingly; for a moment, they allow themselves to acknowledge that there's pain in this departure, much as they wanted it.

Many years later, at a party in New York, I met a woman who told me that she had had an enchanted childhood. Her father was a highly positioned diplomat in an Asian country, and she lived surrounded by sumptuous elegance, the courtesy of servants, and the delicate advances of older men. No wonder, she said, that when this part of her life came to an end, at thirteen, she felt she had been exiled from Paradise, and had been searching for it ever since.

No wonder. But the wonder is what you can make a paradise out of. I told her that I grew up in a lumpen apartment in Kraków, squeezed into three rudimentary rooms with four other people, surrounded by squabbles, dark political rumblings, marks of wartime suffering, and a daily struggle for existence. And yet when it came time to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leave I, too, felt I was being pushed out of the happy, safe enclosures of Eden.

I AM lying in bed, watching the slowly moving shadows on the ceiling, made by the gently blowing curtains and the lights of an occasional car passing by. I'm trying hard not to fall asleep. Being awake is so sweet that I want to delay the loss of consciousness. I'm snuggled under an enormous goose-feather quilt covered in hand-embroidered silk. Across the room is my sister's crib. From the next room, the "first room," I hear my parents' breathing. The maid—one of a succession of country girls who come to work for us—is sleeping in the kitchen. It is Kraków, 1949, I'm four years old, and I don't know that this happiness is taking place in a country recently destroyed by war, a place where my father has to hustle to get us a bit more than our meagre ration of meat and sugar. I only know that I'm in my room, which to me is an everywhere, and that the patterns on the ceiling are enough to give me a feeling of sufficiency, because . . . well, just because I'm conscious, because the world exists and it flows so gently into my head. Occasionally, from a few blocks away, I hear the hum of a tram, and I'm filled by a sense of utter contentment. I love riding the tram, with its bracing but not overly fast swaying; and I love knowing, from my bed, the street over which it is moving. I repeat to myself that I'm in Kraków, Kraków, which to me is both home and the universe. Tomorrow, I'll go for a walk with my mother, and I'll know how to get from Kazimierza Wielkiego, the street where we live, to Urzednicza Street, where I'll visit my friend Hania—and already the anticipation of the walk, of retracing familiar steps on a route that may yet hold so many surprises, fills me with pleasure.

Slowly, the sights and sounds recede, the words with which I name them in my head become scrambled, and I observe, as long as possible, the delicious process of falling asleep. That awareness of subsiding into a different state is also happiness.

EACH night, I dream of a tiny old woman—a wizened Baba Yaga, half grandmother, half witch, wearing a black kerchief and sitting shrivelled and hunched on a tiny bench at the bottom of our courtyard, way, way

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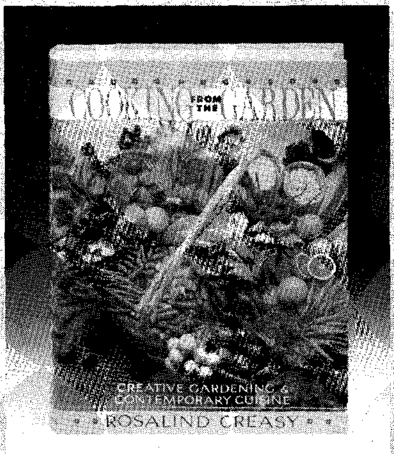

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down. She is immeasurably old and immeasurably small, and from the bottom of the courtyard, which has become immeasurably deep, she looks up at me through narrow slits of wise, malicious eyes. Perhaps, though, I am inside her. Perhaps I have been on the earth a long, long time, and that's why I understand the look in her eyes. Perhaps this childish disguise is just a dream. Perhaps I am being dreamt by a Baba Yaga who has been here since the beginning of time, and I am seeing from inside her ancient frame, and I know that everything is changeless and knowable.

IT'S the middle of a sun-filled day, but suddenly, while she's kneading some dough, or perhaps sewing up a hole in my sweater's elbow, my mother begins to weep softly. "This is the day when she died," she says, looking at me with pity, as if I, too, were included in her sorrow. "I can't stop thinking about her."

I know who "she" is; I feel as if I'd always known. She's my mother's younger sister, who was killed during the war. All the other members of my mother's family died as well—her mother, father, cousins, aunts. But it's her sister whose memory arouses my mother's most alive pain. She was so young, eighteen or nineteen—"She hadn't even lived yet," my mother says—and she died in such a horrible way. The man who saw her go into the gas chamber said that she was among those who had to dig their own graves, and that her hair turned gray the day before her death. That strikes me as a fairy tale more cruel, more magical than anything in the Brothers Grimm. Except that this is real. But is it? It doesn't have the same palpable reality as the Kraków tram. Maybe it didn't happen after all, maybe it's only a story, and a story can be told differently, it can be changed. That man was the only witness of what happened. Perhaps he mistook someone else for my mother's sister. In my head, without telling anyone, I form the resolve that when I grow up I'll search the world far and wide for this lost aunt. Maybe she lived, and emigrated to one of those strange places I've heard about, like New York or Venezuela. Maybe I'll find her and bring her to my mother, whose suffering will then be assuaged.

My own sister is named after this person who exists like an almost concrete shadow in our lives—Alina—and my mother often feels a strange compassion for her younger daughter, as if with the name she had bestowed on her some of fate's terrible burden. "Sometimes my heart aches for her," she tells me. "I don't know why. I'm afraid for her." I inherit some of this fear, and look on my sister as a fragile, vulnerable creature, who needs all my love and protection. But then my mother, too, seems breakable to me, as if she had been snatched from death only provisionally, and might be claimed by it at any moment. To be an adult, I conclude, is to be close to death. Only my father, who saved my parents' lives repeatedly during the war by acts of physical strength and sheer wiliness, seems strong and sturdy enough to resist its ever-present tug.

MY father is a short, powerfully built man, who, of course, seems very tall to me, and who in his youth had the reputation of being "strong as a bull." I am later told that almost the only time he has ever been seen crying was when I was born. But then my life was claimed from near-death, too; I came into the world about two months after the end of the war. While my mother was in advanced stages of pregnancy, my parents made the trek from Lwów—which during the war was unceremoniously switched from Polish into Russian territory—to Kraków, where they were going because it was the nearest large Polish city. They made this journey on a rattling truck filled with potato sacks and with other people trying as quickly as possible to cross the new borders so they could *remain within their old nationality* even at the cost of leaving home. So when I was born after all these travails, in the safety of a city hospital and with some prospect of a normal life resuming after the horror, I must have signified, aside from everything else, a new beginning—and my parents wanted, badly, to begin again, to live. Later, they told me how happy they were to have "all that" behind them, how happy when, on rare occasions, someone they thought was dead reappeared from somewhere or other. But how poignant that happiness must have been! My father—this is one of the few hints I have of the pain of loss he must have felt—asked if I could be named after his mother, even though in the

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natural course of events a first daughter would have been named after the nearest dead maternal relative. But my parents have no lack of the dead to honor, and I am named after both my grandmothers, Ewa and Alfreda—two women of whom I have only the dimmest of impressions. There aren't even any photographs that have survived the war: the cut from the past is complete.

My father, I think, in his excess of happiness, mistakes his firstborn for a son, and he tends, in many ways, to treat me like a little boy. He prefers to see me in "sports outfits"—meaning shorts or long pants—and with my hair cropped. And he wants me to be good at games and every kind of physical endeavor. So in our "first room" he teaches me how to perform "gymnastics"—acrobatic exercises that are very popular at the time, maybe because of the general call for physical fitness that is part of the new ideology, and a feature of the New Man. Outside, he tries to initiate me into as many sports as possible. Sometimes his pedagogy is less than encouraging. When I am five or so, he buys me a boy's bicycle that is too tall for me, and once I learn how to keep my balance he pushes me off, shouting "Faster, faster, faster!"—till I rush headlong into a fall. He initiates me into swimming by that time-honored method of dunking me into a river and watching from a nearby bridge, till I nearly go under and come up again with my mouth full of water and with a sense of injured dignity. One of his happier inspirations for me and my sister is buying a hula hoop. This happens when the hula-hoop craze, imported straight from America, hits Kraków with symbolic force, and he obtains this incredibly desirable object by cutting his way into one of the snakelike queues that are ubiquitous on Polish streets. My father is particularly ingenious at making his way into such lines, but in this case the item is so rare that some people wait through the night for their chance to buy it, and he is courting mob assault by his bold move. Nevertheless, he brings home an orange plastic wheel that, as far as I am concerned, is worth every risk, for it makes me extremely popular with my friends, and we spend hours learning how to twirl it around our hips, waists, and necks, and holding competitions to see who can do it the longest.

And then, when I am about eleven, my father acquires a motorcycle. Ah, the motorcycle! This pièce de résistance comes from Russia (nobody calls it the Soviet Union in ordinary speech), where my parents take their one and only trip, in 1956, for the purpose of buying some consumer goods unavailable in postwar Poland: a fridge, a vacuum cleaner, a fur coat for my mother—and this large, ungainly machine, which is the envy of our whole neighborhood. At this point, no one we know owns a motorized vehicle of any kind, not to speak of a car. The traffic on Kraków's cobblestone roads is made up mostly of trams and horse-drawn *dorozhkas*, though in the busiest parts of the city there are occasionally several cars in a row, which seem to tear by at enormous speeds.

Now I get to taste how such speed feels on my body, for as soon as my father learns how to operate the motorcycle he picks me as his first companion for an outing to the country. Over my mother's worried protestations, I climb on the large seat behind him, the mo-

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tor starts up with a great drumroll of noise, and then we are off, bumping over the cobblestones, moving smoothly over stretches of asphalt, and then gathering speed as we enter open country roads in the most thrilling, rhythmical momentum. We fall down twice during this first adventure—my father, as usual, is being more reckless than methodical—but somehow we get up with only a scraped knee or two, which I hardly mind. I'm certainly not afraid of a real accident—I have too much confidence in my father for that—and the truth is that I like being treated like my father's buddy, and I come back flushed with wind and triumph.

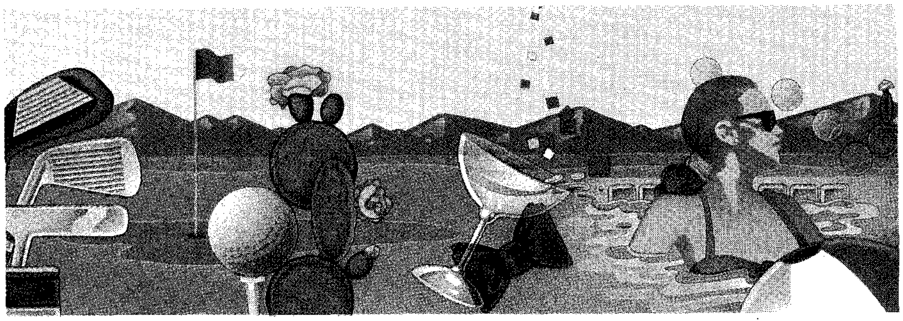
“BRAMARAMA, szerymery, rotumotu pulimuli,” I say in a storytelling voice, as if I were starting out a long tale, though I know perfectly well that what I'm making up is nonsense syllables.

“What are you talking about?” my mother asks.

“Everything,” I say, and then start again—“Bramarama, szerymery.” I want to tell A Story, Every Story, everything all at once, not anything in particular that might be said through the words I know, and I try to roll all sounds into one, to accumulate more and more syllables, as if they might make a Möbius strip of language in which everything, everything is contained. There is a hidden rule even in this game, though—that the sounds have to resemble real syllables, and can't distintegrate into brute noise, for then I wouldn't be talking at all. I want articulation—but articulation that says the whole world at once.

I'M playing hopscotch or riding a scooter on the street below our building when my mother's face appears at the window, and she shouts, “Ewa, it's time to come in!” After the requisite protest, I run in; the entryway, as usual, is blocked by the Fellini-fat figure of the caretaker, her enormous breasts emerging nearly whole from her sloppy dress. I try to slide by, but she angrily mutters something about “the little Jew, she thinks she's somebody,” and I run up the stairs half in fear, half laughing at this dragon-like apparition.

Our modest apartment on the third floor is considered respectable by postwar Polish standards, if only because



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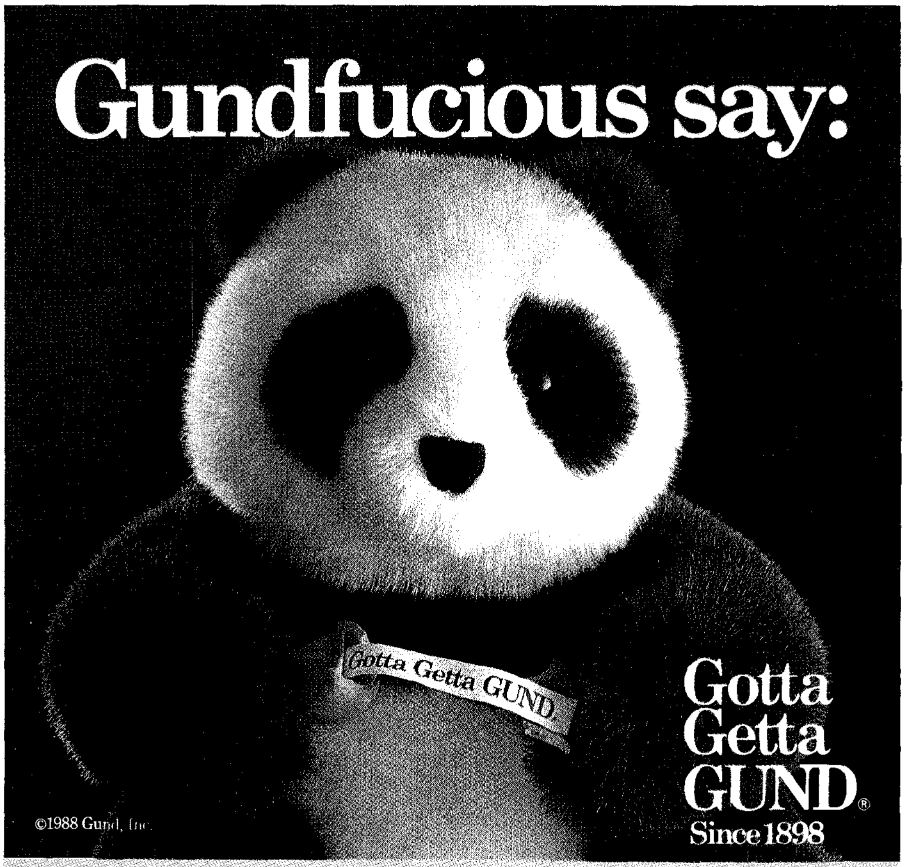

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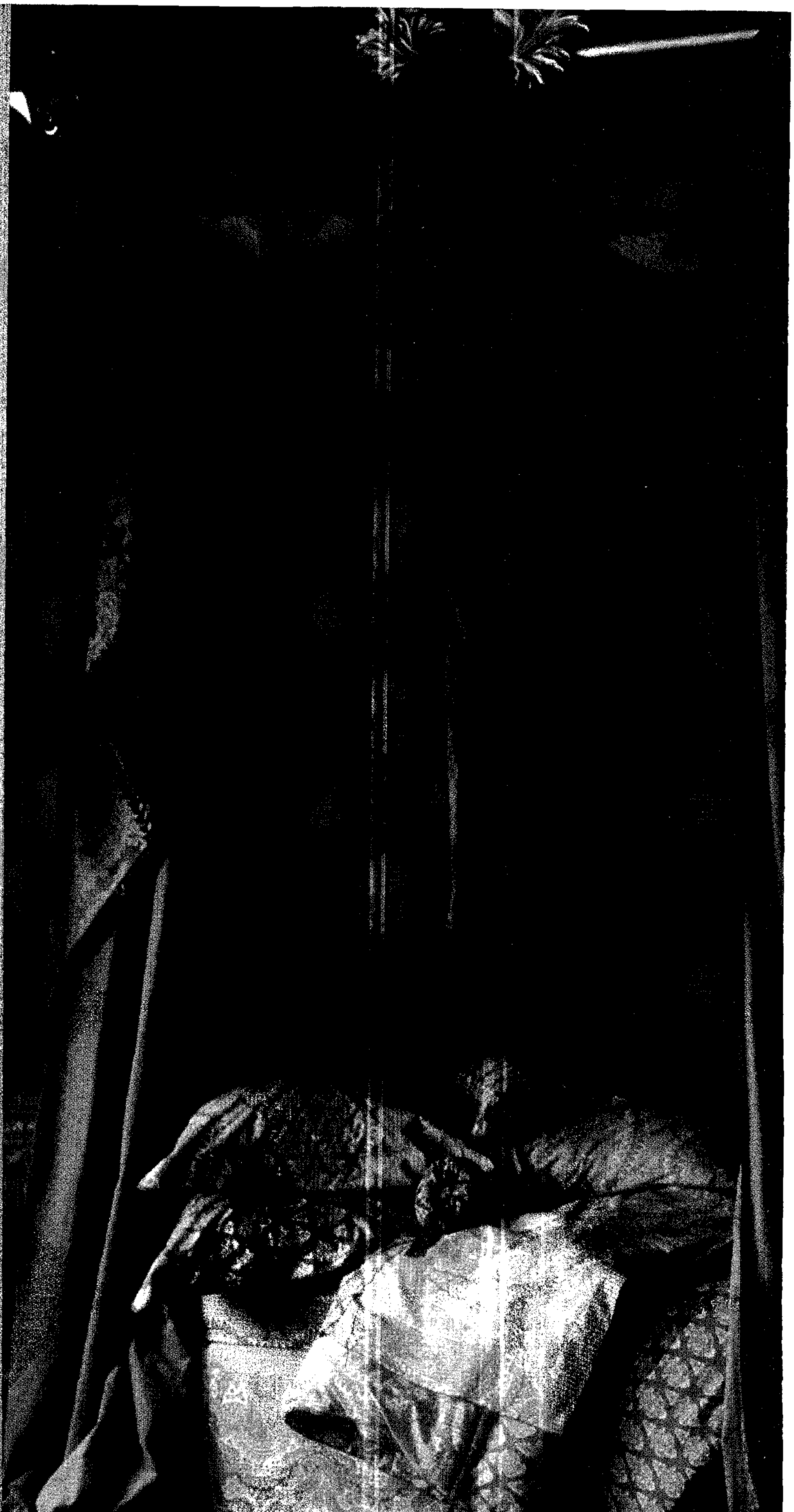

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we have it all to ourselves. The kitchen is usually steamy with large pots of soup cooking on the wood stove for hours, or laundry being boiled in vats for greater whiteness. Behind the kitchen there's a tiny balcony, barely holding two people, on which we sometimes go out to exchange casual gossip with neighbors peeling vegetables, beating carpets, or just standing around on adjoining balconies. Looking down, you see the paved courtyard, in which I spend many hours bouncing a ball against the wall with other kids, and a bit of a garden, where I go to climb the apple tree, and smell the few violets that come up each spring, and where my sister gathers the snails that live under the boysenberry bushes and that she proudly brings into the house by the bucketful.

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Aside from the kitchen, our apartment consists of the "first room," with a large mahogany chifforobe, a blue porcelain-tile stove reaching from floor to ceiling, the table on which we take our meals, and my parents' sofa bed. The "second room" serves as the bedroom for my sister and me. The bathroom has a gas stove to heat up the water, and it takes some trouble to prepare a hot bath. At the beginning of each winter, a man in peasant garb brings us a supply of coal and kindling wood for the whole apartment, and sometimes I'm sent to fetch it from the basement—a dark, damp place into which I peer nervously before plunging in and filling my two buckets with the coal stacked in our pile.

The three-story building is always full of talk, visits, and melodrama. The dragon caretaker is married to a thin, forlorn man, at whom she shouts perpetually, and whom one day she stabs with a knife. After that, he slumps even more sadly than before, avoids everyone, and takes to breeding chickens in the enormous attic under the roof.

The other downstairs apartment is occupied by a shoemaker who, in more classical style, gets drunk and beats his wife. Everyone has heard her crying behind their leathery-smelling shop, and everyone nods in commiseration when the couple is mentioned. But nobody is astonished. Husbands sometimes beat their wives. That's life.

Then there are the real neighbors—people between whose apartments there's constant movement of kids, sugar, eggs, teatime visits. The Czajkowskis, on the second floor, are "better people," which means that they have some prewar cachet: perhaps they had money or education or a valued profession. Pan (Mr.) Czajkowski, a gaunt, handsome man, is often ill, and from his bed he speaks intensely about what "they" did to "our country," as if trying to burn some message into my mind. Later, I realize that during the war he fought in the underground resistance. The Rumeks get the first telephone on the block, and from then on there are often several people in their tiny foyer waiting to avail themselves of this instrument. Across the hall from us are the Twardowskis, who come to our apartment regularly to listen to Radio Free Europe—our front door is carefully locked for these occasions—and to discuss such snippets of information as can be heard through the static. I particularly like the Twardowskis' daughter, Krysia, who is several years older than I, and who has the prettiest long braids, which she sometimes coils around her head. She stays with my sister and me when there is no one else to mind us. She wants to study medicine, and she shows me books with horrific drawings of body parts and diseases, and I talk to her about questions that occupy me deeply, such as whether it would be worse to die yourself or to have somebody close to you die first.

The building where all this happens, at Kazimierza Wielkiego 79, is situated on the periphery of the city, in an area where urban houses give way to small rural cottages, patches of garden, and weed-covered no man's land. And we ourselves, like our apartment, are situated somewhere on the tenuous margins of middle-class society, in an amphibian, betwixt-and-between position. This actually seems just fine with my parents. They are as aware of the nuances of class as anyone, but their pretensions are unaffected. In the melee of postwar Poland they've done well, and they tackle their lives with great zest. My father prefers the adventurism of independent entrepreneurship—illegal though it is in his

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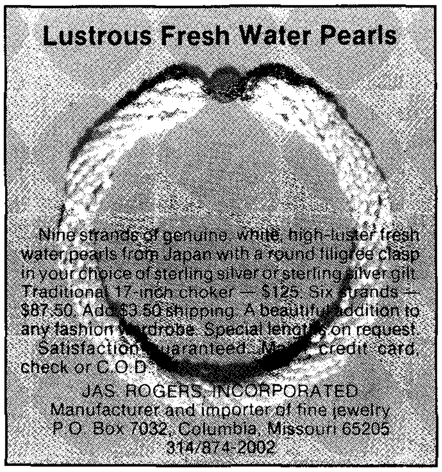

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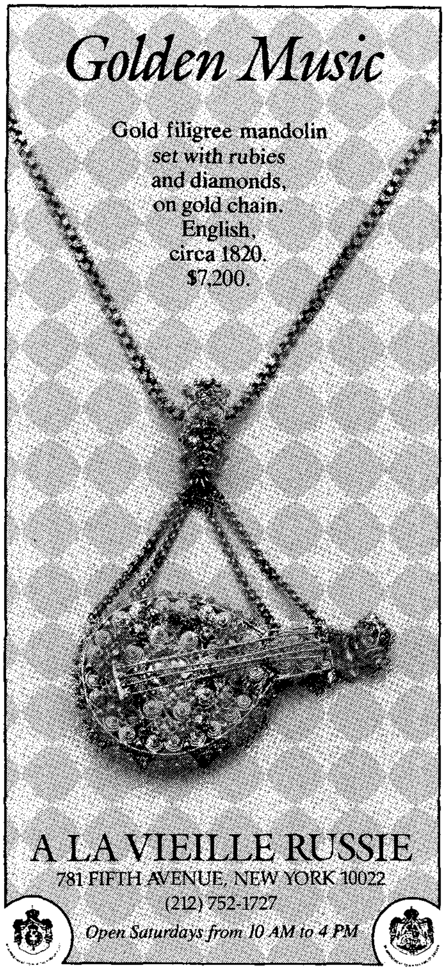

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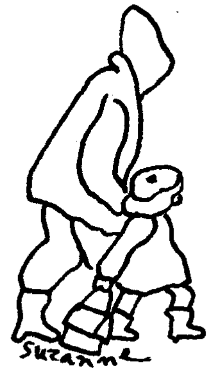
society—to the industriousness of everyday routine. Although he has a regular job at an "Import-Export" store, his resourcefulness and cleverness are engaged in risky money-making schemes—buying forbidden dollars, or smuggling silver from East Germany. He is one of a large number of people who engage in such games—part of the constant, ongoing game of outwitting the system of which so much Polish life consists, and which, given people's attitude toward the system, is thought to be honorable and piquantly reckless. Everyone—this is the common wisdom—is engaged in an illicit activity of some kind: moonlighting, or using the factory equipment to make extra goods for private sale after hours, or going to Hungary to sell items unavailable there (sheets or plastic combs, for example: for a while, plastic products are all the rage) in exchange for those forbidden and invaluable dollars. How anyone can get along without such sidelines is a mystery—for the normal job wage is hardly enough to feed a family, never mind to clothe them.

So throughout my childhood my father vanishes for several days at a time, and reappears just as unexpectedly, bringing into the apartment the invigorating aroma of cigarettes, his capacious leather coat, and the great world. Usually, when he comes back my mother and he fall into an earnest conversation in Yiddish—the language of money and secrets. It's only when we are about to leave for Canada that he shows me a jigsaw puzzle he has made within our parquet floor, which opens to expose a little hiding place where, through all these years, he has kept his foreign currency.



This is all pretty dangerous stuff, as we learn when one of his pals is sentenced to a camp in Siberia—but my father thrives on it, as he thrives on riding his motorcycle at top speed on Poland's bumpy roads. His illicit initiatives are also what keep us within the bounds of the respectable middle class, which means that we go to a restaurant perhaps once a month, take long summer vacations, have more than one change of clothing, and can occasionally afford to buy an imported item, like spike-heeled shoes for my mother, or a nylon blouse for me.

My mother, in a modest way, fashions herself as a lady, and leads a pleasantly bustling life. She runs her household with the help of a maid, makes new friends at the park where she takes me and my sister every day, reads her books, takes me for ice cream to one of Kraków's lovely coffeehouses, and counsels my father in his enterprises. We go to the theatre, the opera, the movies—all accessible to us at low prices—and on a constant round of visits. For a while, my parents are satisfied, pleased to be in a big urban center, with its culture, its lively talk, its news from other parts of the world.

Of course, both my parents want "something better" for their children. In fact, they have great ambitions, particularly for me—the firstborn who turns out to be clever and talented. But neither of them is very clear about how you get that something, whatever it may be—how much work you need to do, how much discipline is required. No matter how many accoutrements of middle-class life they'll later acquire, my parents never quite absorb the work ethic. Life has been irrational enough for them so that they believe in the power of the gamble—in games of luck and risk—more than in orderly progress. Anyway, there is no such thing as orderly progress in the Socialist People's Republic. It's clear enough to everybody that you don't get anywhere by trying. Working hard in your "chosen profession," when the profession is most often chosen for you, when there's no reward and no possibility of improving your condition, and when anything may happen tomorrow, is for fools or schlemiels. The system—compounded by the Poles' perennial skepticism about all systems—produces a nation of ironists and gamblers.

But aside from responding to their immediate conditions, my parents have inherited the ancient idea—which came from centuries of hard involuntary labor—that the ideal state of life is getting enough rest. My mother has a not so hidden respect for lazy women. Laziness shows a certain luxuriance of character, the eroticism of valuing your pleasure. "You know, Ormianska calls the maid from the kitchen to get her matches when they are lying ten centimetres away from her," my mother says, half in criticism, half in admiration. Such egotism is at the heart of feminine power, which consists in the ability to make others do things for you, to be pampered.

In some ways, my parents will always retain something pre-urban in their attitudes, something that escapes the categories of the industrial world. But at the same time the war—their second birth—has thrust them, in one enormous leap across the abyss, into modernity. Most of their obedient preconceptions and beliefs have been corroded away by the lye of extreme suffering, and have been replaced by a perfectly modernist nihilism. They have little respect for law, politics, ideology. They have been divested of religious faith and the residues of both Victorian and Orthodox prudishness. They are, in a way, unshockable; they've lost the innocence of an inherited, unquestioned morality. The only things they're left with are a deep skepticism about human motives and a homegrown version of existentialism—a philosophy born of the war, after all—with its gamble that since everything is absurd you might as well try to squeeze the juice out of every moment. They want happiness fervently, and they implore their children to be happy, to be happy no matter what.

I LOWER myself into the fast-flowing river on my back and let myself be carried along by its tiny, foaming rapids without offering any resistance. I feel a slight, gratifying thrill of danger; it's great to be enveloped in this current, to feel its energy and movement. Then I stand up triumphantly and run to the shore to join a gathering of family and friends. There are about four families that are in the habit of taking vacations together, and for several summers in a row we rent a few peasant houses in the small village of Biały Dunajec, in the foothills of the Tatra Mountains, where we ensconce ourselves for nine or ten weeks of unqualified leisure. The houses we rent in Biały Dunajec are owned by *Górale*, a tribe of mountain people who speak a somewhat different dialect of Polish from ours, and who are known for their fierce habits—many of the men carry small, graceful axes stuck in their belts, and sometimes, after weddings or other festivi-

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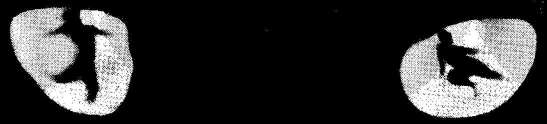

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ties, we hear of fights in which these instruments are used in violent ways. But we are city folks, and such news reaches us only through the village grapevine. The house we stay in is clean and bare, with unsanded wooden floors and sharp straw sticking out of the mattresses, with oil-lit lamps and rough wooden tables. The rooms have a good, strong smell of raw wood and hay and clear mountain air, and outside there's a small, casually planted garden that seems to contain all of life's dappled variety: many-colored pansies, sweet-pea flowers climbing up the house's wall, dill giving off its tangy smell, and hard, bright radishes, which we occasionally pull up to have with our rye bread for breakfast.

In the mornings, I go inside the barns, where I can watch the peasant women, dressed in long, broad skirts, milk their cows or churn butter in small wooden barrels. They rarely talk to me or to each other, but I like to sit near them, following their hard, patient movements. Or I stand by as they do their wash in the nearby stream, and I watch the linen turn dazzling white in the clear water. Later in the day, I go roaming through the nearby forests and fields with Marek, inventing games or exploring the territory. Marek is the son of Pani (Mrs.) Ruta Berg, my mother's best friend, and we have known each other since babyhood, running races in the park, visiting each other's houses, and practicing the piano together. He's my best friend, I suppose, except there's a twist here—I'm in love with him. I can't stay away from him, even though sometimes he plays boyishly mean pranks on me: he drops an enormous tome on my head when I pass in front of his window, and once he tries to stuff me into a hole in the forest which turns out to have been left there by the Germans and might still have some mines in it.

For a while, his spirits get so wild that my mother forbids me to see him or play with him, but it's no use—I run to his house at every opportunity. We talk to each other ceaselessly, and in games with other kids we're a team. Sometimes, in the evenings, we climb up through the forest to an open, flower-filled meadow, and we join a group of barefoot peasant children who are baking potatoes in an outdoor fire; the burned skin of the potatoes tastes delicious in the night air, and afterward we make our way down using

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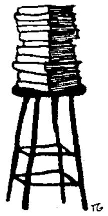

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gnarled tree roots as steps on the dark path. Or on sunny days we stand under a waterfall, getting our clothes soaked through, and I feel both the wildness of my own spirits and the safety of being with Marek. In spite of these risky games we play with each other, I have a deep belief that his greater physical strength is there to protect me.

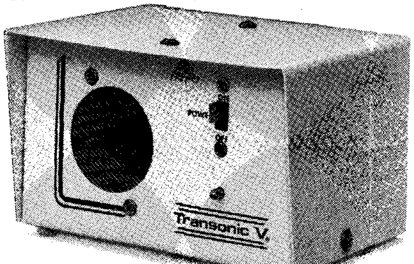
On Sundays, the noises of village life stop, but at midmorning the church bells start pealing, and a grave procession moves slowly down the main, unpaved village road. The peasants all wear shoes on these occasions, and are dressed in their festive clothes—the women have elaborately embroidered vests over their white blouses, and the men's heads are covered by black hats whose stiff broad brims are decorated with an aslant feather. They all walk together in a slow, common rhythm, singing sweet, naïve melodies about Jesus and Mary.

And at night, as I fall asleep, I sometimes hear the peasants coming back from the fields and meadows, singing fierce, pure, modal songs that sound like no other music I've heard—and then I am filled by *tesknota*, though I don't know for what.

I'M in my bassinet, placed on our living-room table, and I'm being washed by Ciocia Bronia's rough, large hands. They feel good, those hands, and I like the way she folds me into a towel as if I were a small, pliant animal. Then she dries my hair and molds it into waves, so that I'll look "as pretty as a flower."

Ciocia means "auntie," but I know she's not a real relative, and that in our house she has an ambiguous status. She's a social inferior—that much is clear to me—but she also occupies a special, untouchable place in my parents' affections. After all, during the war she helped save them from near-starvation; perhaps she helped save their lives.

My parents met Ciocia Bronia in a house where they came to be hidden in the last year of the war, after the forest bunker they had been hiding in was discovered by some Ukrainians. Despite these chance passersby's assurances that their secret was safe, my parents knew that it was time to move on. Too many Ukrainians were on the Germans' side. My parents' hunch turned out to be right—such hunches had to be right. A few days later, the area was



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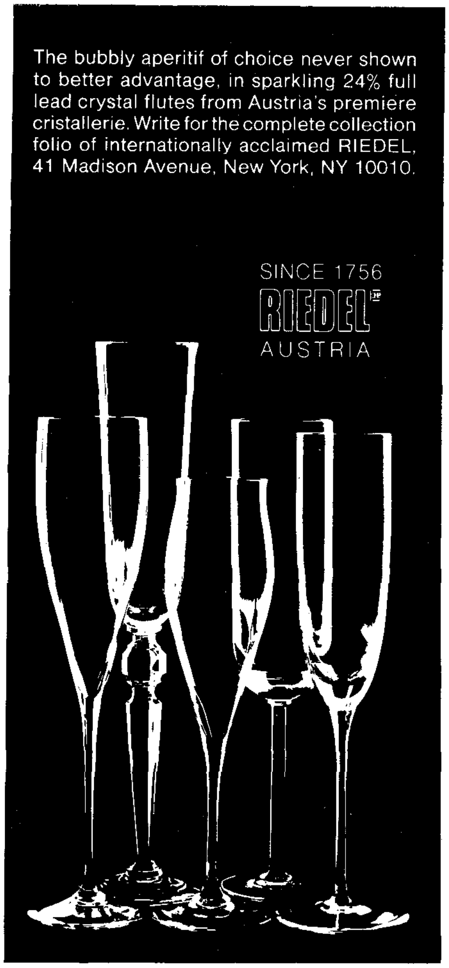

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intensively searched by the local Gestapo. But by that time my mother and father had found someone who was willing to shelter them. My mother offers a strange picture of the peasant who was effectively their savior—stingy, nearly mute, a hunchback. His two strapping sons belonged to the Banderowcy, a Fascist group of pro-German partisans. And yet this glum, seemingly harsh man started showing signs of affection and attachment to my parents, and found it hard, when the time came, to part with them. "You never know what can come out of a person," my mother says musingly as she talks about him, and sometimes tears come to her eyes.

For one whole year, my parents were sequestered in this man's attic, where they mostly sat on a clump of hay. They were cold, lice-covered, often hungry. It was here that my father once saw some Germans approaching, presumably for a house search, and, without thinking twice, decided to jump out the back window. He tried to pull my mother after him, but she refused to go. "I didn't care anymore whether I lived or died," she told me. "By that time, it just didn't matter. But your father, he wanted to live so much. That's what saved us." In this particular instance, the Germans were diverted.

It was in this house, also, that my parents came to know Ciocia Bronia. She was ostensibly a servant, working downstairs for the relatively rich peasant, but one day she revealed to my parents the tainted secret: she, too, was Jewish. She had come from far enough away so that nobody in this village knew it, and she looked enough like a Pole—large-boned and broad-faced—so that she could easily pass. From then on, whenever she could, she brought my parents some extra bread or soup. The Ukrainian never caught on to the fact that he was harboring yet another Jew in his house. After the war was over, my parents and Ciocia Bronia, all of them left without any family, cleaved together. After spending some months in Lwów, the big city of their region, they made their journey to Kraków.

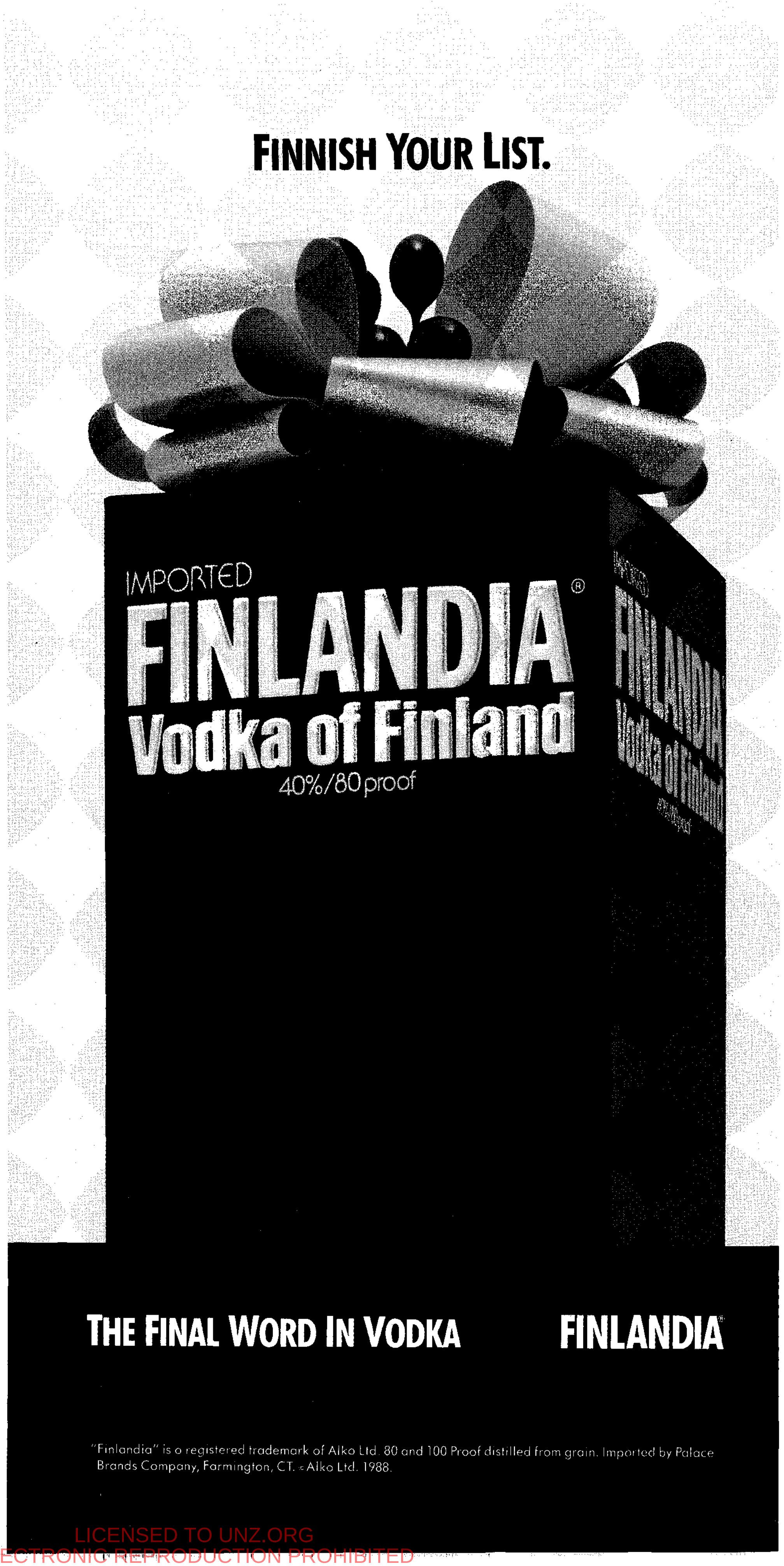
MY father almost never mentions the war: dignity for him is silence, sometimes too much silence. After a while, he finds it difficult to talk about many things, and it is not until the events have receded into the past that he recounts a few stories from those years—so far removed by that time that they seem like fables, James Bond adventures. How will I ever pin down the reality of what happened to my parents?

Before my parents had to hide in their forest bunker, my father had a narrow escape. This was when the roundups of Jews were intensifying in his town, and he and his two brothers—the Wydra brothers—were considered a prize catch, because they had kept eluding the Gestapo. So when a German truck filled with Jews being transported to a nearby concentration camp passed my father on the road one day one of the people on it couldn't contain himself and stupidly shouted out, "There's a Wydra!" The German in charge, of course, stopped and ordered my father to get on. None of the other people on that truck came out of the war alive. My father did, because, as the Germans stopped the truck for the night and herded people into some house reserved for this purpose, he noticed a door that was open a crack, and slid through it. Then he was out in the back, and he started to run, toward a forest. Within minutes, there were loud barks of dogs pursuing him, but he ran fast, and once he was in the forest he managed to throw the animals off his track. The area was unfamiliar, and he wandered through the snow until dawn, when he found himself on the edge of the woods again. Approaching him was a figure of a peasant. My father couldn't know whether the presence of the peasant meant rescue or death, but by that time he couldn't walk anymore anyway. He had to trust the stranger. The peasant turned out to be all right; he took my father into his house—right next to the concentration camp to which the transport was being taken. Then word of my father's whereabouts was sent to my mother, and she came to fetch him in a cart. For the next few days, she told me, my father had a cold.

When they hid in their bunker, my father had to come out each night to forage for food. Sometimes he would make his way to the village church, where the priest would give him some bread. But one night on the way back he was grabbed by two young Ukrainians—strong and drunk—who told him they were going to take him to the Gestapo. They each took him by the arm, but as they were crossing a bridge my father—"strong as a bull"—threw them off violently, letting them fall against the bridge railings (he makes a violent gesture with his powerful arms as he tells me this), and jumped into the river, though it was half iced over at that time of the year. He stayed in the freezing water, diving under the ice repeatedly, for a long time, until he was quite sure that his pursuers had given up and gone away. "Ach," my father finishes, making an impatient gesture with his hands, as if to throw off these memories. What does it matter? It happened, it happened, what can you make of it?

My mother wants me to know what happened, and I keep every detail of what she tells me in my memory like black beads. It's a matter of honor to remember, like affirming one's Jewishness. But I don't understand what I remember. To atone for what happened, I should relive it all with her, and I try. No, not really. I can't go as near this pain as I should. But I can't draw away from it, either.

When I am much older, I try to get away more. Surely there is no point in duplicating suffering—in adding mine to hers. And surely there are no useful lessons I can derive from my parents' experience: it does not apply to my life; it is, in fact, misleading, making me into a knee-jerk pessimist. This is what I tell myself, and for a while I have a policy of keeping my mother's stories at a long arm's length. But once, years later in New York, in a noisy cafeteria in Union Square, I meet somebody who knew my parents in their town before the war. It is the only such person I've ever met—she has located my parents, on this other continent, by a series of flukes, and now she wants to talk to me. It is also the first time I get some glimpses of how my parents—whose history has always made them archetypal in my eyes—have a particularity even within this history. This woman is different from my mother: divorced, working on her own, tougher. Her daughter is as different from me as I can imagine—a saleswoman who takes dance lessons and doesn't care a whit about the past—and this also comes as a surprise. We should be more like each other, for we have been molded by the same force. The mother has a photograph of herself and some other young women—including my mother's sister. They stand on a tiny



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bridge in a frozen landscape, in coats with fur collars, looking older than their age, their heads cocked in an innocent gesture of coquetry. So that's what she looked like—yes, a little like Alinka. But the image adds so little information—there is no way to penetrate the veil this way, either. My parents' old friend, though, tells me a story while we're having lunch in the cafeteria which I have never heard: when my parents finally had to run for the bunker, she recounts, my mother, who had had a miscarriage, was too weak to walk through the snow all the way. My father ended up carrying her on his back, kilometre after kilometre. Another image for me to store, another sharp black bead added to the others. As I listen, I lower my head in acknowledgment that this—the pain of this—is where I come from, and that it's useless to try to get away.

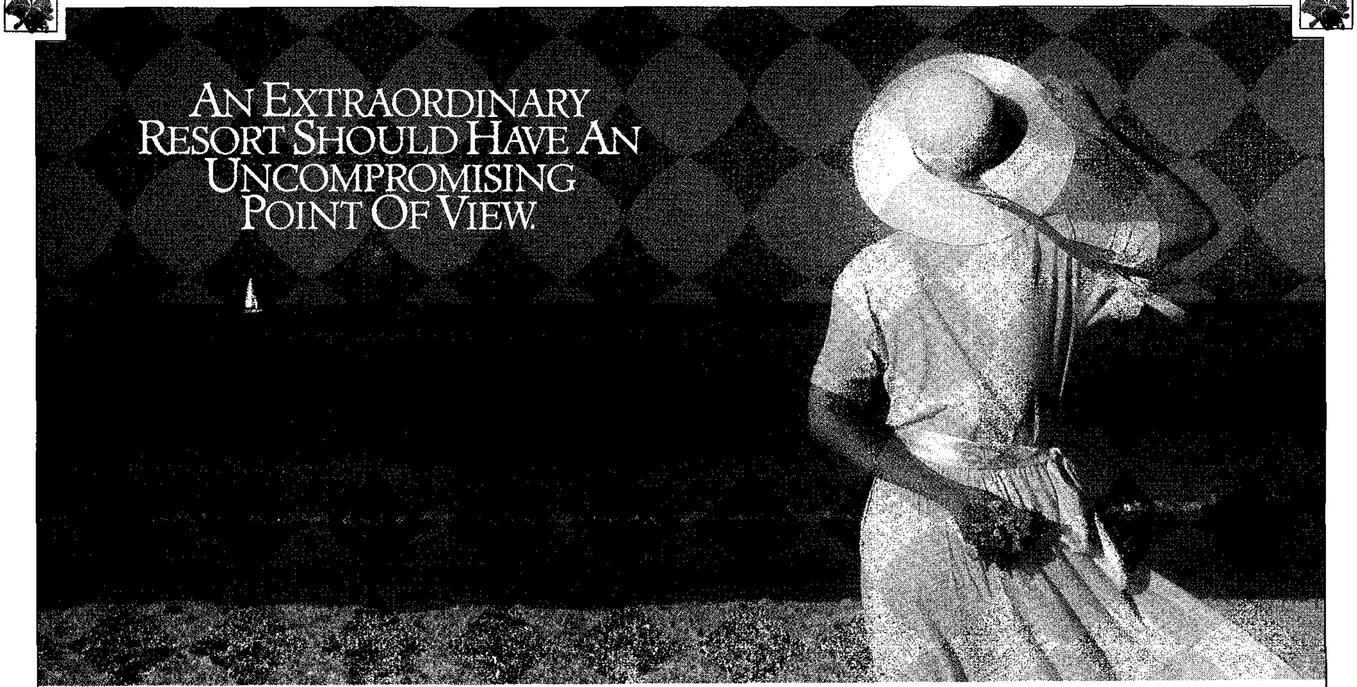
Once, while I am a child, my father teases me by asking whom I would choose—him or my mother—if they were to get divorced. Then, seeing the terror on my face—they fight often, and I think he really means it—he says, "Don't worry, after everything we've gone through, our marriage is as strong as the Chinese Wall. Nothing is going to break it," and my soul, even then, twists with the wrenching complexity of this knot.

IT is a beautiful, sunny day in Kraków, and I'm holding my mother's hand as we stroll toward our favorite park—Park Krakowski. But in the middle of this relaxed saunter the tone of her voice changes, as if she wanted to tell me something very important. "You're grown up enough now to understand this," she says. "It's time you stopped crossing yourself in front of churches. We're Jewish, and Jews don't do that." It doesn't come as that much of a surprise, really. Of course, I've known we're Jewish as long as I can remember. That's why everyone died in the war. But the knowledge has been vague, hazy—I didn't understand its implications. I feel almost relieved at having it officially confirmed.

The sense of being Jewish permeates our apartment like the heavy, sweet smell of the dough that rises in our kitchen in preparation for making challah. The Jewishness lives in that bread, which other people don't seem to make; it's one of the markers of our difference. But until I'm seven years old I step over such markers regularly; I keep the distinctions blurry. Indeed, insofar as I acquire any explicit religious education, it's Catholic. It's hard not to. Catholicism is everywhere: it's the atmosphere I breathe. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," my mother often says in a humorous tone when she's exasperated. On Sundays, I often go to church with my friends.

In the house, we have a Christmas tree every year, and I get gifts on St. Nicholas' Day. Even after my mother unchristens me, the Christmas tree continues; but it's easy enough for me to stop the other rites. The confirmation of Jewishness straightens things out. So being Jewish is something definite; it is something that I am.

The subject of anti-Semitism comes up frequently, but when my parents speak of it there is anger rather than shame in their voices. "After all we've gone through, they still hate us," my mother says bitterly. "Can you imagine something so primitive? It's something they drink in with their mother's



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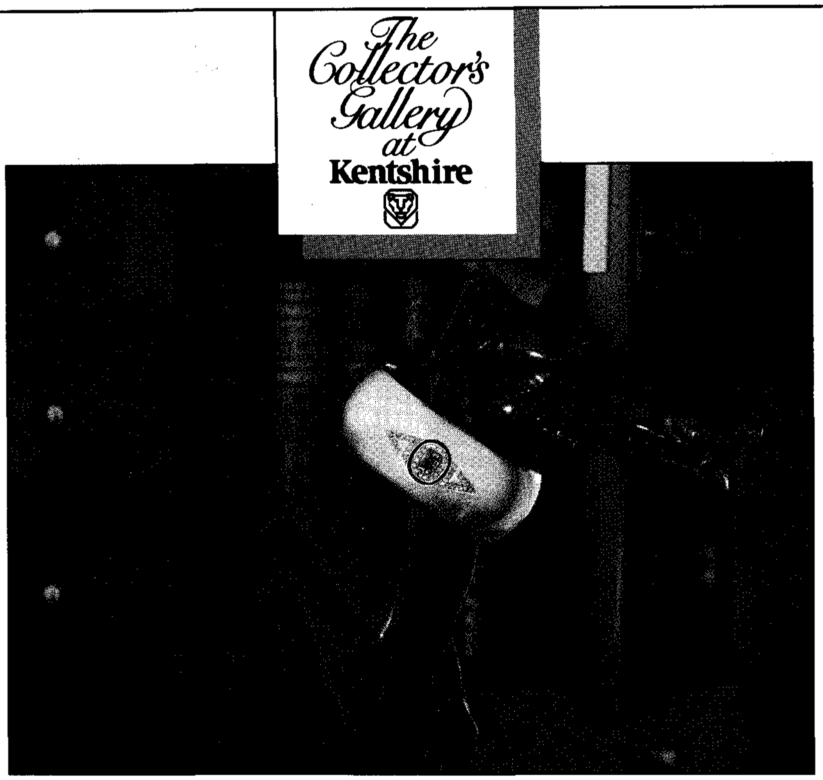
milk." "Primitive" is a much more damning term than "immoral" or "evil." "Primitive" means vulgar, unenlightened—something nobody would want to be. Anti-Semitism is a darkness of the mind, a prejudice, rather than a deviation from moral principles. Altogether, such principles don't seem to have much of a hold over Polish imaginations. Poland is a Francophile culture, and people around me judge each other by their intelligence and style (to say that someone is stupid is the most definitive dismissal one can issue of somebody), by how elegant or charming or clumsy or witless they are, rather than by their rectitude or lack of it.

Anti-Semitism comes under the heading of barbarian stupidity, and that makes me feel immediately superior to it. The signs of such stupidity, however, are everywhere. My father comes home one day reporting on a fistfight he got into when someone on the street said to him that "the best thing Hitler did was to eliminate the Jews"—that classic line so conveniently brought out whenever a Pole quickly wants to express a truly venomous hatred. On another occasion, my mother comes home incensed; Pani Orlovska, the mother of one of my friends, and a "better" person—she is educated and a doctor's wife—wanted to know, in the intimate confidence of their friendship, whether really, really, it was true that Jews mixed in some Christian blood with their matzoh for Passover. "And this is an intelligent person?" my mother says furiously. But somehow the anger does not stop my mother from seeing Pani Orlovska, or even liking her. There are other parts to Pani Orlovska, after all, as there are to all the people who have drunk anti-Semitism with their mother's milk, but among whom we live in friendship and even intimacy, and with all the complexities of affection and impatience that those bring.

My own pride receives a serious wound—because it's intentionally inflicted—in an incident involving Yola, a spoiled little girl who counts as a friend among a small group of companions I hang around with but whom we tease quite mercilessly and with considerable inventiveness. We concoct whole gothic stories for her benefit, complete with notes hidden in the ground, boxes with odd objects, and suggestions of ominous dangers. I



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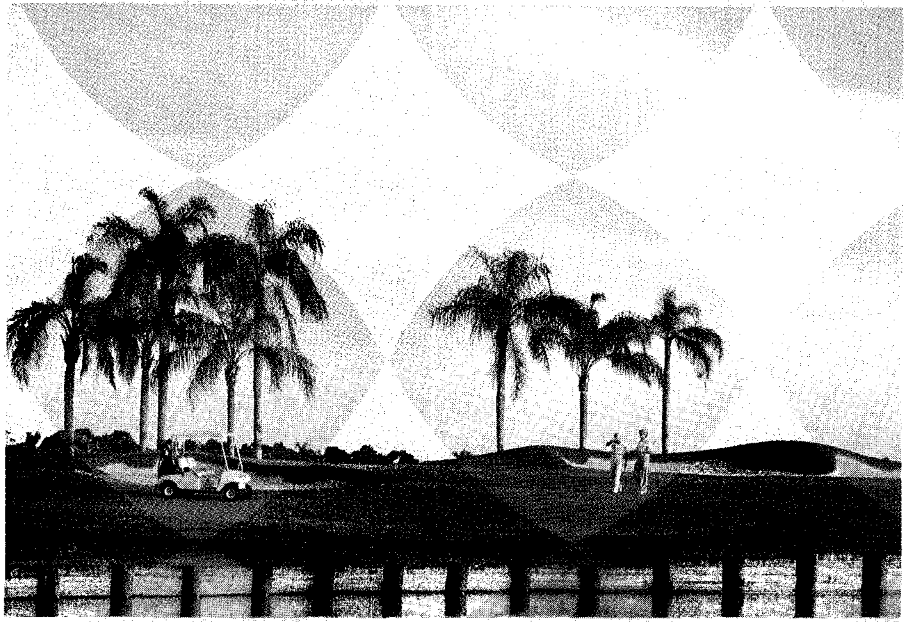

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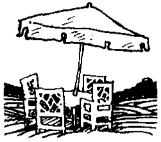

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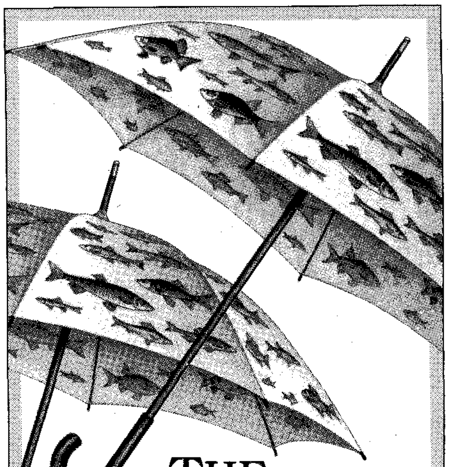
don't know whence these fantasies spring, or why Yola becomes the object of such ingenious cruelty—perhaps it's because she is so credulous and easily scared. After a while, though, she can't help herself—she tells her father. Our little cabal is summoned to her house. We stand in front of Yola's father, heads hung in some form of remorse—but I am the one he singles out. "It was you who thought this up, right?" he says, while I shake my head no. "I know you," he continues nevertheless, looking at me with utter disdain. "You are the leader of this. You little Jew." The gleam of malicious satisfaction in his eyes—as if he were tightening the right screw—registers like a cold touch that I can never forgive. From then on, Yola and I ignore each other with the consistency and pretended indifference of seasoned diplomats—a difficult feat, since we live in the same neighborhood and see each other frequently.

IN 1957, school prayers and religion classes are instituted in Polish schools. This signals a shift in the political balance of power; in the constant tug-of-war between church and state, the church, for the moment, has won a substantial victory. So now, after the morning roll call, the class stands up and, led by the teacher, recites the Lord's Prayer—the Polish version of it, which includes a special plea for the Virgin Mary's intercession. Then we betake ourselves to the school-wide assembly, where every day we sing the "Internationale," whose stirring melody never fails to fill me with the requisite inspirational feeling. I'm too young to appreciate the delicious political comedy of this juxtaposition. Indeed, it's with a not altogether unpleasant sense of righteousness and heroism that I stand silently while others recite the Lord's Prayer. This is what I have been instructed to do by my parents: show respect by standing up, but do not compromise yourself by actually saying the words. I feel a great self-assurance about this gesture. I'm upholding human dignity through it. And because I know I'm in the right I'm doubly surprised when one day some kids I don't know very well run after me and start pummelling me and shouting, "Out with the Yids!" In the commotion, several of my friends quickly come to my aid, dispersing the assault, and it is to them that my feelings turn. Of course I would be defended. The others are just stupid, primitive. My sense of trust is undiminished. Justice is justice. Truth is truth. At eleven, this is what every fibre in my body wants to believe.

My family goes to the synagogue only once a year, on Yom Kippur, a day that is a disruption of everything ordinary, a small journey into a hermetic Otherness. The morning begins in a solemn mood: we all put on our best clothes, and my parents kiss my sister and me formally—not in affection but as if they were stamping on our foreheads the seal of an impersonal legacy, as if for this day we ceased being their children and became something both larger and smaller. Then we begin the long walk to the synagogue, a walk that takes us gradually farther away from the familiar streets and into a sleepy, becalmed realm, the Jewish Quarter. Here the houses are white and low, the streets narrow and winding, and almost nothing stirs, except that sometimes through the first-story windows we see the figure of a bearded man.

The synagogue itself has a Moorish façade with tiled mosaics and a portico with toylike miniature arches. There's a courtyard adjoining it, where people who haven't met all year greet each other with commiserating nods and talk in grave, sad voices. These meetings are commemorations of all their dead as well as religious rituals, and everyone respects the mood.

Once the service starts, the children are left to their own devices outside the synagogue, but from time to time I go in to see my parents. I enter through a low-ceilinged, musty, long, damp corridor; on one side there are hundreds and hundreds of candles, flickering dimly. They've been placed here to honor the dead, and I feel how many of them there are: an endless procession, and someone is always adding more. Then the interior, so dark that the men—they are all men downstairs—become spectral silhouettes, marked by the swaying of the white tallithim. An irregular, arrhythmic hum, so unlike the music of the Catholic Church—this is more rapt and more private—rises and falls in the darkness. Peering, I make out my father's figure, and I approach him eagerly. I want a little attention from him. But he barely notices me. He takes my hand without interrupting his chant, and I feel, pain-



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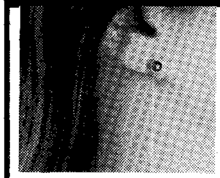

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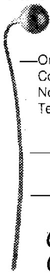

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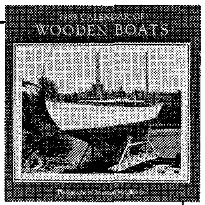

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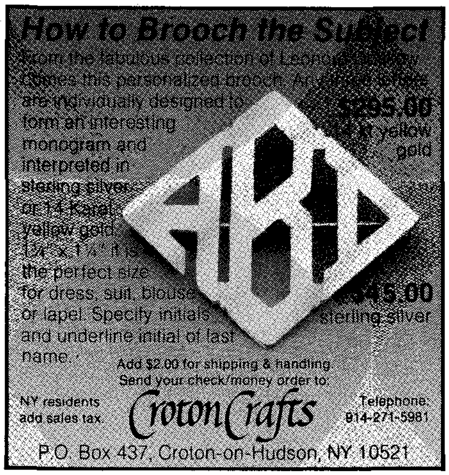

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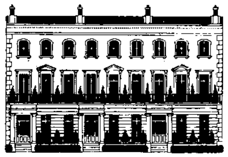

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fully, that he has become inaccessible to me. Then I go upstairs to where the women are praying and sit next to my mother; she at least smiles at me, but she, too, soon returns to her prayer book.

Across the lawn from the main temple there's a tiny white building, no bigger than the space of a large room. I never know what its uses are, so when it's opened one day I'm almost afraid to go in. When I do, I stand still with wonder, for what I see is a circle of men, dressed in long black coats, moving round and round in a drunken, ecstatic dance. They're paying no attention to the few spectators who have gathered; their eyes are raised toward the Torah, which they pass from hand to hand as tenderly as if it were a baby. "Chassidim," somebody tells me. I don't know what that means, but I feel I've wandered into the very heart of mystery.

I KNOW that something has happened as soon as we file into the school auditorium. The various classes enter in an unusually orderly, hushed fashion; even some of the older boys who have a reputation as troublemakers and near-hooligans aren't whistling or throwing paper balls at each other. The stage is empty except for a lectern and two conspicuously placed flags—Poland's and the Soviet Union's. When the principal himself appears, we look at each other uneasily. This must be something big. He asks us all to stand up. Then he gives us the stunning news: Joseph Stalin has died. This is both very abstract and nearly unbelievable. Since Stalin wasn't really a mortal but a great granite monolith in the middle of our lives, he shouldn't have died. On the other hand, aside from surprise, one can't feel much about the death of a granite monolith. He'll just live in a mausoleum from now on, instead of in the Kremlin. But the principal is determined to bring the tragedy of it home to us. His voice trembles; he's clearly shaken. He reminds us of Stalin's heroism during the war; of his special love for children; of his great friendship for our nation. Without him we'll feel leaderless, unguided, orphaned. All we can do is try to live up to his great Communist ideals, to carry forward Stalin's dream of bringing equality and justice to all oppressed people all over the world. After the speech, the whole auditorium

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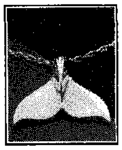

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breaks out into the "Internationale"—sung more slowly, gravely than usual. Then the flags are lowered to half-staff, as we observe a few tense moments of silence. By the time we return to our classrooms, nearly everyone is tearful, and for several minutes the teacher lets us sit in silence, while people variously sniffle, let the tears run down their faces, or cry with open abandon. For some reason, though, I'm not crying. I'm holding myself upright, and have an illogical sense of pride in my own resistance. I hardly know why, but I don't think it's right for me to mourn the passing of Stalin. I don't think he was a friend of mine. I think my weeping classmates are sissies. I don't exactly know how I've acquired these sub-rosa convictions. Politics infiltrates daily lives in the most pervasive ways. It is another one of those whispered, half-secret subjects, like Jewishness, and, as with Jewishness, we kids pick up reverberations of half-finished phrases like bat signals. The neighborly huddles around Radio Free Europe are usually accompanied by undertone commentary: "So, well, are they going to go in there this time?" "Don't worry, that's not something they'll go to war over." The very mention of the word "war" sends me into a small panic, and my parents calm me down each time. "Nobody wants war again," they say. "Nobody who has lived through it. Even the Russians won't let it happen, not for a long time."

The bookshelf attached to my parents' bed holds the collected works of Lenin and Stalin. But I've never seen them taken out or opened, and even when I'm very young I know they are not like other books, to be read, but are there because we're supposed to have them—maybe in case there is a police inspection, as there once is.

Disbelief in all symptoms of official life is, of course, so taken for granted that nobody needs to talk about it. Politics is a game, and almost no one—no one we know, anyway—seems to believe in it. Poles don't need demystifying philosophies to doubt all sources of power and authority. Nose-thumbing the system is a national pastime, and every second street-corner exchange is a deconstruction. But in this anarchic country my parents are surely among the more anarchic citizens. My father is the person who didn't register for work with the other Jews during

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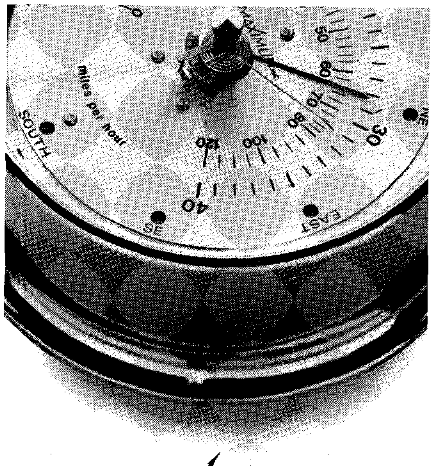

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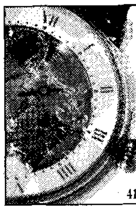

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the war, and he's certainly not going to join the Party or buy into a set of clumsily concocted ideas about Five-Year Plans and the New Man. His attitude toward such matters is of a piece with the way he jumps out of the tram while it's still moving, and with his high speeds on the motorcycle. On May Day, when all workers are required to participate in the enormous parade, in which tanks and soldiers alternate with regional costumes and wreaths of wheat celebrating Poland's peasant power, my father is one of the first to sneak out. He spots us at some appointed place, makes a beeline out of the file, and then we quickly move through the crowd of onlookers to go for a walk in the park.

For both my parents, the sense of disaffiliation is radical enough so that they do *not feel the drive to develop* an opposing ideology, or to join in patriotic or nostalgic discussions about the "real Poland," which some of their non-Jewish friends, after a few glasses of vodka, mistily lament. "Politics," my mother is given to saying, "it's all a dirty business." Politics is what has habitually tried to crush them; and this Poland, after all, is not quite their Poland. As with the troubled subject of Jewishness, my parents don't want to instill too many political lessons in me too early, but they do sometimes warn me not to repeat in school an anti-Russian joke or some fragment of a discussion—such as a conversation that takes place one day when we receive the news that a friend has just been sent to Siberia. Several people gather in our apartment to console the exiled man's wife. The mood is grim, but nobody seems to be shocked or outraged. "Ten years," someone informs a new arrival, who hasn't heard yet, and he nods with compassion and resignation. "Maybe they'll reduce it to five," someone offers to the weeping wife, mentioning stretches of time that sound like eternity to me. I don't understand what this is about; I don't know why Pan Gorczawski, a jolly, handsome man, has to go to an awful place called Siberia. "The bastards," somebody says, but everyone accepts this event with a sort of fatalism that pervades their relations with the larger world. That's how things are; it's useless to protest or rail when you can't do anything about it.

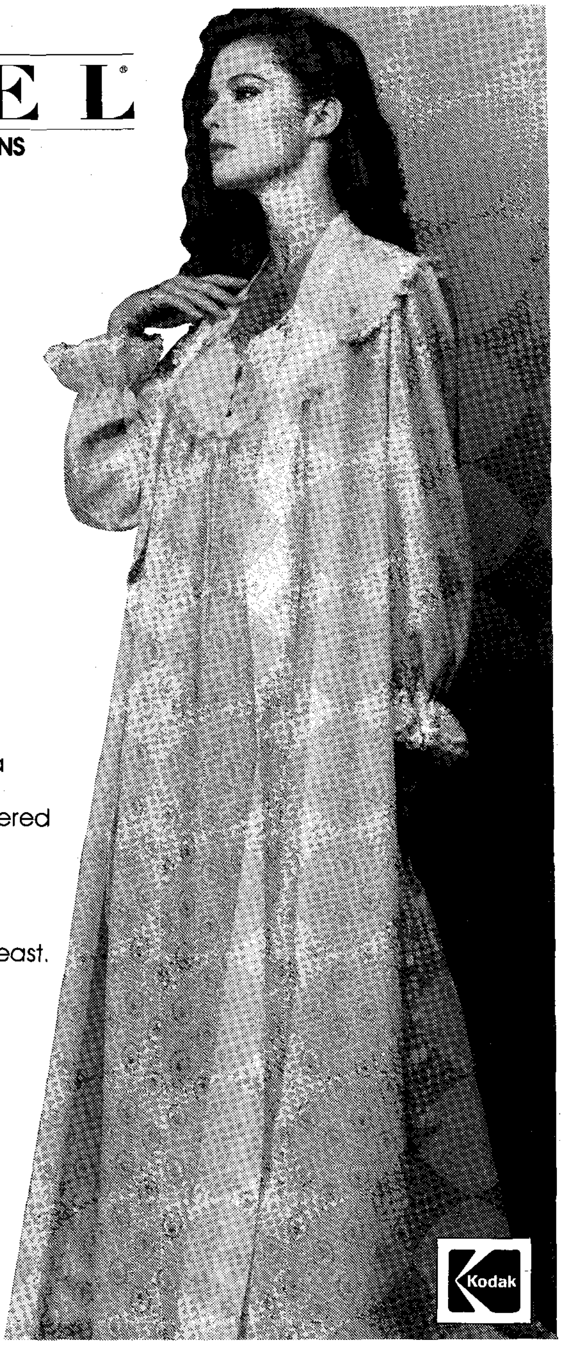
So I know better than to believe anything I'm told about political matters. In the newspapers and magazines the Soviet Union is portrayed as a sort of parent country, the center toward which the whole world leans. In nearly every issue of my favorite magazine, *Cross Section*, there are pictures of blond Russian girls in flower wreaths, gleaming with health, or of women in scarves standing near tractors, smiling broadly against expansive fields. On the radio there are soulful Russian songs, and at the movies I see the bravery of Russian soldiers in battle. I can't help being affected by all this optimism and heroism, the brave, clear eyes and good cheer. I love the melodious sound of the Russian language, *and the pictures of men* doing Cossack dances. The Russians have spirit, flair, soul.

But then there is the secret police, and Siberia, and the Party, which is half joke, half dirty word. If Russia is a parent, it's a harsh one—like one of those fairy-tale stepmothers, perhaps, who are bent on stuffing their hapless children down the well. When I mention to Pani Ruta that I've heard that Moscow is supposed to be beautiful, she tells me that Russia is like a girl who wears perfume to cover up the fact that she is dirty—that Moscow has been gussied up for show, and it covers up the sores in the rest of the country. Pani Orlovska hopes that the United States will be the first to send a rocket up into space. "They'll show them, you'll see. They'll teach these barbarians," she says vehemently, and if I'm a bit surprised at this total and frank inversion of the received pieties, it's only because she's so impassioned about a matter of politics.

And if Russia is the center, it is a heavy and leaden center, a sort of black hole sucking bright energy into its sinister recesses. From people who have been there I hear tales of fantastic poverty, of informers and fear. On the other side of the world, whirling in interplanetary space like an enormous flying saucer, is America—another ambiguous land of vague fears and desires. On the newsreels before the movies, when the name Eisenhower is mentioned it is in sharp, dark tones, and usually in association with an announcement of military maneuvers or warlike preparations. America is always getting ready to go to war, in contrast to those Soviet tanks, which are always wreathed in flowers and peaceful intentions. In a magazine I read an article on lynching in the South and another on the poverty of American workers. I also read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which makes me weep with frustration at the injustices perpetrated against Tom and his family. Perhaps—this is what people sometimes say—America is a cruel place full of coldhearted people.

But everyone also knows that America is the place where all the better things in life—cars, dollars, chewing gum, ballpoint pens—are endlessly available, even, my parents assure me, to those supposedly downtrodden workers. Sometimes we get material proof of American wealth, as when we receive a parcel from a friend of my parents' who somehow had the great good luck—everyone agrees it's good luck—to end up there. Hysterical with excitement, we slash through the ropes tying the carton and begin to pull out such wonders as a large box of cocoa with foreign words written over it, a nylon slip for my mother, and then, best of all, two dresses, also made of nylon, trimmed with lace and beautifully gathered at the waist, for my sister and me. For a while, Alinka and I are the envy of the entire neighborhood, and we preen and prance as if we were from America ourselves. Then we see an American movie—my first—in which a very handsome man with the exotic name of Kirk Douglas, who is seen mostly on a horse, pursues an Indian maiden till, at one point, he spots her walking—naked!—into a virginal pool of water and hops in right after her, so that they swim together in a brightly bucolic Technicolor embrace. Her walk, discreetly filmed in long-shot from the back, and the subsequent resolution are destined to become indelibly imprinted on my memory, if only because of the collective shudder and gasp that arise from the audience as the pair softly lower themselves into the water. Nakedness, at this historical moment, is not a common feature of the Polish cinema.

Later—this also causes a small sensation—a well-known music critic on



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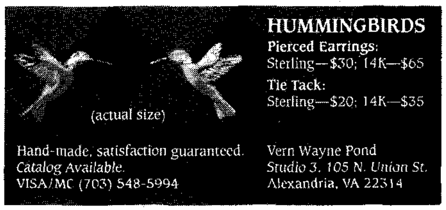
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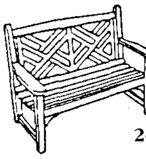
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the radio takes the bold step of playing a song called "Rock Around the Clock," on which he gives a long and learned disquisition. (This is music of the oppressed races, we're given to understand, and thus politically correct and edifying.) The electric, sexy excitement of this piece of music is totally unlike the plaintive lyricism of the songs I usually hear on the radio—mostly Polish and French. And as I hum "Rock Around the Clock" in my sadly unhoarse voice I can't quite believe that a country from which so many terrific things come can be as glum as the newsreels would have it.

At school, I get two political educations, superimposed, like two transparencies conflated into one photograph. First, there is this business of learning Russian. From the fifth grade on, it's compulsory to take courses in it. This should be no big burden, according to speeches by the principal and other personages, because learning the international language of Communism is something we should naturally want to do. The only problem is that the teachers assigned to this task prove uniformly unenthusiastic. In the other courses, discipline is rather strict. Each day, we may be called on to recite a fragment of a memorized passage or to answer questions in front of the class—although, of course, one can always count on the help of one's classmates, who mouth or mimic the answer if they see you getting stuck. But in the Russian course this never seems to happen, and after taking us through some lackadaisical exercises the teacher chats with us—in Polish—about other things.

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GREETING
TG

In the history courses, the textbooks we read present to us an endless succession of class wars, a heroic pageant of the oppressed triumphing over the oppressor: poor, dispersed Polish knights fight the Prussian juggernaut in the fourteenth century, peasants rebel against cruel feudal landlords in the eighteenth, workers rebel against the cobra grip of their bosses in the nineteenth. From then on, it's smooth going for the writers of these texts, because history turns into the stirring progress of the Polish Communist Party, from its beginnings, as a struggling, suppressed voice of true morality, through its rise, as the triumphant and ever-improving—no, Communism isn't perfect yet, but it's capable of self-criticism—knight errant of universal Morality and Truth, and culminating, in the seventh grade, with the memorizing of Marx's Communist Manifesto.

I don't know the exceedingly complex historical and ideological arguments that one could level at this version of history, but I know that my teachers don't believe it. Through the conceptual grid of this history they show us glimpses of a different picture. That king, Kazimierz Wielki, who supposedly oppressed his subjects so tyrannically . . . Really, a teacher throws in, he was a great Polish patriot, he installed a decent sanitation system and brought in Italian architects to build some of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. Another ruler, Queen Jadwiga, was so religious and good to the poor that she was considered a saint.

From this I can infer several things: apparently, in this teacher's book being a patriot and being religious are good things, and apparently he wants to convey this to us. When he tells us about such matters, his voice gains warmth, and he leans forward at his desk, giving us to understand that this is between him and us, he's telling it to us straight. In other words, the history books leave out important things. I should disregard them. I should look for the truth elsewhere. Still, such images and ideas, and underimages and half-spoken phrases, float safely enough in the atmosphere; the coexistence of the official and the popular wisdom and the disparity between them are part of a package, an accepted order of things.

Then, abruptly, everything changes. In 1956, Poland's President, Boleslaw Bierut, who is almost as much a fixture on the scene as Stalin—he has been around ever since I can remember—dies during a visit to Moscow. This gives rise to many jokes about how for a true Communist going to Moscow is so deeply moving that you're bound to have a heart attack. No one believes for a moment that a Polish President just happened to die in Moscow of natural causes. Soon thereafter, the tension thickens. I don't exactly know what's going on—no one tells me—but I sense that some dangerous, rumbling upheaval is about to alter our lives. One day, when I come to school everything has been turned topsy-turvy. The portraits of Lenin and Stalin adorning the walls of every classroom have been torn down, and in their place long ribbons of paper are affixed to the wall, with slogans, scrawled in crayon, proclaiming things like "Poland for the Poles" and "We don't want such friends"—things that should never be said in the open, out loud. The classrooms are in complete disarray, with overturned chairs and broken windows. I'm intimidated by the daring that wreaked this havoc. Our homeroom teacher sternly delivers a diktat about "hooligan behavior," which will be severely punished. But I sense that something much more serious is going on here than the standard transgressions, like overturning the inkwells or stealing the notebook in which grades are recorded. The teacher's voice, beneath the familiar words, sounds solemn—as if she were addressing peers, and not just childish pranksters. In the hallways I see older students talking in groups—sometimes with teachers joining in—as if they had important business to accomplish.

Then the tension is turned up another notch. It is as if everyone's attention were concentrated not on daily life but on something that is about to happen, and in this concentration the air becomes even denser, heavier. In ominous voices people begin to say awful words: "tanks," "pogrom," "civil war." There has been some violence in Poznań, and every hour rumors and numbers run like a drumbeat through the street: *they shot into the crowd . . . they killed fifteen . . . twenty-five . . . fifty . . . they're singling out Jews . . . no, that's not true, don't panic . . . if it spreads to Warsaw, it's all over.* Communications between Poznań and the rest of Poland have been cut off, and so there's no real news, only the nervous snatches of conversation in hallways and on the street, but it's enough for me to be filled with terror. The worst might actually happen. My friends and I hold a frightened conference about what we would do if shooting began on the streets, if bombs started falling out of the sky. We talk about this in lowered voices, exchanging such bits of knowl-

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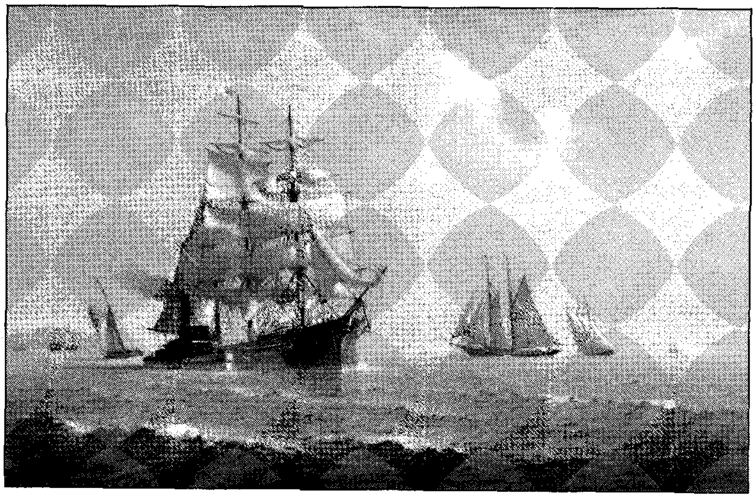

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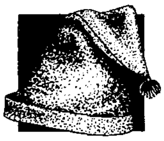

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edge as we have gathered on the subject, and we come to the conclusion that in the dread event it would be best to hide in the basement: people survived the war that way, down below, where the bombs couldn't reach them. The only problem is food. We've all read stories of provisions running out, gradually, so that people first did without sugar in their tea, and then had only *one* meal of soup a day, and then . . . "Hunger was the worst," my mother has often told me. "May you never experience it." Some people are already preparing for this eventuality. Zosia's parents, in whose house the discussion takes place, have bought enormous bags of flour and sugar. On the way home, in Kraków's gray dusk, I see sinuous lines of people forming in front of our neighborhood store. They are lining up for provisions. That means that it might start any day.

In a panic, I run home and begin to plead with my parents to go out and buy some food. But for some reason they are remarkably calm. "Don't worry, there won't be a war," they say, and my father even laughs at me. "And if there is, flour and sugar won't help you," my mother adds. Still, I plead with them to do something. What if we have to stay in the basement for weeks? Finally, my parents relent and send—or pretend to—the maid down to get some supplies.

Then, suddenly, the mood changes again. They have let somebody named Gomulka out of something like prison, and he'll be the new President. Everyone seems to be glad about this, though I'm a little confused about how somebody who has been in prison can suddenly come out and run the country. I begin to hear new kinds of phrases on the radio. "We must examine the past honestly," an earnest voice says, and "This is a painful time for all of us," and "We must have the courage to admit our mistakes without losing faith," and "Comrade Stalin was a great leader, but there are many things coming to light." I am startled as much by the voices saying these things as by what they say—voices in which the usual "I'm the mouthpiece of truth" resoluteness is replaced by the more hesitant tones of uncertainty and persuasion.

"Well, who knows, maybe something will change," my mother says, sighing. She doesn't sound as if she'd bet on it.

It turns out, though, that for us these intimations of change are real enough, for they prefigure the policies that will finally carry us out of the country. Years later, after I learn what these events meant in the more remote way of books and from the distant safety of a place where they matter little and could never happen—long after I find out that they were triggered by Khrushchev's Twentieth Communist Party Congress speech, and de-Stalinization, and that Bierut probably committed suicide in Moscow, and that Gomulka was a resistance hero during the war and was arrested as a leader of a splinter Communist faction after the war ended—I dream of Stalin in vivid, Technicolor detail. In my night vision, Stalin, looking very much like himself, in his greenish high-collared uniform, stands on a high podium in an immense hall, to which my sleeping self refers as the Hall of the People. The room is filled with rows upon rows of ceremonially dressed soldiers representing different ethnic groups. Women come up to the great leader to ask him to make them fertile. But I—small, lost, and without a uniform—know that I have to escape. I start maneuvering my way out, between sabred Cossacks, in their red shirts, until I get to the exit, and then I begin to run. For my life. Though when I wake up I can't for the life of me figure out what I am running from, or how Stalin—a personage known to me as evil, but known only from photographs and movie footage—came to be so pertinaciously lodged in my brain.

WHEN I am eight years old, I am taken for my first music lesson. Pani Grodzinska, the teacher who has been picked for Marek and me, is a homely elderly woman with gray hair pulled back tightly in a bun, and her apartment is thick with rugs, dust particles swirling through the air, and a profusion of porcelain figurines covering every available surface. But in the corner of this bibelot heaven stands a majestic black quiescent beast—a grand piano. It may be the first such object that I have seen this close up, and, with its graceful curves, its shiny black surface, its lightly held massiveness, it strikes me as almost alive. When Pani Grodzinska sits down to play a simple melody for me—well, it's instant love. That such beauty can emerge from under one's fingers! Pani

Grodzinska, as she begins to play, changes from a homely woman into someone whose movements are as harmonious as the sounds she is summoning. As soon as I hear this simple melody, I know that I want to be able to bring forth sounds like that, to attain such adult combination of ease and command.

Piano lessons are part of my parents' ambitions for giving their children the better things in life. Musicians in Poland have sacred-idol status; great pianists or violinists are endowed with the glitter of stardom and the prestige of high art. But playing an instrument is also a part of a good upbringing, of becoming properly middle-class, and the adults in our circle—especially the Jewish ones—all seem to decide simultaneously that their children should not go without this advantage. Besides, who knows? Maybe there's a prodigy among us. Having musical talent is an avenue of success open to everyone; if one of us turns out to have sufficient quantities of it, we may achieve that sudden ascent from ordinariness to fame and glamour which all of us, not so secretly, dream of.

Of course, like any self-respecting child, I balk at practicing. To begin with, Pani Grodzinska doesn't let me play at all; instead, she wants me to practice letting my arm fall loosely on the keyboard, to achieve that state of relaxation which is considered at the time the sine qua non of pianistic technique. That is extremely dull, and so are the five-finger exercises I have to go through endlessly before I am rewarded with anything that sounds like a melody—though the monotonous scales I'm supposed to repeat till they become automatic are sweetened somewhat by the fact that I practice them with Marek. But as soon as I am given even a fragment of a real piece—a simple transcription of a theme from a Beethoven symphony, a movement of some Kuhlau or Clementi sonatina—I plunge into it with enthusiasm. I don't wonder about what it should sound like—I seem to know. By the end of the first year or so, Pani Orlovska, who is a trained musician herself, pronounces that I have Talent.

My teacher seems to think so, too, and my "Talent" gradually takes on a sort of existence of its own: it becomes almost an objective entity—something that belongs to me but is also outside me, a valuable possession to which I

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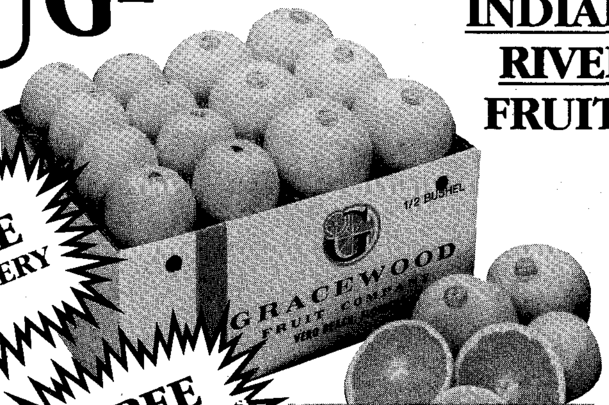

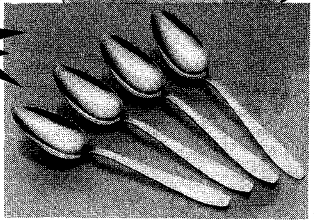

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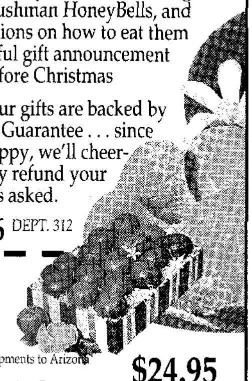

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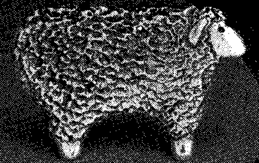

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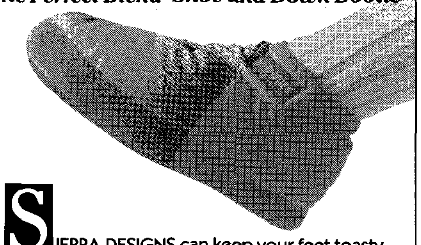
have an obligation and which I have to nurture carefully. "You're only a child, but God gave you a golden apple," Pani Orlovska tells me, looking down at me sternly with her cool blue eyes. "And that means you have a duty. It's a sin to waste a gift. Discipline—you must have discipline. You must practice two hours a day. With the exception of Sunday." Eventually, it is agreed that I should be passed on to Pani Witeszczak, a teacher who has the reputation for being particularly good with young people and who has trained some well-known Polish pianists. She is not a beautiful woman, but although I am at first intimidated by the prospect of playing for so exalted a personage, I soon find something peacefully reassuring about the mildness of her brown, owl-like eyes and her understanding smile. During my lessons, Pani Witeszczak's mother, who is extremely old and frail, and who used to be a music teacher herself, lies on the sofa near the piano under a thick pile of quilts and occasionally offers some observations. The apartment is also shared by Pani Witeszczak's son, and later his wife and their baby. Everyone in the household moves and speaks softly and treats the others with a sort of respectful tenderness. Much later, I learn—from one of her son's novels—that Pani Witeszczak is a very religious person, and that during the war she sheltered several Jews at great risk to herself.

Although she never raises her voice, and is unfailingly kind, Pani Witeszczak exercises great authority over me. She is the first in a sequence of music teachers to whom I owe the closest thing I get to a moral education. "Music is a kind of eloquence," she tells me. "Ask yourself what it says here. See? This is like someone pleading. And here someone is getting angry, more and more angry, and trying to persuade somebody else, who is not listening."

It is that speech, the language of emotions, that Pani Witeszczak tries to tease out of me. Like all teachers in Poland at that time, she emphasizes the importance of tone, and I soon learn why: tone is something about which I cannot lie. If I do not feel the kindling of a fire as I play, my tone betrays me by its coldness; if I do not feel the capricious lightheartedness of a scherzo, my tone turns wooden in spite of my best attempts to feign playfulness. Through some inexplicable process, the precise



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nuance of what I feel is conveyed through my arm to my fingertips, and then, through those fingertips, to the piano keys, which register with equal precision the slightest swerve of touch and pressure. I gradually learn, though, that expressing this musical speech involves a paradox. For if the spirit is to flow into the keys through the conduit of my arm and hand, it has to move in the other direction as well—from the keys into my arm and soul. Pani Witeszczak's ideal is to make the music sound as if it were playing itself. It is to that end that one has to relax, relax as much as possible—relax one's arm and one's self, so that one can become the medium through which the music flows as naturally as melting snow in the spring. "Relax," she keeps saying. "All you have to do is let the music be itself." But there is a further twist of the paradox: such freedom, such receptivity can be achieved only through the rigor of controlled technique, when I don't have to worry about just how I'll execute the next passage, and whether I can manage a jump or a trill. Your fingers can become boneless conduits only if they've been made very strong first. Music may express the deepest truths, but it expresses them through a material medium, and in order to say what I want, I need to bend the physical medium of my arms and fingers to my will. To that end, Pani Witeszczak insists on the virtues of strict daily discipline. My mother is to keep a log of how much I've practiced each day—and if I haven't fulfilled my contract I'm painfully reproached. "If you want to be a pianist, you have to decide to be like a nun," Pani Witeszczak tells me. "It takes total devotion. You have to make yourself strong." I try to imagine such single-minded rigor, but for now I believe all too much in my God-given powers and my inner ear. I don't, on the other hand, believe in work. Effort, scales, time at the piano—I suffer through them with a very bad grace. Surely such mere exercises are for the plodders, for lesser talents than mine. Perhaps this large streak of self-indulgence is fostered by my parents, who coddle me to the best of their ability.

Or perhaps I am picking up notions about flair and panache and sparks of inspiration—tonalities of character which are the true Polish values, and which are encouraged by my peers and my schoolteachers, not to speak of

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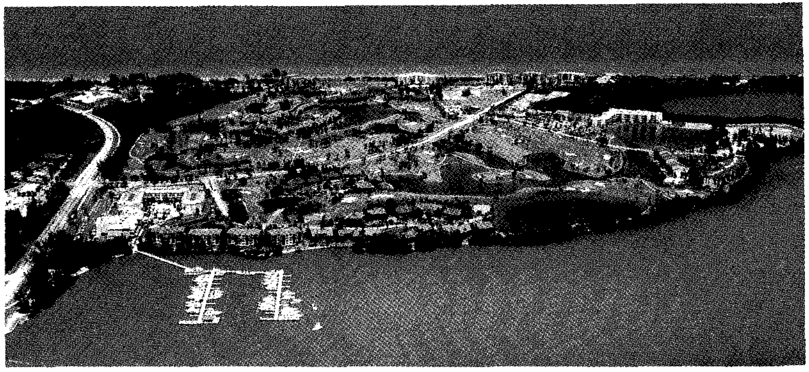

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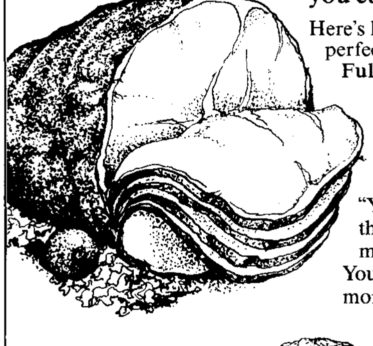

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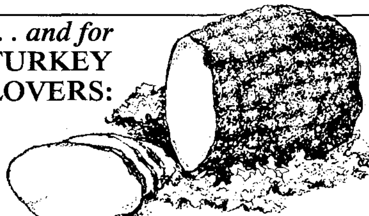

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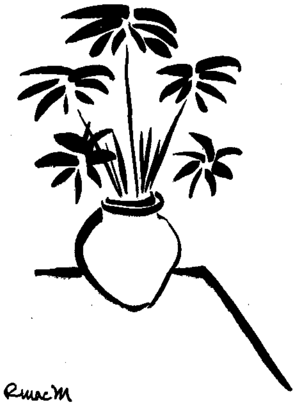
the Romantic poetry we read. There is a romantic undercurrent to much of the education I get. What counts in a written composition—whether it's about our last school excursion or a poem by Adam Mickiewicz, the national poet—is a certain extravagance of style and feeling. The best compliment that a school exercise can receive is that it has *polot*—a word that combines the meanings of dash, inspiration, and flying. *Polot* is what everyone wants to have in one's personality as well. Being correct and dull is a horrid misfortune. "The good," in our eyes, is not a moral entity at all but spontaneity, daring, a touch of recklessness. Marek, to my mind, has *polot*. So did those Polish cavalrymen, about whom we hear so often, who went out to meet German tanks when the Nazis invaded. The sounds of Chopin's A-Major Polonaise coming over the loudspeakers in the last heroic moments of the Warsaw uprising, as bullets and grenades ricocheted through the streets—that is a gesture that captures the essence of *polot*. And *polot*, of course, is absolutely necessary in music; without it—without the flair and the melancholy and the wildness that ignite the sounds with fire and tenderness—you can practice all you want and you won't come anywhere near greatness.

My mother conscientiously takes me to concerts, so that I can hear pianists who have achieved the blessed condition of greatness already. When the Chopin Competition comes around in 1955, we stay close to the radio, following the playoffs like a five-act drama and supplementing our musical curiosity with every bit of gossip and information we can garner about the contestants. The announcements of the prizes, though, are greeted with skepticism, and even indignation. Once again, they were "political," meaning dishonest. "The first prize was patriotic, the second diplomatic, the third one strategic, and the fourth one fair," goes an immediately circulated joke—for these honors are given, respectively, to Polish, Russian, Chinese, and French pianists. By popular consensus, the Frenchman should have won the first prize—but it is also the general understanding that the jury was never free from that ugly pressure that distorts everything, even music, from the start.



In 1958, though, a musical event takes place that has the symbolic meaning of transcending immediate politics. For the first time since the war, Arthur Rubinstein comes to play in Poland—and his arrival provokes an outbreak of high excitement, patriotism, nostalgia, and pure sentiment which art still has the power to induce in Poland. His long absence was partly a protest against anti-Semitism, but now he is awaited as a native son. He is the greatest in the world, he is Polish, and he plays the piano in the high-romantic tradition—as it really should be played. In Kraków, people spend the night on makeshift beds in front of the Symphony Hall so they can beat others to the tickets when the box office opens in the morning. My father, who, as always, prefers shortcut methods, waits until the evening, and then somehow maneuvers us through the onrush of the crowds pressing their way in, past the ticket-takers, so that we are propelled into the auditorium, whose aisles are filled with people crowding right up to the stage and being squeezed ever tighter as more people arrive. The hall is so overheated that two people faint during the concert and have to be carried out. But nothing interrupts the audience's breathless attention to Rubinstein's every note. His tone—warm, pliant, utterly "natural"—is the real stuff. It bespeaks an empathy that never violates the music—never interrupts its fluidity by a harsh or a wooden sound. As for me, I am fascinated by the way he raises his eyes, a beatific smile on his face, as if to focus on some point in his mind and breathe the music in, receive it from some outside source. The concert progresses through tiers of excitement. When, at the end of the first half, he plays the A-Major Polonaise, with its heroic revolutionary echoes, the audience spontaneously breaks out into a shout of "*Wiwat! Wiwat!*"—simultaneously a toast and a salute of camaraderie and celebration. After the official program is finished, there are the usual two or three encores—but the

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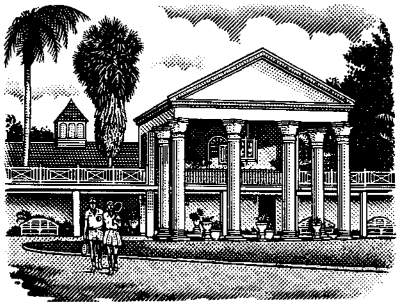

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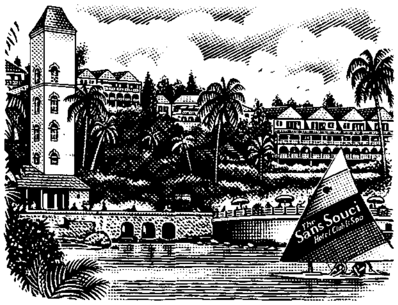
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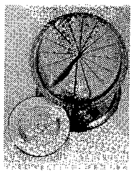

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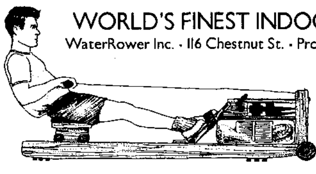

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audience doesn't have any intention of letting Rubinstein go. People begin shouting out names of pieces they want him to play, and, inclining his elegant head, the pianist stands on the stage listening to the requests, and then sits down and plays again and again and again, as if this were a family reunion, and he, too, didn't want to part from this packed and overheated hall. But finally he indicates by a gesture of the hands that this is the end, that he can't go on anymore—and then the audience, as if moved by some unanimous impulse, rises and breaks into the song "*Sto lat, sto lat,*" which means "May he live a hundred years," while the pianist stands there, moved, bowing his head and blowing kisses.

BASIA becomes my best friend at the Kraków Music School, which I've been attending for two years—ever since it was decided that I should train as a professional pianist. Though Basia envies my piano-playing, in everything else I am the admirer. She is beautiful in a "classically Slavic" way—black hair plaited into a thick braid at the back of her head, sloe-brown eyes, a face that is all high cheekbones and oblique angles. She knows she is beautiful, and that things will go well for her in life, and that gives her great self-confidence and charm. To me she seems the acme of sophistication. She is a professor's daughter, and she flirts with the college boys who come to her house; moreover, she not only is very smart and one of the best students in our class but has the excitingly bohemian ambition of becoming an actress.

Basia and I often walk home from school together, and we talk about everything—music, and the books we read, and that strange feeling, like an itch, but not quite, that comes over us at night when we think of boys or of the Roman-orgy scenes in "Quo Vadis."

For a while, Basia betrays me. One summer, she goes away to a scout camp for young Communists, and though I write her almost every day, she doesn't answer. I miss her terribly, and I don't understand how she can forget me like that; after all, we pledged friendship to each other, and friendship is serious, deep—something to which one ought to be forever faithful. When she comes back, we are polite to each other, but it isn't the same. She is running around with a different, classy crowd, and she

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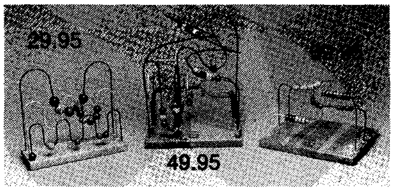

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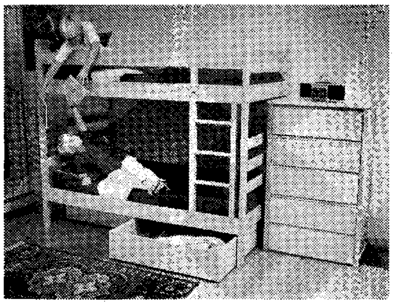

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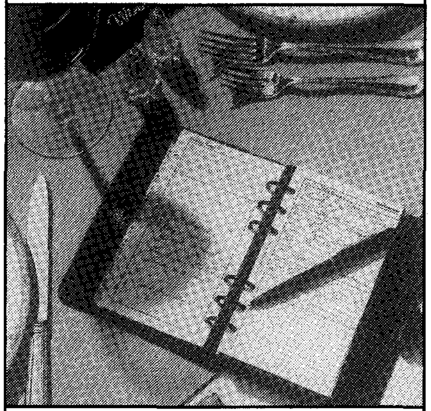

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sometimes sports the red scarf worn by the Young Pioneers. My parents don't allow me to join such groups of future Comrades—and once when I observe Basia talking animatedly with a cluster of her new friends I am pricked with pain and envy. "I don't think she cares about me anymore," I confide to Marek gloomily.

"Don't worry, I'm your best friend anyway," he reassures me. "We'll be friends forever."

But as the time of my departure approaches Basia remembers our friendship again. Once again, we have long talks; she makes me promise that I won't forget her. Of course I won't! She passes an album with a pretty, embroidered cloth cover among my classmates, in which they are to write appropriate words of goodbye. Most of them choose melancholy verses in which life is a vale of tears, or a river of suffering or a journey of pain I am embarking on. This tone of sadness is something we all enjoy. It makes us feel the gravity of life, and it is gratifying to have a truly tragic event—a parting "forever"—to give vent to such romantic feelings.

(Only two years later, I go on a month-long bus trip across Canada and the United States with a group of teen-agers who, at parting, inscribe sentences in each other's notebooks to be remembered by. "It was great fun knowing you!" they exclaim in the pages of my little notebook. "Don't ever lose your friendly personality!" "Keep cheerful, and nothing can harm you!" And as I compare my two sets of mementos I know that, even though they're so close to each other in time, I've indeed come to another country.)

IT is an autumn afternoon in 1958, and we are all going, dressed more formally than usual, to the Bergs' house. We are going to say goodbye. I am unprepared for this. I have not accepted the knowledge that Marek is about to leave.

As soon as I enter the apartment, though, I am jolted into an instant recognition of departure, finality, the end. The apartment has been transformed from a place in which people have lived cozily and for a long time into a space from which they are fleeing—that image of lives being torn up and uprooted that will be, from now on, imprinted on my retina with quickening regularity. The familiar rooms, which used to be warm and muffled with thicknesses of furniture, now echo with emptiness and the wooden crates that line the hallway. There are some trunks and suitcases, and there are people awkwardly standing about. We don't exactly know how to behave. What are the ceremonies for such departures—departures that are neither entirely chosen nor entirely forced, and yet are chosen and forced at the same time?

Such departures are becoming more frequent. In 1957, the ban on emigration under which most of the Polish population lives is lifted for Jews. Anyone who is Jewish can now get permission to leave for Israel, and everyone who is Jewish is confronted with a decision. To leave or not to leave becomes the main subject of conversation. Most people we know decide immediately, and the exodus begins. The Rotenbergs leave; the Taubes leave; the Leitners leave. Our personal world is changing; it begins to seem less and less possible to be Jewish and of our class—that is, definitely Jewish, non-Communist, without a particular stake or significance in the society—and to remain.

The Bergs have held out longer than most. They are assimilated enough to feel that Poland is their real home, and the grandparents, especially, are loath to leave the comfortable apartment where they have spent most of their lives, and the city to which they are entirely accustomed. Israel doesn't seem a friendly prospect by comparison. "What will we do there?" they ask sadly. "We'll never get used to it, it's too late." Separating the family seems out of the question. The decision has to be made for all, and eventually, after countless and anxious discussions, they take the momentous step: they're going to leave, like the others, though they do it without much enthusiasm, and only because it seems impossible to stay. Being Jewish in Poland will be different from now on, in this once again depopulated landscape; it will be increasingly difficult for the children. The exodus is extremely large, and only Jews who are involved in the life of the culture or are part of the Communist élite remain—until 1968, when most of them, too, are forced out by an "anti-Zionist" purge. But for the less important, even

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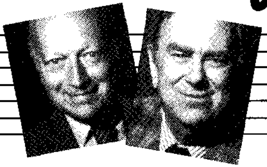
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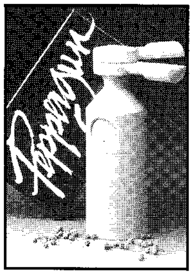

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if they've never given much thought to their Jewishness, there is, after a while, almost no choice.

My parents have no doubts. Poland is home, in a way, but it is also hostile territory. They tried to get out once before—shortly after the war, when some Jews were given exit visas—but didn't succeed. The question is not whether to leave but for where.

Marek knows exactly what he wants. He wants me to come to Israel. When we get there on that last day, he beckons me into the "third room" and tells me that this is a serious moment and I should allow him to kiss me in front of the others: we should not act like timid children anymore. His voice is, in fact, so serious and so full of urgency that I say yes, he may—though when it comes to the point we're both so nervous that his kiss lands awkwardly on my chin. Before we leave the Bergs' apartment, he shakes my father's hand and, looking him straight in the eye, tells him that we must come to Israel, because I am supposed to be his wife. I have believed this also; like music, Marek has been a part of my Destiny. But I fear that my Destiny is going to take an abrupt swerve; I fear that we are going to end up in Canada.

This possibility has arisen because of a letter we received, out of the blue, as far as I can make out, from somebody whom my parents knew before the war and who lives in a place called Vancouver—or Vantzo-ouver, as we pronounce it. This man, whom my father helped in some way at the beginning of the war, offers to sponsor us as immigrants to Canada, which, he writes, is the real land of milk and honey, the land of opportunity, the place where you can grow rich and be happy. For my father this is an irresistibly alluring vision—to become a man of means in the American way, a man of substance. We don't have the remotest idea of what we might find or do there, but America—in our minds Canada is automatically subsumed under that category—has for us the old fabulous associations: streets paved with gold, the goose that laid the golden egg. There is also that book about Canada from the war. And, my father reminds my mother, whose impulses really draw her toward Israel, in Canada there is no war, and there never will be. Canada is the land of

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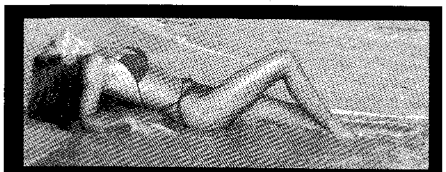
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peace. In Israel, there's a constant danger of war, and they take even girls into the Army. Does she want her daughters to end up on a battlefield? Does she herself want to go through a war again?

I understand the force of this argument, but still the thought of a place called Canada fills me with a sort of *horror vacui*. I don't want to leave Poland at all; I hardly see how I can be extracted from all this, from everything I've experienced so intensely. But, if leave we must, I want at least to go to a place I've heard called our "real home." After the Bergs leave, they send us bulletins from Israel: they are learning the language in special courses; they are in little settlements in the desert; conditions are harsh; there is lots of sand and little water; they are living like pioneers—but they love this country, this country which is their real home.

Before we're sure where we'll end up, my mother, who is worried about my future as a pianist, writes to no less a personage than David Ben-Gurion, a cult hero who is also "one of ours," to inquire whether I'll be able to get piano lessons if we come to Israel. This is the kind of gesture she knows how to make—the gesture of someone who does not have enough power or standing to go through the normal channels of influence but can cut through the rules and appeal to some grandee's ordinary humanity. "Just remember, everyone is human, everyone has the same feelings," she often tells me. "You should never be afraid of anybody." In Ben-Gurion's case, her resourcefulness pays off, for within weeks a letter typed messily on onionskin paper and signed by the Premier of Israel himself arrives at our address. The letter is no bureaucratic form: it is long, and sounds as if it were written by an actual person. Be assured, Ben-Gurion tells my mother—or perhaps someone from his office does—that your child, if she is talented, will receive all the attention she deserves. We do not like to let talent go to waste in Israel; there are excellent music teachers here, and, if necessary, she'll get a scholarship. We'll take care of her. This is a splendid response: we wouldn't be lost in a country whose Premier himself cares enough to write a letter to us. Israel begins to sprout a few tendrils in my imagination. In my internal geography, it's much closer than Canada, the journey to it less unthinkable. Somehow, one could get there from here.

For a long time, my parents hesitate—and then sway in favor of Canada. Once the decision is made to go there, persuading the authorities that they should allow us to follow our choice will take two years. It is a period in which we "live on our suitcases" almost literally; in which my father, as a would-be emigrant, loses his job; in which I am in and out of school—in which the matrix of ordinariness begins to dissolve in the suspended, provisional state of waiting.

THE last person I say goodbye to before I leave is Pani Witeszczak. For the first time in our acquaintance, I go to her house not for a lesson but to sit at the table and have tea and cake and talk.

"What will you miss the most?" she asks me kindly.

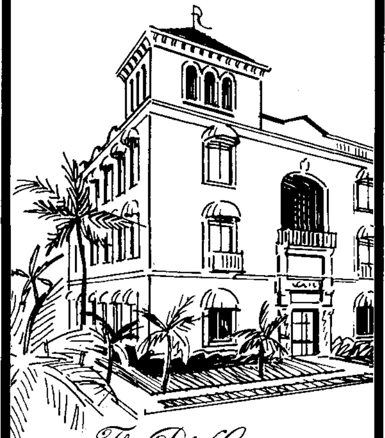
"Little things, I think," I tell her. "The napoleon pastry from our bakery. Not knowing what's in *Cross Section*."

Then, as I let the question sink in, it comes upon me that I'll miss much more than that, and I say, "Everything. Kraków. The school. Basia. You. Everything." Pani Witeszczak strokes my hair, to let me know that she understands, and from then on I don't talk much, because I can't stop myself from crying. It turns out that this is the person and the room I can least bear to leave. When I finally have to go, I hold on to Pani Witeszczak hard, and I say, "I'll be back, you'll see."

"Of course you will be," she says, very gently, but I know that neither of us believes it.

I AM standing at the prow of the ship, watching the water tear away in a forever repeating, forever receding diagonal line. For days, nothing but the sea. The Atlantic is mostly gray, and not beautiful, in this early April, but it's so immense, so without end, that it makes me anxious to contemplate all of it, and I have to concentrate on the manageable straight rip within the water's surface.

The first time I saw the sea was one summer when we went on vacation to the Baltic coast, and its vastness stilled me into an enormous awe and peace. Now it makes me restless. As soon as the Batory is out of the harbor, and I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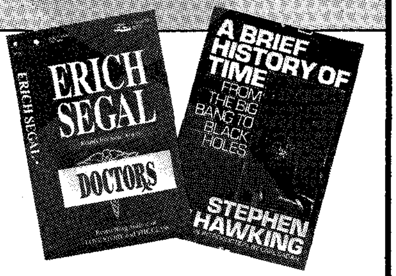
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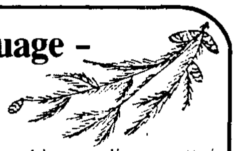
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begin to explore its decks and its interiors, I plunge into a state of near-feverish excitement, in which all the pain of the last few weeks and all my calm are obliterated.

"What's come over you?" my mother asks. "You never used to be like this."

I don't know what's come over me, but I find it difficult to stay still, and I don't want to be near my parents any more than I have to. I fight with them and stalk off in fits of stubborn sulkiness.

This tempest follows months of bureaucracy and disarray. Our exit visas have been obtained by a combination of legal maneuvers and bribing the requisite officials with adequately large sums, paid out in the illegal foreign currency that my father has wisely stowed away. We have even obtained a special permit to take my piano out of the country, though it belongs in the vast category of objects that one is supposed to yield to the national treasury. This should be some consolation, but I do not think my piano will be of much use to me in that no place to which we are journeying. The only information I have about Canada comes from an article in *Cross Section*, which described it as a "cultural desert," a country in which no one cares about fineness or music or art. I have shown this article to my parents in an implicit accusation. They are taking me to a cultural desert! What am I going to do there?

As the day of the departure approaches, wooden crates begin to fill our apartment, packed with our quilts and clothes and china. The new tenants—whoever they are—come to inspect our furniture, which they want to buy from us. Then the police arrive, to inspect the crates for any possessions we might be taking out illegally. More bribes—and, as an extra, I'm told to play the piano for them. My playing has never been used as a currency of exchange before, and I chafe under the order.

The sense of impending loss makes me want to hold on with all my might to what I've had. I stoke up the images of Marek—they are not memories yet, he is too much alive within me—as if my will could make him materialize. Immediately after he leaves, I take to my bed for a week, and plunge into fits of unstoppable tears ending in the dull thud of migraines, which will visit me

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from now on until our own departure. Then I begin to make weekly pilgrimages to the Bergs' building, as if standing in front of it could prevent their after-echoes from vanishing. And every day—religiously—I go through a ritual fantasy about Marek. In this repeated scene, I am older, perhaps about nineteen, and I've managed somehow to come to Israel. I am disembarking from a ship, and there, on the shore, I see him. We begin running toward each other, and then—finally, at last—we fall into each other's arms, and hold on to each other for minutes on end, wordlessly. The fantasy ends there, and I am returned to the street I'm walking on and a state of ashen deprivation. Fantasy is a sapping strategy, but for a long time I can't stop recycling it again and again, like a helpless somnambulist; after all, this is a dream not of something unreal but of something I once had—and might have had—and the knowledge strengthens the vividness of that ritual scene, and my repeated disappointment.

As I wander around Kraków with my friends in the last few days, everything is heightened: some song we sing together, a movie we go to see, some playful or affectionate remark. By myself, I burst into tears as I pass a creek in which I used to play, or a nondescript patch of garden that, it turns out, holds a bit of myself. Ordinary streets become luminous with the light of loss. "Look," I tell my sister as we take the tram to the train station. "Look. Remember. You may never see this again."

I don't think my parents approve of this effusion of sentiment. "Do you think you'll want to return here?" they and their friends have asked each other, and the answer almost invariably comes back as "What for? What is there to miss?" —Eva Hoffman

•

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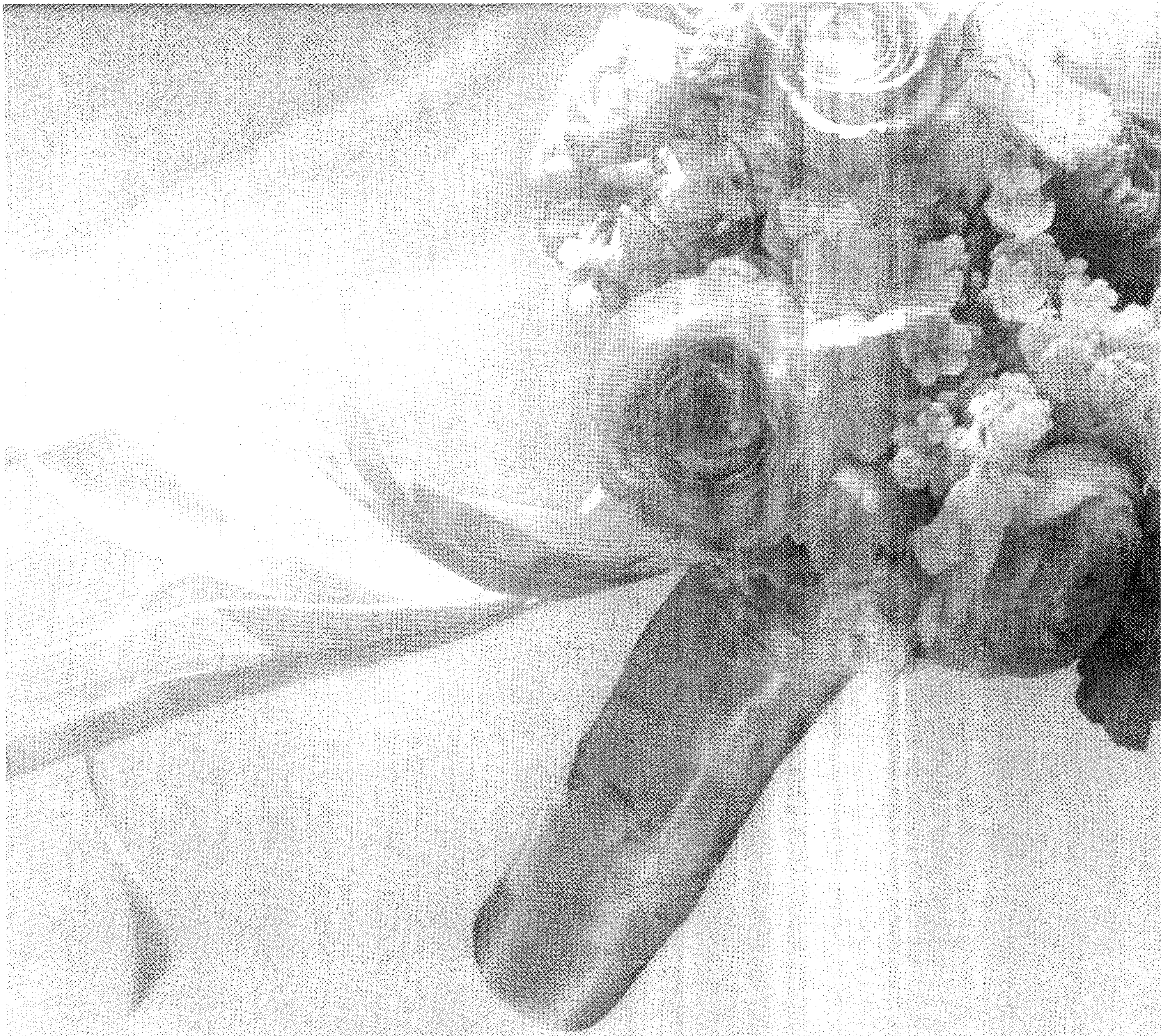
[*Jerry Dean in the Arkansas Gazette*]

Perhaps the problem is Michener has grown "formula" in preparing such all-encompassing works. But here at least, the fluffy snowdrifts thaw, exposing a permafrost of substance.

To survive the long polar night of prose, readers must dig in and await spring when the narrative thaws and the verbal tundra becomes hospitable. It takes a gold miner's stamina, though, to pan away, discard the trivial tailings, and be rewarded—not by a mother lode of meaning but by precious flecks of literary gold.



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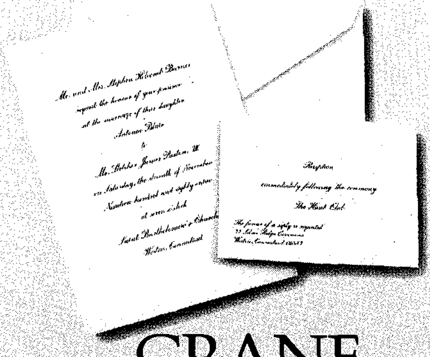

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Moonlight Roundelays

ALBERT GIRAUD'S "Pierrot Lunaire: Rondels Bergamasques," which was published in 1884, is a set of fifty rondels, or thirteen-line poems whose rhyme scheme and strophic form, with line repetitions, can be summarized in this dialogue between a generous toper and a stubborn teetotaller:

Wine?
Nay.
Fine
Beaujolais?

Divine
Tokay
Wine?
Nay!

Rhine,
Say?
Nein!
Hurray,
Wine!

The exigence of the form drove Giraud to some recherché rhyming. Otto Erich Hartleben, who spent six years translating "Pierrot" into German and published his version in 1893, did away with the rhymes but kept the line repetitions. He varied Giraud's mainly octosyllabic metre with lines as short as "Zerfloss—zerfloss!" and as long as "Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes." He worked freely and produced better poetry than the original: richer in allusions, symbols, and cross-references, more striking in sound. In one poem, Pierrot sees the moon as a gleaming Turkish scimitar, so in another Pierrot's tobacco changes its country of origin: "Le Maryland qu'il vient de prendre" becomes "Seinen echten türkschen Taback." Compare "O vieux parfum vaporisé" with "O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit," or

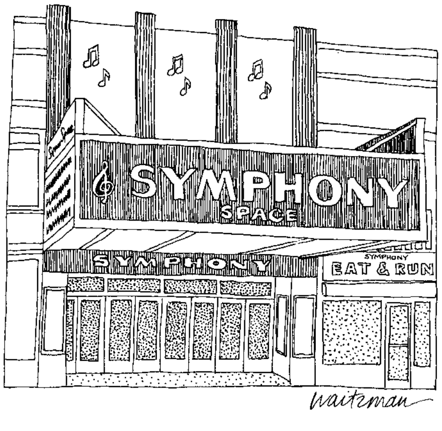
Je revois les bleus Élysées
Où Watteau s'est éternisé

with the Mahlerian romance of

Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt.

For anyone who has once heard Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" the German lines of the last two examples are, of course, now warmed by the rich beauty of Schoenberg's music in the final song of his cycle. There were Giraud-Hartleben settings before Schoenberg's, but it is his collection that remains in the living repertory. For his Opus 21, he chose "thrice seven poems" from the fifty, reordered them, and made explicit a theme that is present but, perhaps deliberately, no more than latent in the original. Schoenberg's first seven numbers form a group of night scenes, in the third of which, "Der Dandy," Pierrot makes his appearance, readying himself for an excursion; there is also a Stabat Mater. Religious motifs sounded in this section are taken up in Part II, which is dark and fearsome, and includes a tomb robbery, a Mass at which Pierrot consecrates and elevates his own heart, ripped from his breast, and a final poets' crucifixion. In Part III, the poet, having travelled to extremes of anguish, Expressionist violence, and harsh, cruel laughter, seeks serenity again. A crystalline sighing from the past fills him with yearning; he puts off his modern tragic manner. Four last commedia dell'arte scenes are played —Cassander's living skull as pipe bowl; the elderly duenna, in her short red dress, consumed with passion; the persistent fleck of moonshine spoiling Pierrot's evening dress; the serenade scraped with a monstrous bow on Cassander's shining pate—and then comes the magical image of Pierrot sailing homeward, a nenuphar his boat, a moonbeam his rudder. At last, his senses intoxicate with a fragrance from times of fable, he gazes gladly, from his sun-encircled window, at the lovely world and sends his dreams into the distance.

Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" appeared in 1912. A success at the time, it has remained one. The "Pierrot" instrumental quintet—violin/viola, cello, flute/piccolo, clarinet/bass clarinet, piano—has become a standard modern ensemble. Today, a percussionist is often added, and the flutist gains range by adding an alto instrument: Peter Maxwell Davies's "Ave Maris Stella" and Elliott Carter's Triple Duo are two summits among the hundreds of works composed for the combination. Meanwhile, the definitively insoluble problem of *Sprechstimme*, which the interpreter must employ to create *Sprechmelodie*, prompts piquantly different executions. Performances of "Pierrot" are frequent. The latest in New York was given last week, in Merkin Hall, by Christine Schadeberg and the New York New Music Ensemble—Linda Quan, Chris Finckel, Jayn Rosenfeld, Jean Kopperud, and Elizabeth DiFelice—conducted by Robert Black. (I noticed two other remarkable "Pierrot" interpreters, Bethany Beardslee and Lucy Shelton, in the audience.) But before "Pierrot" there were settings of nine of the Giraud-Hartleben poems that Schoenberg passed over, by eight composers: Leslie Bassett, Donald Harris, John Harbison, Miriam Gideon, Milton Babbitt, Paul Cooper, Steven Mosko, and (two) Roger Reynolds. This was a New York showing of the second installment of the Pierrot Project: Homage to Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." The Schoenberg Institute, in Los Angeles, has commissioned fifteen American composers to set the twenty-nine "Pierrot" poems unset by Schoenberg. The first installment—songs by Mel Powell, Richard Hoffmann, Harbison, Karl Kohn, Babbitt, and William Kraft —was given, in Los Angeles, in February; third and fourth installments are due next year.



The new songs showed at once a curious compatibility—obtained by the tight verse structure, the familiar instrumental combination, and the ineluctable influence of Schoenberg's own settings—and bold, individual features. The effect was not unlike that of entering the Victoria & Albert room of portrait miniatures: everything is of much the same size and is similarly framed, but inspection discloses a range of discrete characters, vividly

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limned. The "new" poems read almost like "Pierrot" parodies entered for some *New Statesman* competition. Here is "Im Spiegel," in Christine Cooper's translation:

A silvery clear crescent moon,
High in the blue of the bright evening sky,
Peers into little Colombine's boudoir
Through the casement doors of the
veranda.

Across the room in the gigantic mirror
Reflected, like a symbol of sweet peace,
A silvery clear crescent of moon,
High in the blue of the bright evening sky.

Before the mirror stands Pierrot, conceited,
Vain about his white and slender limbs.
Suddenly he laughs—upon his head
Glitters, like a tiara, diamond-studded,
A silvery clear crescent of the moon.

Schoenberg himself used the full quintet in only five of his twenty-one songs, and only thrice in the same instrumental disposition—for the finale of Part II and the last two songs of Part III. Each of the other numbers has a different scoring; "Der kranke Mond," which ends Part I, is for voice and flute only. Of the eight composers heard in Merkin, all but two elected to use the full ensemble. (Harbison chose piano and violin, and Mosko piccolo, violin, and bass clarinet.) This made for stretches of dense texture longer than any in Schoenberg's "Pierrot." Sounds unknown or uncommon in 1912 were added to the spectrum: in Cooper's "Landschaft," the impact of the pianist's fingers directly on the strings; a tape in Reynolds' triptych "Not Only Night"—where a new "Abend" and "Morgen" flank a citation of Schoenberg's own "Nacht." Four composers—Harbison, Babbitt, Mosko, and Reynolds—employed Schoenbergian *Sprechmelodie*, and the others regular *Gesangston*.

There was not one dud. Each composer had risen to a challenge. It was a fascinating evening. Gideon had chosen the last poem of the Giraud-Hartleben cycle, "Böhmischer Krystall," in which the poet, having "disguised myself as Pierrot," dedicates his work—a ray of moonlight trapped in Bohemian crystal, a "shimmering magic symbol" of all he has and is—to a beloved. In a program note the composer says that she and her husband—the late Frederic Ewen, the literary scholar, and a gentle presence now missed at new-music concerts—had "just given a little vase of Bohemian crystal to two dear friends." The song

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is tender and shining. (The concert was dedicated to Mr. Ewen's memory.) Babbitt's "Souper" is an arresting, sparkly piece—an alchemical transformation of Schoenberg into pure, bright Babbitt. Harbison's "Im Spiegel" is an Expressionist essay. Cooper's "Landschaft" mingles parody with grim foreboding. As an instrumental interlude, dividing the new songs into two groups, there was Betsy Jolas's "Episode Second—Ohne Worte," a flute solo that she assembled from the vocal lines of "Pierrot": fragments of *Sprechmelodie* molded into paragraphs of precisely defined melodic contour.

Miss Schadeberg, in gamin guise, twinkling, dressed as a pasha's favorite page, gave a wonderfully vivacious account of the songs, spanning the range from merry wit to gloomy passions. For "Pierrot Lunaire" proper, she returned dressed as if to play the anguished heroine of Schoenberg's "Erwartung": a long white dress, floating *Jugendstil* panels, fine jewels. And something of this seems to have colored her performance, for she missed a few of the light cabaret touches that Schoenberg called for and that have distinguished earlier Schadeberg accounts of "Pierrot." A frown of worry seldom left her features, and its vocal equivalent muted some of the more exuberant verbal and musical gestures. She was evidently trying out a new, sombre approach to the work. I thought she stood rather too close to the instrumental ensemble: balance is better and the words are more easily caught when there is some space between the "speech-singer" and the players. On its own terms, the performance was subtle, exact, alluring, and very successful. Miss Schadeberg is a remarkable artist. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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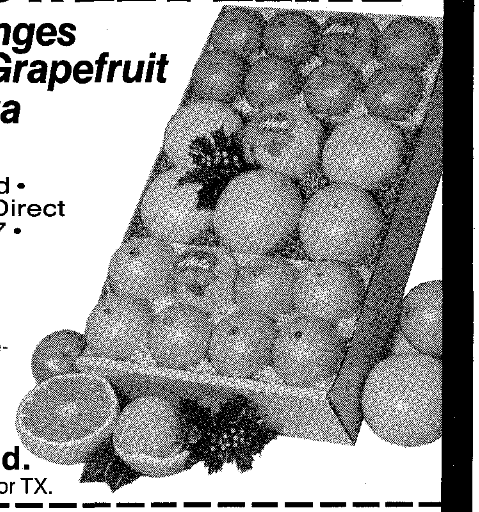

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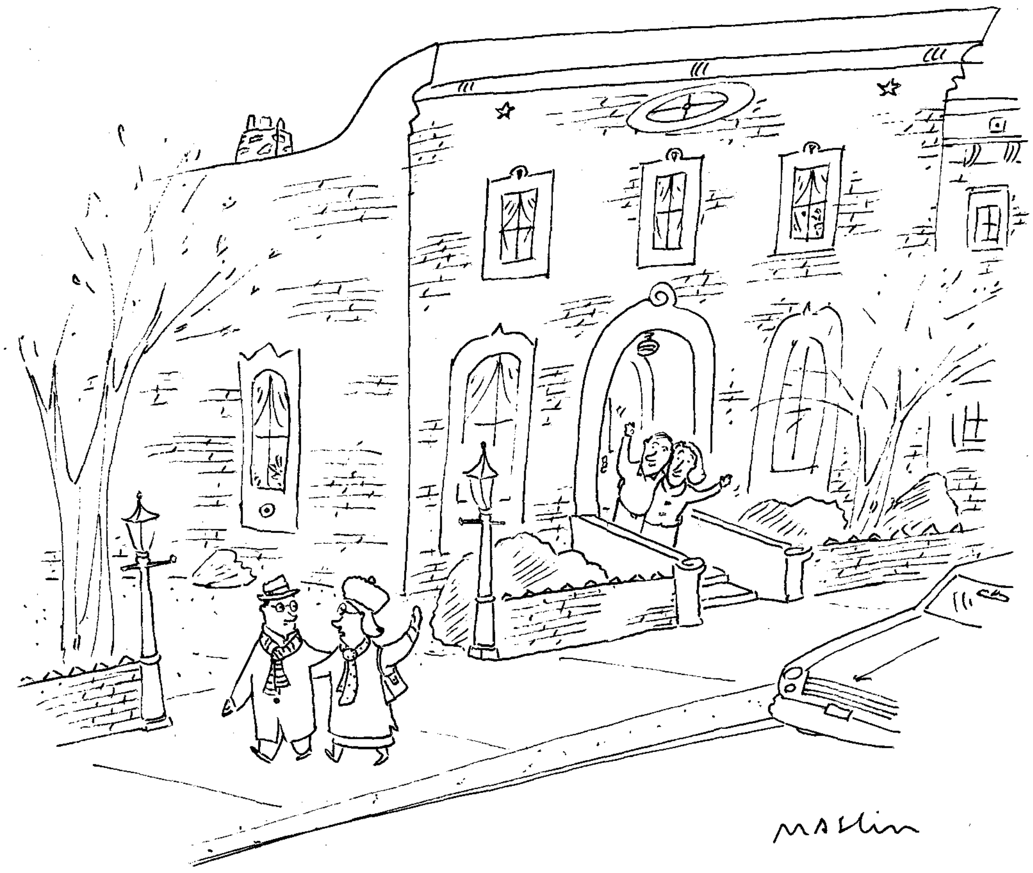
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SEARCHING out the right gift for someone to whom one is bound by friendly or familial feeling is aided, this and every season, by a mixture of luck, persistence, and cash. The best presents, though, are those that seem recovered rather than discovered—that seem to belong so naturally to the recipient that the giver feels as if he or she were simply restoring something to its natural owner. An organization called the Nature Conservancy, as it happens, is concerned with preserving a gift that already belongs to all of us—the remaining large tracts of wild land in this hemisphere. With funds provided by its membership, the Conservancy has for the past thirty-seven years been buying parcels of wilderness land as they come up for sale, and to date it has acquired, through either purchase or gift or exchange, more than three million acres, all over the United States and also in Canada, the Virgin Islands, and Latin America. Among the acquisitions are eighty-two thousand acres of the Carrizo Plain, in California (a habitat of the endangered American peregrine falcon), and thirty-eight hundred acres of undisturbed "old growth" woodland (home turf for moose, bear, and loons) around Big Reed Pond, in northern Maine. Here in New York, the Conservancy has protected more than a hundred and thirty-five acres, including the Mashomack Preserve, in Suffolk County, and the Arthur W. Butler Memorial Sanctuary, in Westchester. The recovered land is either administered by the Conservancy itself or turned over to a responsible local group or educational institution, and is preserved for the public as a park or recreation area. A gift membership in the Nature Conservancy, 1800 North Kent Street, Arlington, Virginia 22209, for the price of $10, includes a bimonthly magazine and frequent bulletins on activities and projects in the member's area.

To extend the definition of habitat to someone's home, a trip to a splendid, noisy store, Bird Jungle, at 401 Bleecker Street (11th), may prove useful. South American dwarf parrots with heads the hue of egg yolks are, like all the birds in this shop, bred in the United States; they cost $200. Blue-and-gold macaws, which measure some thirty-six inches from beak to tip of tail, are $2,000 and up, depending on the species of the bird. (Most are well equipped for ordinary chatter, such as "Hello, what's your name?," "How are you?," and "Sweetheart.") Candy-corn-beaked Sumatran mynah birds, good orators, are $300, but the best talkers are said to be parrots—Amazons and African grays. (Prices start at $800 for the former and at $1,500 for the latter.) The parrots at Bird Jungle are under six months old and still wordless but are ready to acquire language skills. Smaller birds, who stick to their own language, include an aviaryful of finches: zebras, star finches, a parson bird with sombre gray feathers and cassock markings, and a finch called the Lady Gould, with pretty purple breast feathers and turquoise wings. They range from $20 to $150 each. Here, too, are lovebirds, sold in pairs, from $110 to $160; among them are "apple-pied," or green, birds and lutinos, which are yellow with pink faces. Yellow canaries are between $75 and $200; the rarest is a show bird called the Parisian Frill, which has can-can-ruffled neck feathers. A standard wire birdcage is $25 and comes equipped with perches, cups, and swings. Elaborate custom-made copper and brass cages may be ordered; they start at $1,500. Five-pound bags of bird food are $5.

Birds and other creatures that need no more than an occasional dusting can be picked up at the Steuben glass showroom, 717 Fifth Avenue (56th). All the figurines here, according to Steuben, have particular meanings. The pig, for example, stands for success in business and also for fertility; the owl is both an icon of the Indian goddess of prosperity and a token of wisdom; and the rabbit is for good



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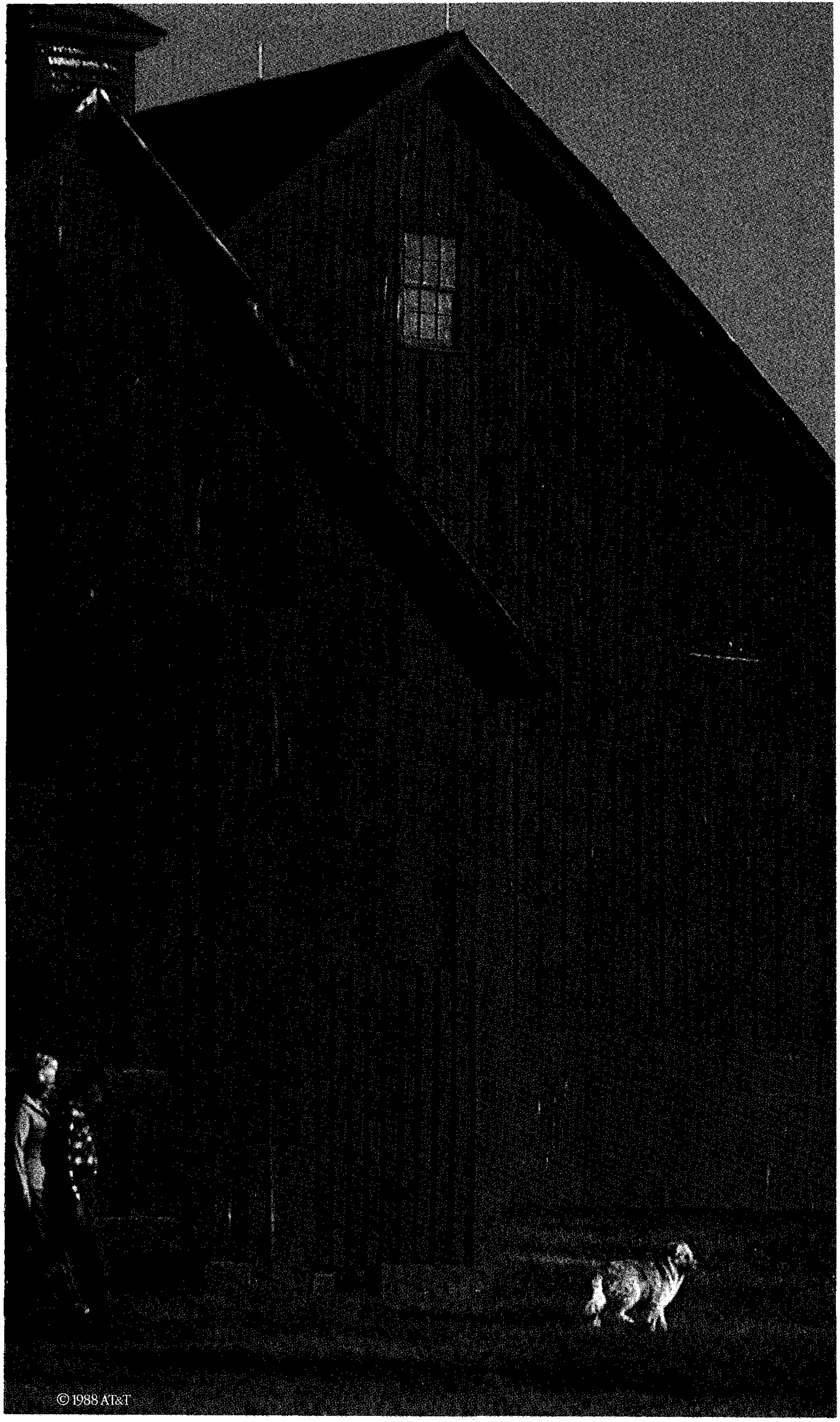

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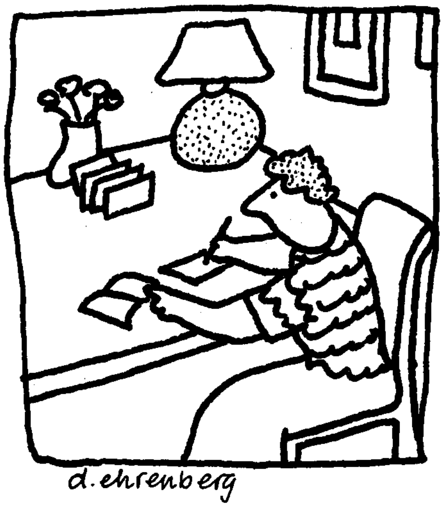
luck. (According to folklore, saying "Rabbits, rabbits" on the first of every month guarantees good fortune.) These figures range in size from two inches to two and three-fourths, and cost $125 each.

A guide called "Help!" can be found on the shelves of the bookshop at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which published it with the Atlantic Monthly Press. It is subtitled "A Record Book for Household Names, Notes, & Numbers" ($9.95) and is illustrated with amusing linecuts by W. Heath Robinson, whose how-to books, popular in the thirties, bore such names as "How to Be a Motorist," "How to Be a Perfect Husband," and "How to Build a New World." Each page has an alphabetical heading with space below for entries. "B," for instance, takes care of Babysitters, Bakeries, Banks, Bartenders, Bathroom Fixtures (this page is graced by Mr. Robinson's drawing of the "combination bath and writing desk for businessmen"), Beauticians, Bookshops, Builders, Bus Lines, and Butchers. The museum's shelves also hold an array of well-chosen cookbooks. "Mrs. Beeton's Victorian Cookbook," by Isabella Beeton, has been reissued by Salem House in a new edition that includes color photographs. The price is $24.95. Mrs. Beeton was twenty-five years old when the original was published, in 1861, and in her preface she writes, "I must frankly own, that if I had known, beforehand, that this book would have cost me the labour which it has, I should never have been courageous enough to commence it." Both cooks and writers will find themselves sympathizing with poor Isabella, whose recipes—for kedgeree (this one starts with "any cold fish"), apple hedgehog, and Bakewell pudding, among others—have an intrinsic charm, and are to be recommended not only as gastronomy but as a glimpse of a bygone age. (Should the holiday call for it, Mrs. Beeton's recipe for cleaning silk or ribbons includes a half pint of gin, a half pound of honey, and the same amount of soft soap.) Also brought back from never-never land and stocked on the museum shelves is the classic 1943 "Clémentine in the Kitchen," by Samuel Chamberlain (now revised by his daughter, Narcisse Chamberlain, and published by Godine; $19.95). A story as much as a batch of recipes, the book describes the pleasure of the pseudonymous Phineas Beck family (for *fin bec*, French slang for "gourmet") in the daily fare offered by their French cook, Clémentine, in prewar France and, afterward, in Manchester, Massachusetts. A snail hunt, a trip to an American supermarket, the proper time to serve plebeian *poule au riz* are discussed with zest by Mr. Chamberlain. (Most of the recipes require copious amounts of cream, by the way.) The museum has also published, with Henry Holt, an engaging volume called "Go In and Out the Window," with musical arrangements by Dan Fox and a commentary by Claude Marks; $16.95. Subtitled "An Illustrated Songbook for Young People," it may also find an audience among those grownups who on car rides or at other occasions of songfest would be happy to remember more than one verse of songs they once knew by heart, or even to know that, say, "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" *has* more than one verse. Each song is paired with one or two paintings or other treasures from the museum's collections.

The American Craft Museum (40 West 53rd Street) sells in its vest-pocket-size shop, on the third level, actual works—not reproductions—by American craft artists, some of whom are represented in the museum's collections. For instance, there are beautiful pencil boxes, with inlaid lids of light and dark exotic woods, that are made by Tony Lydgate and remind one of Braque's canvases. The boxes, which measure ten inches by two inches and are two and a half inches deep, cost $75, and would serve equally well to house jewels. Sara Young, a glassworker, has for sale here an especially lovely five-strand necklace of sea-green blown-glass beads and small fresh-water pearls; $260. Judith Warick, whose medium is also glass, makes lighthearted necklaces combining colored beads that look like hard candies: striped, citrus, and mint. The price range is $130 to $150. A bracelet of six small squares, each with a cutout silhouette of one of the six continents (all but Antarctica), comes off surprisingly well in copper, brass, or aluminum. This is by Elizabeth Garvin, and costs $174. Oxidized-aluminum brooches of the entire world, as well as of individual landmasses—they measure three inches long and an inch high—have also emerged from her workshop; $75.


d. ehrenberg

SOMEONE might be started on saving for Christmas of 1989 by a gift of a mechanical bank from the collection of turn-of-the-century toys at Hillman/Gemini Antiques, on the second floor at 743 Madison Avenue (64th). The banks, most of which were made between 1875 and 1925, are mainly of cast iron or lithographed tin, and, according to Donald Hillman, one of the proprietors here, they "express and embody the Victorian virtue of thrift." Many have reference to the politics of their day: a coin placed in the hand of Uncle Sam drops into a carpetbag when a lever is depressed; Boss Tweed takes a coin, slips it into his breast pocket, and nods as though to acknowledge a payoff. In the Lilliput bank, a man takes one's penny and puts it inside the door of a gazebo, and in a bank from the nineteen-twenties a cocker spaniel heads off with a penny, jumps through a clown-held hoop, and then puts the penny in a red barrel. The simple machinery of these banks adds to their pleasure: no secret number is needed. Hillman/Gemini also has a selection of "still" banks, which do nothing but accept money; some are molded in the shapes of famous buildings—the Flatiron Building and Independence Hall, for example—and others in the shapes of animals, including pigs and elephants. The prices of the mechanical banks start at $275, and of the stills at $50.

Selling to the carriage, rather than the penny, trade, Thaxton, at 780 Madison Avenue (66th), nonetheless has a shining array of reasonably priced hand-held objects that serve the purpose of enhancing a few moments of daily life. A silver-plated tea infuser that looks like an all-day sucker is $25;

a pizza cutter with a sterling-silver handle is $75. (Party-givers who serve up the mushroom-pepperoni on still more formal occasions might like a set of six sterling-silver place-card holders from Ravinet, in Paris; $95.) A George III silver toddy spoon has a bowl with a tiny pouring spout like a beak; $55. A sterling-silver olive spoon is $45, and an English silver-plated cranberry-sauce ladle is $25. Here, it seems, every food has its proper implement. And, after the meal is over, a silver-plated candlesnuffer might be just what's needed; $40.

Espiritu, a new store at 1070 Madison Avenue (80th), sells artifacts from other countries. Smart horn letter openers, for those tired of ripping off interesting parts of letters in their haste, are made in Haiti, and cost $32. Bangle bracelets from Kenya—plain brass or twisted copper and brass—would look handsome displayed either en masse or singly; $12 each. From Ghana, Ashanti rectangles of brass measuring two by three inches were originally used for weighing gold and would now serve as fine paperweights; $38. A compact purple-and-teal-painted tin crèche from Mexico is $48. The figures pop up from a flat tin case (six inches by seven inches by half an inch) when the case is opened. Also from Mexico is a choir of three-inch terra-cotta angels that have cups between their wings to hold small candles, like tanks of rocket fuel; $21 for a set of five. The store also sells ancestral figures and masks from Africa. Modern wooden Bapende dancers from Zaire are ten inches tall and wear hemp skirts almost exactly like one shown last winter in the evening collection of Saint Laurent; $48 each. Another influence is suggested by an Ibo headdress from Nigeria. It's life-size, and the face is that of a Rouault Pierrot; $900.

A recent acquisition of the Museum of Modern Art is a color photograph by Stephen Scheer called "J.A.B. and His Umbrella." The umbrella memorialized hangs on a wall beside the organized mess of a sculptor's studio—a saw, pots of glue, a pitchfork—and is broken in half; it looks like a bedraggled crow. Not an umbrella, one gathers, from the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, at 161 West 57th Street, where umbrellas carrying a lifetime warranty have been sold by the Simon family since 1866. People who keep a steady grip on their umbrellas have no need of this shop, except, perhaps, for its repair service, but those friends who are always leaving umbrellas in taxis or at the movies might find a replacement here from, among other sources, the British firm of Swaine, Adeney, Brigg & Sons, which has been producing handmade umbrellas, with wooden shafts, for more than a hundred years. The men's version, with a twenty-seven-inch rib, might also be favored by women who like to take shelter under a superdome; from $135 to $195, depending on whether the handle is malacca, hickory, maple, chestnut, furze, or rosewood. Colors include burgundy, caramel, navy, and business black; rolling-up instructions are included. Expressly for women are smaller umbrellas from the same firm—a company that assigns five people to the making of each umbrella. Prices range from $110 to $150—sums that, if discreetly alluded to, might insure that the umbrella is not left behind. Uncle Sam also stocks two styles of umbrellas whose handles come from Italy: very large ones, measuring fifty-five inches when opened (these have a thirty-one-inch rib), and standard-sized ones whose shafts end in a petting zoo of animal heads—bulldogs, geese, elephants, lions, ponies. The Italian mode also extends the usual color range to solid tangerine and solid white; from $27 to $65. And, to ward off sun, rather than the rain, hanging from the rafters here is a collection of Daisy Miller parasols, some frilled, some striped; $30. (The store will also make these, and any water-resistant umbrella, to order, in the fabric of a customer's choice.)

Stripes of every vivid color have shown up this season, and some of the brightest appear on the durable cotton-knit shirts, for both men and women, to be found at Marimekko, at 7 West 56th Street. For years, Finnish textile designers have fought the dark Arctic winter and won; the colors at Marimekko are consistently enlivening but have none of the unpleasant, look-at-me quality of some of the hues—hot violet, chartreuse—that have been shot like so much food coloring into recent couture collections. The garments here couldn't be simpler, and that may account for their wearability. The classic horizontal-striped long-sleeved T-shirt, in striking color combinations, of which we particularly liked pink/persimmon and blue/black, is $55. Striped turtlenecks are $70, and ankle-length striped T-shirt nightgowns, which might acquit themselves in daylight as well, are $75 with short sleeves and $100 with long ones. Recently, Marimekko has played successfully on the same theme with a hip-length cotton-jersey jacket in stripes that match those on the shirts; the jacket closes with snaps, and the price is $125. For women only, the store also stocks what it is still nice to call party clothes. A mid-calf plum wool-knit cape with cornflower-blue buttons looks like a wearable violet and is $490; a vanilla-icing crew-neck jersey dress that tapers at the waist is $240; and a black velvet dress patterned with silvery sprays, as if just splashed with champagne, is $390. These clothes combine distinctiveness with fluid lines and stand up well to use. For men, and for women, too, Finnish farmers' cotton shirts, with wavery vertical stripes that look as though they were painted with a small brush dipped in gouache, are $80. They have metal buttons, and the palette ranges from an animated red to wheat and gold, pigeon gray, and sparrow brown. Marimekko also makes elegant narrow ties from its bright printed cottons, which, by no coincidence, go well with these shirts. Color combinations include black-white-and-yellow and rust-turquoise-and-burgundy; $17 each. And extremely useful cotton-duck shoulder bags that can take rough treatment measure fourteen inches by ten inches by four, have one exterior and one inside pocket—both zippered—and come in black or red; $75. One might be gratefully received by a man or a woman whose homework fails to fit into an attaché case.

BETTER a packed mailbox than a walk down a jammed thoroughfare to a packed store is the motto of Christmas shoppers devoted to catalogues. This year, the catalogues delivered to our office would fill a library, and perhaps should, since many of them, conjuring up a world full of luxurious objects and beautiful people, fulfill the function that used to belong to romantic novels. One of the most gadget-oriented of them is the catalogue from the Nature Company (P.O. Box 2310, Berkeley, California 94702; telephone 800 227-1114; and there is also a retail shop at the South Street Seaport), which includes such things as wrapping paper printed with reproductions of butterflies from the store's collection of English nineteenth-century scientific prints. A set of four rolls (three twenty-inch-by-twenty-eight-inch sheets per roll) is $15.95. For anglers, four rolls of paper printed with Edwardian Age fish are the same price. Like a soup ladle or a pair of candlesticks, binoculars are probably not used every day but are handy to have around. Available here is a very lightweight, compact pair of eight-power, roof-prism binoculars that would be equally useful in the meadow and at the circus or the ballet. Folded, these binoculars measure three and seven-tenths inches by two and two-fifths; they have a 21-mm. light-gathering lens, the eyecups are soft rubber, and the price is $99. For looking at things farther away, the Meade 226 Astro Telescope's range extends clear to Jupiter's cloud belts. The scope comes with a hardwood tripod, a 60-mm. main lens, two eyepieces (twenty-eight and seventy-eight power), and a mount that allows adjustment for altitude and azimuth; the price is $199. To accompany the telescope, the giver might throw in, for $39.95, a view frame that is attached to a compass and identifies the constellations. This contraption is called the Star Decoder, and it comes with twelve templates, for different sections of the sky.

The flavor of real, though otherworldly, life can be found in the pages of a modest but thorough catalogue produced by the Vermont Country Store (P.O. Box 3000, Manchester Center, Vermont 05255; telephone 802 362-2400). It's printed in black-and-white on newsprint, and carries opening remarks by Lyman Orton, who is the son of Vrest Orton, the Vermont Country Store's almost anagrammatic founder. His message for Fall, 1988, is called "Dance with the One Who Brought You," and in it he reassures loyal customers that the V.C.S. is not going public or selling out. To say that the catalogue is chock-full is an understatement, and we'll confine ourself to only a few items. Cranberry Reds are slippers for women which have natural shearling cuffs and linings and red-dyed suède uppers and tan suède soles; $39.95. Women's Irish-linen handkerchiefs come in two styles, both ten inches square: with double-spoke hemstitching ($5.50 for two; $27 per dozen) or with shamrock cotton-lace borders ($13.50 for two; $72 per dozen). Sixteen-inch-square handkerchiefs, for men, have half-inch-wide hems (two for $11; $60 per dozen), and to douse them with there's old-fashioned Florida water: the formula hasn't changed since 1810, nor has the blue-and-gold label ($8.50 for two seven-and-a-half-ounce bottles). For those whose idea of a bathrobe brooks no nonsense, one might order here, to replace the tattered one that has begun to look disreputable even on weekends, a cotton-flannel, shawl-collared tartan robe in which the plaid has been woven into the fabric; $38.50 for a knee-length, man's version and $39.50 for a woman's, which is floor-length. The tartans are described simply as blue or red. A solid-red cotton-flannel nightshirt for men or women is $26.50, and a matching flannel nightcap, with the requisite white tassel, is $4.95. And, for moments when all else fails, there are hot-water bottles, described here as "like having a Siamese cat in bed." The bottles have one smooth side, for direct heat, and one ribbed side, for mild; they come with cotton-chamois covers that say "British Warm;" and they cost $16. Heavy-leather, cotton-lined fireplace gloves have a five-inch cuff for protection from sparks; the color is rust, with gray trim. One size fits all; $9.95.

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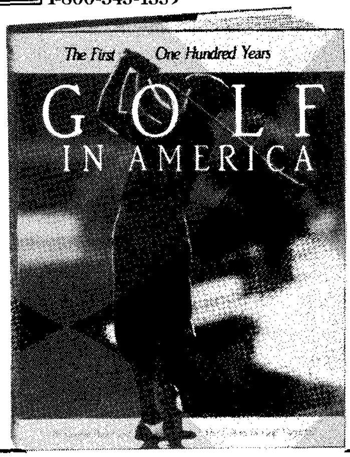

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(Manchester, Vermont 05254; telephone 800 548-9548 for hunting-and-fishing equipment and 800 541-3541 for clothing), a pair of warm fishing gloves. Made of neoprene, the gloves have nylon lining, non-slip palms, and Velcro closings, and could be used for making snowballs as well as for cutting bait; $25 a pair. For staving off wet feet, French hunting-and-fishing boots, which Orvis claims are an improvement on Wellingtons, are made by a company called Aigle, bootmakers since 1853. Almost knee-high, the boots have quick-drying jersey lining, and uppers of olive-green vulcanized rubber, and are available in men's and women's sizes. The price is $65 ($90 with "fleece" lining); and the tag reads "*L'engagement d'Aigle, c'est la force d'un grand groupe au service de 2 passions: LE SPORT ET LA NATURE.*" For women who prefer less robust outdoor gear, Orvis supplies rain boots modelled on British ones. These have rubber feet and tight-fitting rubberized-canvas legs, and are called Nottinghams. The price is $36, in black or olive green. A porkpie rain hat from Barbour comes in navy or dark-green oiled Egyptian cotton, with a topstitched brim and a tartan lining ($36), and Driza-Bone oilskin raincoats, from Australia (available only in the New York and Philadelphia stores), are outback brown and are equipped with a free-floating shoulder cape, arm and leg straps for high winds, a snap-placket front, double snaps at the wrists, and a deep vent in the back which unsnaps for horseback riding; $210. (For a city equestrian who would like to make use of the back vent, this Christmas you might give a set of ten riding lessons from the Claremont Riding Academy, at 175 West 89th Street. The price is $275, and those who are experienced with an English saddle might appreciate a gift of some mounted hours—one can rent horses from Claremont for riding in the Park at the rate of $27 per hour.) To wear underneath any jacket at all, Orvis has the Black Sheep sweater, made from the charcoal-gray-and-brown long-haired wool of Icelandic sheep, which becomes woollier with wear ($75), and a herringbone-patterned sweater knit from the wool of English Cheviot sheep ($110). The latter is in natural shades of West Country beige or Thames gray, and has a crew neck and saddle shoulders. Both sweaters fit either men or women.

Equally suitable for men and for women is a washed-denim field coat from L. L. Bean (Freeport, Maine 04033; telephone 800 221-4221). It has a button-in lining of cozy red-and-black blanket wool; the collar and cuffs are corduroy-lined; there are two deep slash pockets and a zippered chest pocket on the exterior; and the price is $89.50. Also for outdoor activities is an Astrid Lindgren dobby-loomed hooded woollen parka, banded with an all-over pattern of the snowflakes usually found on Nordic ski sweaters. It has a boxy shape and deep handwarmer pockets; the designs are balsam green, lingonberry red, or blue on a navy ground; $92. L. L. Bean's catalogues come so thick and fast—and, like snowflakes, each one is different—it's not surprising that the seasons sometimes overlap in them. Twenty-two pages past the snow jackets (between the Made-in-Maine Step-Up Stool and the Hunting Lord-of-the-Isles Tartan Dog Bed) is a Hatteras hammock. It's rare to see a hammock indoors—unless between Michael Graves columns—but a gift of one at Christmas might be a reassuring reminder of mild days to come. This hammock is woven of cotton rope and has oak stretchers at the ends; the price—$85 for a model that measures fifty-four inches by eighty-two—does not include a tubular-steel hammock stand, which is $99 and eliminates the need for driving nails into trees or guessing when the bough will break.

Garnet Hill, another catalogue concern (Main Street, P.O. Box 262, Franconia, New Hampshire 03580; telephone 800 622-6216), is a leading force in the natural-fibre movement. Helpfully, the Garnet Hill people include an illustrated chart explaining the sources of their fibres: merino sheep, angora and cashmere goats, llamas, geese, silkworms, cotton bolls, blue-flowered flax plants. A fringed English wool-twill throw that is dyed *a soft shade of plum, charcoal, or* spruce might be given to anyone who is of an age to consider drafts. The throw measures forty-eight inches by seventy-two, and is an excellent size for Sunday naps; $49, and a three-letter monogram is $25 extra. Cotton terryvelours robes for women, in Shropshire ose, cornflower, vanilla, or aqua, have notched collars, tie belts, and two big pockets, at $85, and for both sexes here is Terramar silk long underwear, ess bulky than cotton long johns; women's pointelle-patterned long-leeved tops (scoop-necked) and pants are $34; men's tops and trousers, in a ersey knit, are $32. For men who balk at a colorful wardrobe but like to express themselves from the ankles down, Garnet Hill will send along some fine-gauge merino-wool basketweave socks on which gradations of brown, black, charcoal, or navy with smoke are subtle rather than flabbergasting; $12.50 per pair. Sober silk socks in black, gray, navy, or brown are $10.50 for mid-ength, $12.50 for longer ones. Thick merino-wool sports socks are $8. Not neglecting women's legs, the cataogue has a good selection of hard-to-ind natural-fibre tights in the garden shades of the arts-and-crafts movement. Cotton tights ribbed like iris leaves come in acanthus, burgundy, black, gray, ivory, or columbine ($14); wool cable tights come in loden and fawn and five other colors ($21.50); and, from Switzerland, mercerized pointelle-patterned cotton tights come in, among other colors, mulberry, gray, and boarding-school navy ($29).

This is not the first time we have mentioned the White Flower Farm catalogue in these pages (Litchfield, Connecticut 06759; telephone 203 496-9600). Plants offered for sale in it might be more aptly called house guests, their personalities are described with such attention, and gardeners with even the blackest of thumbs may be persuaded that these plants are cheerful and accommodating. In place of pale narcissi, White Flower Farm recommends this year that one order for a bulb-loving friend a dozen Soleils d'Or, which are in the narcissus family but have yellow petals and orange centers. They bloom six or seven weeks after planting, and twelve in a twelve-inch terra-cotta bowl, with potting soil and stem support, are $36. (White Flower prices include shipping by U.P.S. or Federal Express.) Red flowers on a Chinese hibiscus plant last only a day, but, with sun, water, and feeding, the plant will bloom all year, providing inspiration on gloomy mornings; $26. Also setting an example—in this case, of making do with little—is a Clivia plant: it is happiest when it is

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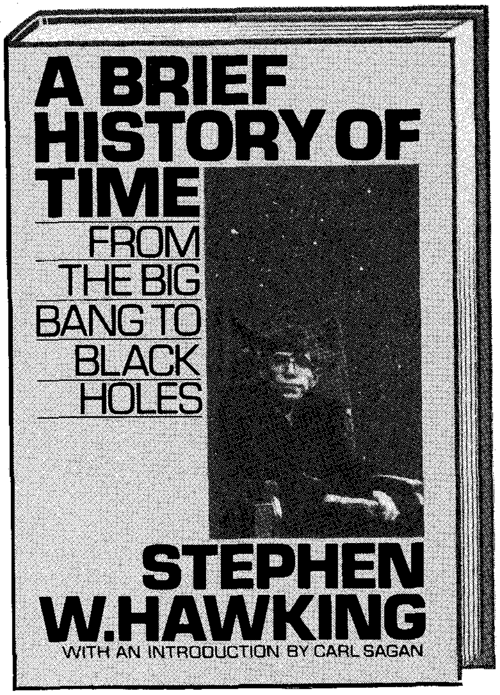
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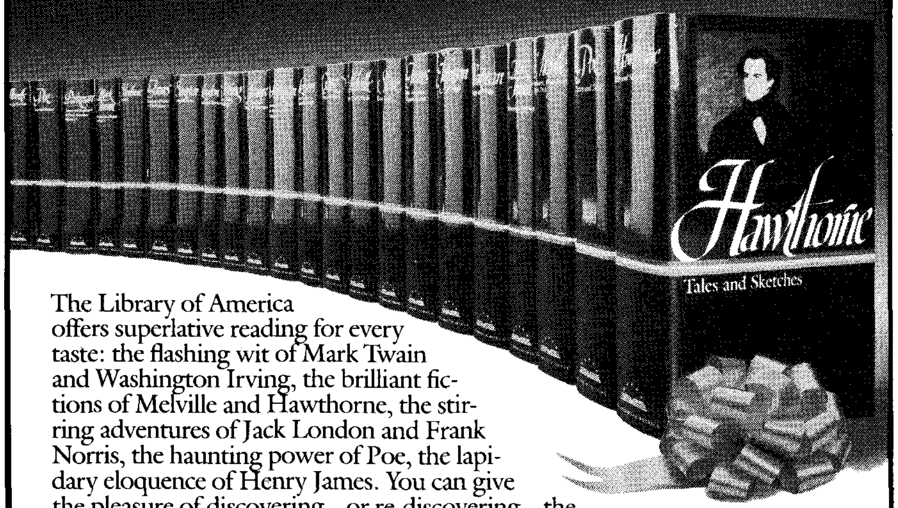

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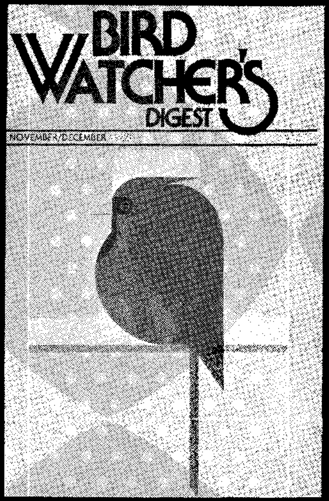

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potbound in its seven-inch, handmade Italian terra-rossa pot, and won't need to be transplanted for three or four years. The Clivia is tropical in aspect, with dark-green tuliplike leaves and orange lily-shaped flowers with lemon centers; $34. The deep-crimson amaryllis called Sensation is $17 for one bulb, potted, and the farm guarantees at least eight hearty blooms. And for people who garden in pots on windowsills, and whose dessert plates have been forced into duty as plant saucers, a copper tray lined with black Japanese river stones might restore the dishes to the shelf. The tray is twenty-nine inches long, five inches wide, and an inch deep; $42.

THE only things on sale at Cashmere-Cashmere, 840 Madison Avenue (69th), are made from the underbelly wool of the cashmere goat. A Grace Kelly jewel-neck short-sleeved T-shirt, for example, which would do well under a suit jacket, is available in zinnia red, calla white, heliotrope, and black tulip, and costs $250. A jacquard scarf with a stippled blue weave that suggests a mackerel sky is five feet long and a foot wide; $140. Regimental-striped ties, plusher than ordinary wool ones, are $75, and ribbed dickeys—freesia yellow as well as the standard gray, black, and navy—are $95. Here, too, are cashmere slippers, for sybarites who stay at home. The men's version is gray or black with a red lining and black crêpe soles; the choices for women include a Klimt-like juxtaposition of fuchsia uppers and violet interiors, with violet piping and the same black crêpe soles; both styles cost $150.

This has been a year of acclaim and accomplishment for the Japanese designer Issey Miyake, whose store recently opened at 992 Madison Avenue (77th). The place is a minimalist Shangri-La. The clothes, for men and women, hang from two curved, swaying metal cables that pass each other in space like jump ropes in a game of Double Dutch. In the center of the floor—the store is long and narrow—a flight of blue metal stairs descends to a stockroom in a way that makes the floor seem like a raft floating on a lagoon. The clothes shown here are characteristically enigmatic, but, happily, they are less confusing than they have been in the past. This year, at least, Miyake's designs have the usual number of holes for arms, head, and legs. Women's white blouses, in silk crêpe, have a small yoke topped with an unusual, magnolia-blossom curved collar—the yoke and collar are slightly padded, like small, demure clouds. These are $465. A soigné silk suit—a hip-length jacket paired with graceful wide silk pants—is insulated (the lining is a layer of fiberfill), and the silk is printed with a spatter-paint pattern in shades of purple, gray, pomegranate, and ivory on black, and looks like a flower garden lit by Japanese lanterns. The jacket is $1,330 and the pants are $810. More outré is a black wool, double-breasted Morticia jacket encircled by a ruffle; $775. A gossamer wool-and-silk shawl is spider gray, with heavy blanket fringes providing the textural contrast for which Miyake is famous. The shawl measures thirty-six inches by forty-eight, and costs $305. For men, there is a heavy knit sweater with an Indian-blanket pattern—red geometric shapes predominate, outlined in black—at $520, and a smart jacket of tobacco-and-amber checked tweed overlaid by black horizontal lines like those on old blinking TVs, at $895. For dyed-in-the-wool fans, there's "Issey Miyake: Photographs by Irving Penn," edited by Nicholas Callaway and with a foreword by Isamu Noguchi (New York Graphic Society; $40). Mr. Miyake has written the text, which is studded with personal aphorisms, such as, on page 20, "People with good taste can get bogged down."

Following for another few moments our survey of the new, we find ourself downtown at 131 Mercer Street (Prince), talking to Jacqueline Schnabel, who has opened a shop displaying—and selling—clothes by her friend Azzedine Alaïa. (The clothes racks here were designed by Mrs. Schnabel's husband, Julian, and end in a variety of whimsical forms; in the center of the shop is a bronze head on a ramp, like a Pinkerton guard—also a Schnabel work.) Mr. Alaïa has long designed women's clothes that mold the body, but here, too, a leap toward wearability has been ably executed, and it seems possible now to perform most ordinary activities—sitting, walking, running for the bus—in an Alaïa ensemble, though not without attracting notice. Very well-cut claret wool-crêpe trousers fall straight from the hip ($635) and look pretty paired with a lavender double-breasted wool-ottoman jerkin

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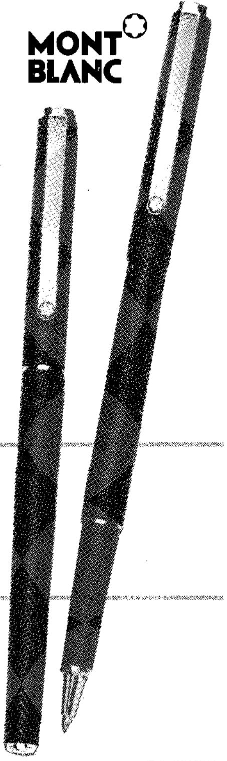

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nipped at the waist ($1,270). Black leather gloves covered with asteroid-shaped rivets are $275, and sensible wool-cuffed suède gloves—sensible because, according to Mrs. Schnabel, "you don't get cold" wearing them—are $145 a pair in fir, black, or purple.

The French actress Arletty (as Garance, she was beloved by Jean-Louis Barrault in Marcel Carné's "Children of Paradise") is having a renaissance: not only is she one of Alaïa's muses, along with Mrs. Schnabel and the singer Tina Turner, but her name has also been used to christen a woman's ribbed butterscotch wool turtleneck around the corner at Agnes B., 116 Prince Street (Greene). The sweater, which clings to the wearer like toffee, is $118. Agnes B., one of the few stores that, while catering primarily to the *sans souci* female crowd, manage, under their own labels, to produce clothes that large segments of the male population might actually wear, also has a pleasing holiday-print cotton-poly shirt—holly berries and leaves on a red background—for $95; a gray-and-white woven-cotton shirt reminiscent of Ikat batik designs, for $78; and a ruby or sapphire cotton flannel shirt, also for $78. Black faux-leather fedoras are $46, and black leather backpacks, with buckles, a leather drawstring, and an exterior pouch that zips shut, can hold a change of clothes; they cost $210. Black, a color that manages to survive overwear, is always a theme here. Black cotton leggings for women ($58) are fetching when combined with a new version of the store's "Bonjour Tristesse" blouse, made of heavyweight white cotton ($115), or with a black brushed-cotton shirt strewn with violets and green leaves ($85). For non-dancing-school parties, one might consider a gold lamé shirt. The price is $75. And, for a woman who collects jackets, $272 will buy a pink cashmere-and-wool blazer cropped at the innermost curve of its short pink lapels. The lapels look like clipped wings, and the whole is fully lined.

Provençal patterns are the French equivalent of calico, and can be found on clothing, carryalls, and furnishings at Pierre Deux, 870 Madison Avenue (71st). This is the France of the market square rather than the Louvre, and here one might pick up a lamp made from a ceramic candlestick and painted with fleurs-de-lis and other flowers, and the legend "*Je chéris ma liberté.*" The base is $75, the Provençal-fabric shade $30. For atmospheric control, three ounces of potpourri by La Petite Fleur, with the dried blossoms set like still-lifes in a clear-plastic box, is $17.50. Men's silk, cotton, or wool ties, in a vast array of prints—green paisleys surrounded by blue coral branches, for example, or folkloric butternuts with quince lozenges—range from $25 to $50. Silk paisley foulards with hand-tied fringes are $95—they come in red, gray, and brown teardrop prints and they all reverse to black wool. And, for women, there is a superlative collection of large and small scarves. The most lavish of these is a shawl by Patrick Frey, Paris—a fifty-four-inch black silk-and-wool square with a motif of muscadet grapes, for $395. For $100, you can buy a thirty-four-inch silk square featuring a central design of Napoleonic bees and a border of charming agribusiness chores: threshing, fetching water, milking cows. The colors are blue, gold, and red, as they also are on a reproduction of a nineteenth-century scarf which is printed with views of Mont-Saint-Michel; also $100. Pierre Deux has a large collection of bags in quilted Provençal fabrics, too. The smallest is a six-inch-by-four-inch cylinder called the *mini-mini-voyage*, and it is apparently favored by women who play golf—they use it to carry their golf balls. The price is $20. Another popular style, according to the store's salespeople, is the large *sac fermé*, a plastic-lined thirteen-by-twenty-two-inch bag with long shoulder straps which closes twice—with a zipper and with Velcro. "This year, everyone's using it as a diaper bag," we were told. It also makes a good gym bag. The price is $95.

ANYONE for whom Christmas isn't Christmas without the getting or the giving of a negligee can be grateful to La Lingerie, at 792 Madison Avenue (67th), which has a bumper crop. The most practical is a kimono-style travel robe that folds up into its own case. It is made of silk jacquard, and is $225 in hothouse shades of fuchsia, orchid, and mint. Red terry-cloth robes with sash belts and printed with green stars and Christmas trees are also $225. Fanciful undergarments include a silk Merry Widow bedecked with pink Teddy

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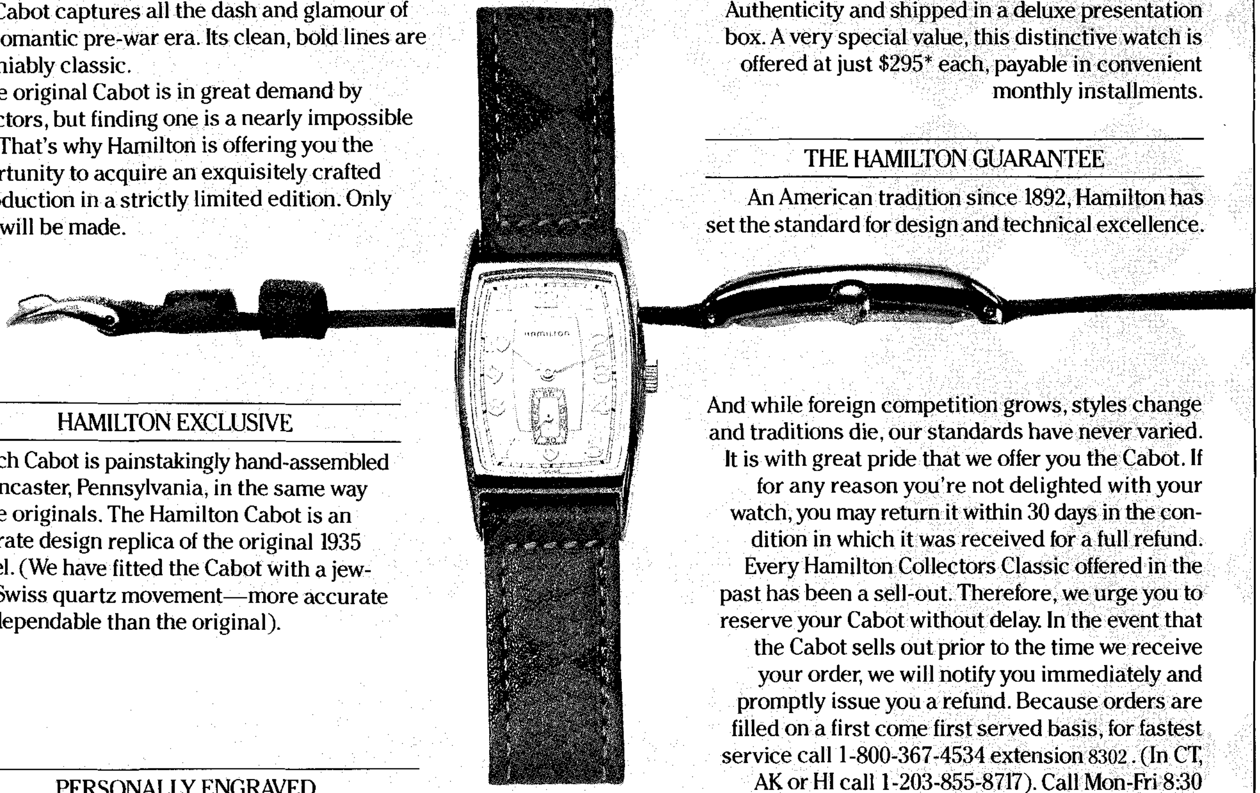

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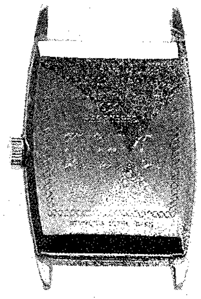

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bears and green bows on an ebony background; $395, and a matching bikini is a mere $165. Spaghetti-strapped silk camisoles in emerald green, black, navy, or cream are decorous alternatives; $125. Yellow silk-satin pajamas with wide legs, an elasticized waistband, and a notched-lapel jacket with three pockets are $875; they look like something that might have been worn by Nora Charles on a Christmas morning in California.

Time Will Tell, at 962 Madison Avenue (75th), stocks a number of watches from the twenties through the fifties. Some have faces painted with likenesses of such icons as Howdy Doody, whose eyes move with the passing hours; Minnie Mouse; the homely Ritz cracker; and Robin Hood. The prices of these range from $150 to $1,050. A sun-phase watch, on which the sun sets and rises, was made by White Star, a Swiss firm, and dates from the nineteen-fifties; it's $1,500. A Sputnik-shaped watch designed by the Hilton company in commemoration of the first satellite launching is $395. Gruen Curvex watches—the rectangular casing is curved to fit over the wearer's wrist—are from $600 to $800; Ernest Borel watches, with the company's trademark pinwheel turning hypnotically in the center of the face, are around $400; and an exceptionally lovely wristwatch for a woman which was designed for the Elgin company in the nineteen-twenties by Lucien Lelong has a black grosgrain band and a white-gold case rimmed with fine orange-and-black enamel work. On the left side of the bezel is a growling feline head, on the right a woman's profile; the watch is called the Lady and the Tiger, and is priced at $1,988.

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The Bath House, at 215 Thompson Street (Bleecker), specializes in natural products for daily ablutions. Many of the products here are made on the premises and carry the store's own label, and most are based on essential oils from blossoms and herbs. There are sixty essences in all, infused singly or in combination into body lotions, bubble bath, massage oils, bath oils, shampoos, and rinses. Moonlight essence is made of vanilla, musk, and ambergris ($7.50 for an eighth of an ounce); Devotion is a mixture of patchouli, carnation, pikaki (a Hawaiian flower), frankincense, gardenia, and hibiscus (also $7.50). Herbal bath oils are $32 for sixteen ounces—Serenity and Mischief are two of the choices—and the same amount of bubble bath is $14.95 and should last through Valentine's Day. The store also has products from other companies. Milk soap from Secreti, in Italy, is $12; glymiel soap, made from glycerin and honey, and bitter-almond soap—both from Mettler, in the Swiss Alps—are $4.50, and the glymiel has an odd-looking fish swimming on its black box.

At Paul Stuart, on Madison Avenue at 45th Street, we saw bow ties in scarlet silk, including one with small white polka dots, for $21.50, and a wool bow tie incorporating equestrian themes—horses' heads, polo mallets, and horseshoes—for $22.50. At the shirt counters we found, for $52.50, the classic blue chambray shirt with a button-down collar; in another age, this shirt, with a spread collar, was called a work shirt, but in its present guise the opposite is implied. A brushed-cotton-gingham shirt with a spread collar comes in Dufyesque shades of teal and bisque, and in blue and lavender; $75. An Italian cotton-and-wool khaki shirt has the knit collar more usually found on polo shirts, and also has horn buttons, a set-in breast pocket, and a price tag of $93. From Italy, too, is a woollen shirt jacket that is an updated version of the lumber jacket; it comes in cobalt, violet, stone, and Canaletto green overlaid with horizontal stripes of clear blue, and costs $438. Many men like to wear knit vests but won't buy them for themselves. This year, Paul Stuart has two very respectable examples from Scotland. The first is a restrained Fair Isle pullover, with just a flurry of the characteristic snowflakes. The dominant yarns are rum, olive green, or deep plum; $169. The second, of extra-soft lamb's wool, is a cardigan with two patch pockets, leather buttons, a sampler of cables down the front, and a ribbed back; the price is $146.50, and the color is an attractive neutral celery.

Paul Stuart's gifts for women are upstairs. Here an elegant pair of wine suède gloves lined with cashmere has long ruched cuffs with wine-colored suède tassels; $118. A twenty-four-inch silk crêpe scarf of pussy-willow gray has rolled edges and is printed

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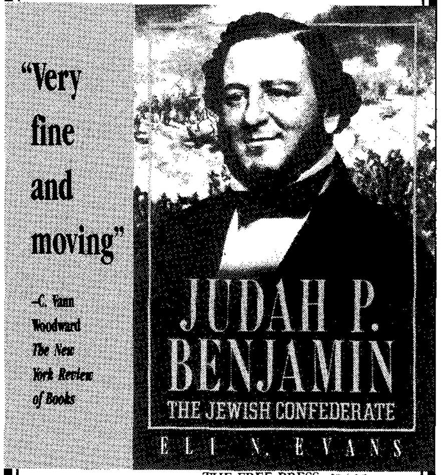

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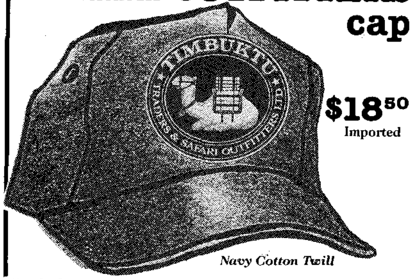

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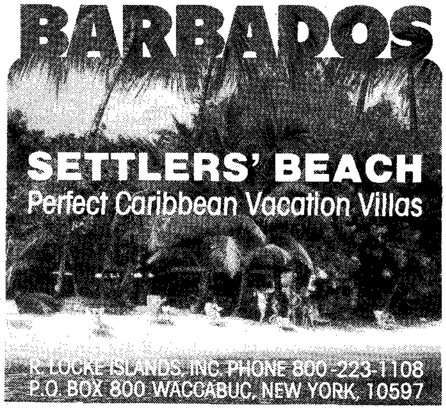
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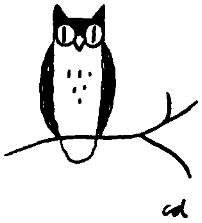
with saffron and clover-pink flowers; $68.50. A curry-colored flat-woven cardigan with mother-of-pearl buttons has matching wool rickrack edging the neckline and the placket, and there is an unexpected rickrack bow where the sweater meets the nape; the price is $216. A hand-knit raspberry cardigan has purl-stitch ruffles at the yoke and the cuffs, closes with faux-horn buttons, and costs $374. A sweater knit in Ireland is of black chenille with a mussel-shell gleam, and has a wide spread collar and set-in sleeves; $246. For regal evenings, Paul Stuart can supply a staple evening blouse in taupe, olive, or ivory silk charmeuse with quilted epaulets and two breast pockets; $155. And, back downstairs, on our way out, we saw a gentlemen's nickel-tipped black maple walking stick; a white Sea Island cotton-piqué tuxedo shirt (the cotton is of the weight known as Royal Oxford); and a pair of white cotton evening gloves. All seemed designed for Lord Peter Wimsey; the prices are $96.50, $118, and $18.50, respectively.

Murder Ink, at 271 West 87th Street, is believed to be the world's oldest all-mystery bookstore. It's a small shop, satisfactorily stocked with thousands upon thousands of volumes chronicling disappearances, lost wills, sleight of hand, and, of course, murder of every kind. For mystery fans, just to be told about Murder Ink might constitute a sufficient gift, but to ice the cake here is "The Mystery Reader's Walking Guide: England," by Alzina Stone Dale and Barbara Sloan Hendershott (Passport Books; $16.95), with which one might locate, for instance, the place in the Fens where Lord Peter Wimsey's car overshot the road in a snowstorm and caused him to be involved in the case called "The Nine Tailors." The volume covers a hundred and fifty authors and the locales of three hundred mysteries, and includes fifteen easy-to-follow maps and a list of (nonfictional) pubs. The store also stocks back issues of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, ranging from $1 to $5 each; the July, 1950, number, for instance, features "Ten Thousand Blunt Instruments: An Unusual Novelette." For those who would rather be read to, the Sherlock Holmes story "The Voice of Terror," recorded in 1943 by Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, is available, for $3.98, on an LP. Also on LP is "The 'Apple of Eve' Caper," from a 1949 broadcast of the "Adventures of Sam Spade" radio show, starring Howard Duff and Lureen Tuttle ($6.50). Some of Agatha Christie's Miss Marple stories—including "The Blue Geranium"—read by the actress Joan Hickson, are on cassette, for $15.95. "Woman in the Dark," a lost story by Dashiell Hammett, has been tracked down and printed for the first time in hardcover (Knopf; $15.95), and would make a fine gift for those whose collections of Mr. Hammett's formidable oeuvre are otherwise complete. Murder Ink is open from 1 P.M. to 7 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday.



Kilim, on the second floor of 150 Thompson Street, at Houston (by appointment only; telephone 533-1677), can provide small antique rugs—they're eighteen inches by thirty-six—that would go well next to a bed. Many of the rugs have been made from opened-out Shahsavan saddlebags, woven by tribes in the Caucasus Mountains. All the dyes are natural, and the rugs give off a complicated but warm and comforting glow; they look like miniature flying carpets. The price range is $250 to $600. Shahsavan pillows are backed with linen and decorated with intricate geometric Soumak embroidery. They range in size from ten inches by twelve to eighteen inches by twenty and in price from $75 to $250.

Presents for that legendary person who has everything are the stock-in-trade at Niall Smith Antiques, 344 Bleecker Street (10th). Many of the objects that have accumulated here are souvenirs brought back from the Grand Tour either by or for just such hard-to-please people. There are nineteenth-century marble and bronze busts of Homer, Dante, and Seneca ($500 and up); Victorian Copeland china vases with scenes that were found on the urns of newly discovered Pompeii ($400); and a French silver-on-copper oil lamp ($350) that looks like a tapering flame.

"On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy," reads the opening sentence of E. B. White's essay "Here Is New York." First published in 1949 in *Hol-*

iday and later that year by Harper & Brothers, the essay has now been reprinted as a small paperback by Warner Books. Mr. White wrote "Here Is New York" on a summer day in the city, and although the piece is short—fifty-odd pages—it seems to take in most of the city's life: the current census ("The Consolidated Edison Company says there are eight million people in the five boroughs of New York, and the company is in a position to know"); a contrapuntal evening performance by a cornet player in Central Park and the horn of the Queen Mary; the extraordinary, familiar skyline ("It is to the nation what the white church spire is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying that the way is up"). The book is $5.95 at, among other places, Shakespeare & Company, at 2259 Broadway (81st), and it might be given to anyone who has lived here forever but may have lost track of why; to someone who lives elsewhere and is thinking of coming, or hasn't thought of coming; or to someone who is leaving, to remind him or her to come back.

THE CHILDREN'S CLOSET

THIS Christmas, as we made our annual inventory of the children's closet, we concentrated on clothes that combine comfort and style. To start with the very smallest fry: Fond elders who have it in mind to provide for a large portion of a newborn's basic necessities might order, for less than a king's ransom, a layette from the Hanna Andersson catalogue (1010 N.W. Flanders, Portland, Oregon 97209; telephone 800 222-0544). The complete set, which is packed in a Little Red Riding Hood straw basket, includes a white cotton hooded coverup that works like a sleep sack (the bottom closes with a drawstring); a blue-and-red striped cotton-knit playsuit, on which a zipper slants from the neckline down to the left knee; a white cotton-pointelle four-button cardigan; Christmas-red leggings; a red-yellow-and-blue striped cotton shirt that ties across the torso with red cotton bows; two cotton pilot caps (one red, one white); two pairs of white socks; a pair of green, baggy cotton-knit overalls and a green-trimmed white shirt; a red-and-white striped cotton receiving blanket; a red, washable stuffed doll; and a changing pad that is rubber on one side and terry cloth on the other. The price for everything is $170, all of the items are made in Sweden, and they are also sold separately. If Santa were to throw in a washing machine, the child should be set for several months.

Baby girls often look silly in dresses, but a flattering one may also be ordered from Hanna Andersson. Made in Sweden, of soft pink sweatshirt material, the dress buttons up the front and has raglan sleeves, and a blossom of a skirt starts somewhere below the "hips." Sizes are 6, 12, and 18 months, the price is $22, and $4 more will buy a white cotton-lace collar, which buttons in the back, to dress it up. (The collar might serve the same purpose on other outfits.) A similar but less elaborate collar is attached to a long-sleeved white T-shirt on sale at Agnes B. The shirt, which is $36 and comes in sizes 3 months to 18 months, buttons up the back and would look good under a pale-green, pink, or robin's-egg-blue cotton-knit overall, by Fix of Sweden, that may be ordered from the Garnet Hill catalogue. The overall has feet and a scoop neck, and the straps unbutton at the shoulders; $27 (sizes 6 months and 12 months). Garnet Hill can also provide a cotton-fleece "flight suit" that snaps down the front and, in toddler sizes, down the inside of each leg. It's red or royal blue; $33 (sizes 1 to 8). The Children's Corner at Marimekko has sets of matching short-sleeved T-shirts and romper pants. They are printed with the same colorful stripes Marimekko uses on its T-shirts for grownups, and combinations include azure/lime green and pink/orange. The sets are $40 (sizes 2 months to 18 months).

Children who have started to walk might like to do so in a pair of quilted blue denim pants lined with tomato-red cotton. The lining is printed with children jumping rope, and the pants come with button-on suspenders (sizes 12, 18, and 24 months). They are by Petit Bateau, and are on sale for $40 at Morris Brothers, 2322 Broadway (84th). Morris Brothers has been in business on the Upper West Side for over fifty years, and it also sells casual clothes—ski jackets and sweaters—for adults. The store has in stock as well some very plush wide-wale-corduroy overalls that have been dyed neon yellow, violet, or teal. They have two slash pockets and one back pocket; the price is $45, and they come in the same

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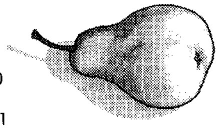

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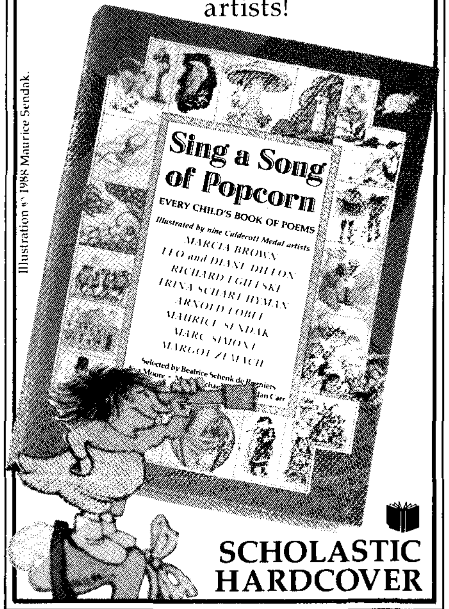
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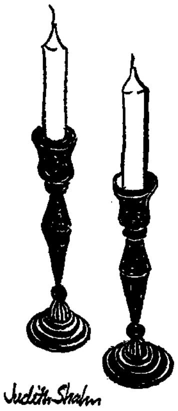
sizes as the quilted blue pants above. To set off the yellow pair, one might pick up a bumblebee-looking yellow-and-black striped long-sleeved T-shirt, by Sun and Sand. The price for this is $21, the sizes are 1 to 4T, and there are three other stripe combinations. Those who prefer printed cotton to corduroy and denim might choose, from Pierre Deux, a romper that has been run up from a yard of the shop's many bolts of Provençal fabric. The rompers have complementary floral yokes, cut from a companionable printed swatch, and the usual elasticized legs to allow easy riding; $35 (sizes 1 to 4T). For walking around indoors, Garnet Hill will send off a pair of furry sheepskin slippers. The slippers are moccasin style with the fleece on the inside, and they tie with thick laces that might be used for shoe-tying practice; $17 (sizes 2 to 8). Kids who haven't yet graduated to slippers or shoes might be helped out by red, pink, black, or blue socks from Sweden: the socks have a white rubberized check pattern on their soles, which makes slipping—almost—impossible; the price is $6 a pair, and they may be ordered from Hanna Andersson in sizes 1/2 to 12/1.



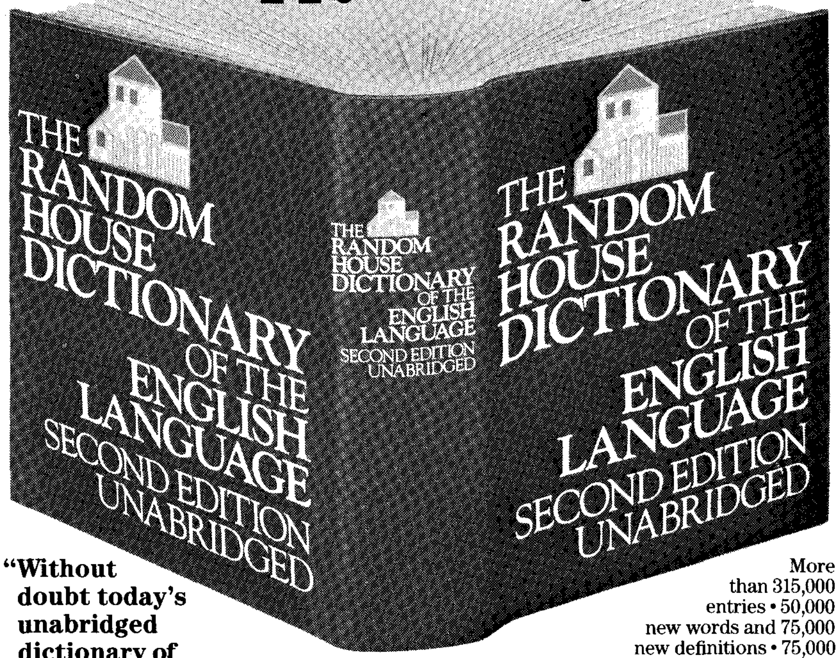
This year, a search for comfortable dresses for work and play has turned up three that nicely make the transition from school bus to playground and on to birthday party. A button-front crew neck at Agnes B. makes use of blocks of primary colors to good effect: the right side of the bodice is yellow, the left side is red, and the gathered skirt, which has two handy pockets, is blue. The fabric is a hundred per cent cotton, and the price is $60, in sizes 2T to 12. A second dress, this one from Hanna Andersson, and also in cotton, is a variation on the primary-color theme: a long-sleeved bright-blue smock has a small round yellow collar, yellow cuffs, and two red buttons at the neck opening. The price is $28. (Most clothing sizes at Hanna Andersson are determined by a child's height in centimetres, rather than by his or her age; an inches-to-centimetres conversion chart is provided.) And, for girls who like big flowers, a long-sleeved, cotton-and-Lycra T-shirt dress at Betsey Johnson, 248 Columbus Avenue (72nd), is covered with tropical blooms. The dress, which costs $44, has a high scoop neck and a low drop waist, and comes in sizes 4 to 6x. (Similar dresses are on sale here in adult sizes, too.) When the weather is very cold, a pretty slip of white cotton knit printed with an all-over pattern of rosebuds might be worn under any of these dresses. It could also serve as a toss-on sundress next summer. The price is $20.50; the slip is to be had from Garnet Hill, and the sizes range from 4/5 to 12/14 years.

Black Watch plaid is a perennial favorite of those who like to see children in traditional clothes. This season, Garnet Hill has two Black Watch flannel garments that might fill the bill—a smock dress and an overall, both of which carry the label Common Sense of Maine. The smock buttons up the front; the overall has an elegant pleated front and a crossover yoke. The prices are $32 and $24, and the sizes 2 to 10 and 2 to 6x, respectively. Also from Garnet Hill is a merino Royal Stewart kilt that has a button front and an elasticized back waist, so it can be worn for more than a year. It's available in sizes 2T to 12, and the price is $46. (Toddler sizes are $42, and come with suspenders.)

Children who like comfort blended with a minimum of fuss take to the clothes offered by the Patagonia company (Patagonia Mail Order, Inc., 1609 W. Babcock Street, P.O. Box 8900, Bozeman, Montana 59715; telephone 800 638-6464). Their parents do, too, because everything designed by Patagonia can be thrown into the washing machine. The company's trademark synthetic-pile fabric, Synchilla, is featured in a pair of soft elastic-waist warmup pants. The pants come in sizes 4/5 to 7/8, for $26, and in 10 to 14, for $28, and colors include electric blue, fuchsia, and kelly green. To wear outdoors, Synchilla balaclavas for children have a foam-lined visor, and the long neck portion can be folded up over the crown to turn the balaclavas into ordinary caps as the day grows warmer. The vivid hues—emerald trimmed with fuchsia, and grenadine trimmed with purple—make it easy to spot fort-builders in the snow; $12.75. A knit red wool watch cap supplied by Garnet Hill would be suitable for playing at cold-weather pirates

$12.50), and down-filled baby bon-ets, which may be ordered from the ompany Store (500 Company Store oad, La Crosse, Wisconsin 54601; elephone 800 356-9367), are $10 ach. For older children, wool caps ined in cotton to keep itchiness at bay ay be ordered from Hanna Andersson. The caps are variously festooned vith large or small pom-poms or assels, and are available in four intaria patterns. The predominant colors re turquoise and violet; they are 14, and one version has cotton-lined arflaps.

Contemporary snowsuits differ from nowsuits of the past in that they allow hildren to move. Parents or relatives n the lookout for a polyester-and-otton snowsuit filled with a combination of goose down and duck down will ind one in the pages of the Company tore catalogue. It is one-piece, has a elt and a hood, is lined with nylon affeta, and comes in red or navy blue. The child inside it will stay warm n below-freezing temperatures; $65 sizes 2T to 6) and machine-washable. or strolls in Central Park, a water-epellent, hundred-per-cent-cotton, iberfill-insulated snowsuit may be icked up at Agnes B. A zipper crosses he torso from one shoulder to the pposite knee; the collar is of tabby-at-gray faux mouton, and the rest is openhagen blue. The suit is elastiized at the wrists and ankles and has a ood; the price is $125 (sizes 1 to 4T). third snowsuit, from Garnet Hill—his one made of melton wool woven vith a merry green-and-deep-blue laid—comes in two pieces: a Five ittle Peppers hooded jacket ($70) and matching overall ($56). Both pieces re lined with deep-blue flannel, and he sizes run from 1 to 6x. The company can also supply a wool duffel coat hat is modelled on coats worn by rench mariners and may be worn by oys or girls (sizes 2T to 6x). The olor is navy blue, and the price is $62. nd wool-acrylic gloves, in a crayon-ox assortment of colors—pink, purle, navy, green, "just right red," and wedish blue—are $8 a pair at Hanna ndersson. There are three sizes from vhich to choose—3/5, 6/8, and 9/12 —and Ms. Andersson suggests that a reative child might like to mix the olors, wearing, for instance, a pink love on one hand and a Swedish-blue love on the other; this means ordering wo pairs, however. (The Andersson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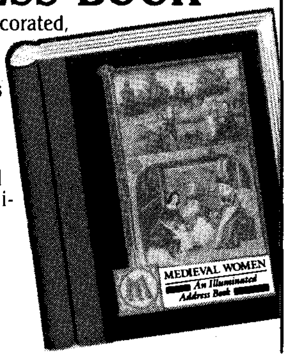

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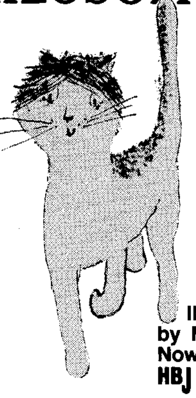

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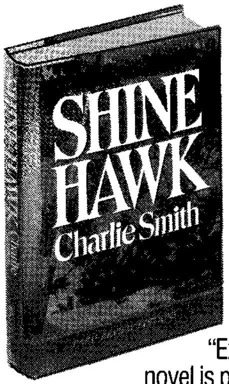

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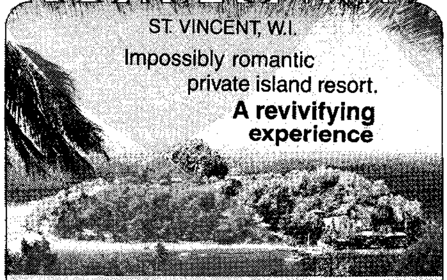

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[*Adv. in the Longboat Key* (*Fla.*) *Observer*]

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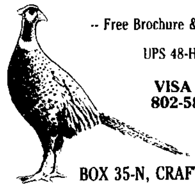

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BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Six Memos for the Next Millennium, by Italo Calvino, translated from the Italian by Patrick Creagh (Harvard; $12.95), and Under the Jaguar Sun, by Italo Calvino, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). The sudden and premature death of Italo Calvino, in 1985, left a number of his ingenious schemata uncompleted. His intended 1985-86 Norton Lectures at Harvard fall one short of the proposed "Six Memos for the Next Millennium." The five literary values he did discuss, as exemplified in his own work and that of others, were "Lightness," "Quickness," "Exactitude," "Visibility," and "Multiplicity;" "Consistency" is the ghost of the sequence, the unformulated final virtue. The lectures are marvels of charm, mental adroitness, and casual erudition, drawing upon literary instances in five languages and citing with special affection Italian masters such as Cavalcanti, Boccaccio, Leopardi, and Carlo Emilio Gadda, not to mention Dante. Calvino, the most civilized of postmodern creative spirits, saw his own working method as "the subtraction of weight" and spoke refreshingly of the stimulus exerted upon his imagination by science, comic strips, and folk tales, along with modernist writers like Valéry, Musil, Queneau, and Jarry. Calvino read everything, and in his dazzling designs—nothing less than tours de force interested him—made the play of the mind sensuous.

"Under the Jaguar Sun" titles another unfulfilled scheme—an intention, from as long ago as 1972, to write a short story for each of the five senses. The three stories he finished are, though each is brilliant, quite dissimilar in texture and approach. "A King Listens" dramatizes hearing through the interior monologue of a timeless, isolated, rather Beckettian monarch. "The Name, the Nose" relates this sense to eros and death through three interwoven narratives—of a nineteenth-century Parisian dandy, a seventies rock musician in London, and a nameless human animal reminiscent of the generic creatures in "Cosmicomics." "Under the Jaguar Sun," the most realistic story, deals with taste as a matter of Mexican cuisine—from *chiles en nogada* to ritual Aztec meals of human flesh—as it figures in the relationship of a middle-aged tourist couple; this delicious fabrication appeared in *The New Yorker.*

The Master of the Game: Paul Nitze and the Nuclear Peace, by Strobe Talbott (Knopf; $19.95). Mr. Talbott, the head of *Time's* Washington bureau, surveys the history of arms negotiations by tracing the career of a man who first began thinking about nuclear weapons in 1946, after visiting Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The author tells us about Nitze's background (Harvard, Wall Street) before he entered government service, in the Second World War, and then allows Nitze's character to unfold in the narrative of his arms-control labors for six Presidents. Mr. Talbott writes with an attractive simplicity that lets the reader appreciate how greatly human frailty and human individuality have affected forty-odd years of complicated diplomacy. Many disagreements (for example, Nitze's with Kissinger) are as much temperamental as substantive, and scientists' opinions have often reflected their ideology rather than their technical expertise. In this fascinating account, the problems of arms control are matters of judgment, not certitude, and in Nitze's judgment deterrence has offered about the best security attainable in an imperfect world. The author does not intrude his own views, but he clearly admires Nitze's epic doggedness.

Behind the Wall: A Journey Through China, by Colin Thubron (Atlantic Monthly; $18.95). The narrative of a ten-thousand-mile trip across China by railway,

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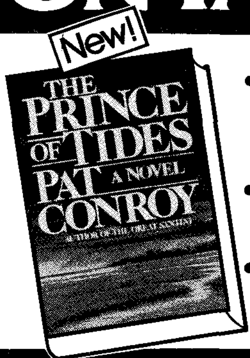

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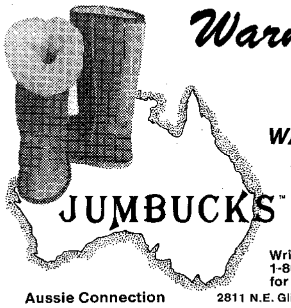

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boat, and bicycle and on foot, by an Englishman who makes travel writing an art. Mr. Thubron pretty well covered the country—Beijing, Shanghai, Canton, Hunan Province, the lands along the Burmese border, and the fortress city at the end of the Great Wall. He learned Mandarin, so that he could talk to people (in the north, anyway), and hear their complaints about the government and the Party, about the harsh and lingering effects of the Cultural Revolution, and learn of their aspirations. (TV sets, Western goods of all kinds, and a foreign education are high on the list.) Mr. Thubron skillfully conveys the color and smell of crowds, the resigned talk among old men, the startling irreverence of the young. And he is a master of the telling anecdote: in a Cantonese bookstore, a young woman remarks to him that Orwell's "1984" is now available there. Seeing his astonishment, she giggles, and says, "You see, our leaders think it's about the Soviet Union."

GEORGE GROSZ: A BIOGRAPHY, by M. Kay Flavell (Yale; $39.95). A life of the German-American painter and satirical draftsman George Grosz (1893-1959). The author has focussed on Grosz's career after he quit Germany, one figurative step ahead of the Nazis, whom he had pilloried in his drawings. When he arrived in America, in 1932, the expectation in left-wing circles was that he would continue his fierce social satire here. Although Grosz did continue to attack fascism of all kinds, he felt that he knew too little of the life in this country to effectively satirize it, and, after the war, his work became less explicitly political. It has been the usual view that Grosz softened, and that his career reached a dead end. Ms. Flavell disagrees. In her thorough reconstruction of Grosz's American years she shows that he never wavered in his commitment to truth or in his skepticism, nor did he compromise with his artistic principles. She offers, too, a fine study of Grosz the man—a powerful and attractive personality, full of ideas and enthusiasms as well as of scorn for the shoddy and the corrupt, and with a deep compassion for mankind. The many drawings in the book attest to Grosz's stature as a draftsman.

THE VILLAGE OF WAITING, by George Packer (Vintage; $8.95, paper). The village is African, in Togo, where the author's Peace Corps assignment took him, just out of college, in 1982. In Lavié, Mr. Packer found himself teaching English, "still the language of African commerce," to a few hundred French- and Ewé-speaking children, and living in suspense. Waiting is seldom specifically mentioned in this fond and angry account, but it is often seen. Drought postpones the sowing in 1983. The "*crise économique*" and corruption immobilize several wistful, development-minded souls. And "*etso*, the Ewé word for 'tomorrow,' also means 'yesterday,' " Mr. Packer writes. "Schoolkids always mixed up *demain* and *hier*." One Ewé word a reader learns early on is *yovo:* "white." And Mr. Packer presents the unceasing suspensions of self that were inherent in being a (sometimes glad) privileged minority. Perhaps because "moments of mental clarity were belated and brief" (as he says at one point), he has taken care to set down just what he found and let *it* be clear. This gives us an impressively unself-righteous and questioning work of intimate introduction, in which each dislocation of hope and breakdown of sense matters. Truthful throughout, Mr. Packer fittingly has left his book inconclusive.

NOTE: "The World of George Price: A 55-Year Retrospective" has been published by Beaufort ($24.95). Nearly all the drawings in this collection originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The New Yorker Book of War Pieces: 1939-1945" has been reissued by Schocken ($24.95 cloth, $12.95 paper).

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REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE ON THE TENNIS COURT, EVEN BETWEEN SERVES

[*Paul A. Samuelson quoted in Current Contents*]

My paper with Franco Modigliani, like a revolution, began on the tennis court. Between serves he said, "An odd result, that of Luigi Lodovico Pasinetti, where increased worker's savings leaves ultimate capital/labor ratios and interest rates unchanged?" Rising to the bait, I said: "That can hardly be true, since the substantive difference between Harrod's equilibrium and Kalecki's can be thought of as due to a rise in the workers' saving rates from zero to that fraction which profit-receivers save."

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